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MR. KNOX'S
'SIBERIAN TRAVEL.'
SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON FOURTH PAGE.

VOLUME LVII.
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NUMBER 34.

Poetry.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

WEARY of myself and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they."

Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

Oh, air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"
—*New Moon.*

THAT BABY M'KEE.

Great Scott! are there no other babies that play
In this land of the brave and the free,
That the public, perforce, must be told every day
Of the doings of Baby McKee?

Are there no other kids on the top of this earth
Who are quite as attractive as she?
Are there none to be found who, as lucky by birth,
Have like chances with Baby McKee?

Shall we always be sick of the nauseous refrain
Which is wafted o'er land and o'er sea,
That e'en statesmen must seek our Chief Ruler in vain,
While he's dandling dear Baby McKee?

But a short time ago we were told by the press
That at an official levee
The great man was late, and was forced to confess
He was playing with Baby McKee.

If this thing must go on, though it causes a smile,
We must frankly admit that we see
That this great and good country is governed the while
By her Highness, the Baby McKee!

So give us a rest from such nonsense and stuff;
Don't demur to the national plea.
That we want something fresh, for we've had *quantum suf.*
Of this incubus, Baby McKee!
Baltimore Sun, Dem.

Our Story Teller.

ROBBING A BANK.

A Severe Object Lesson, That Bore Fruit.

ONCE there was a man. He was a clerk in a bank at $45 a month. His name was John Smith. At a directors' meeting one day, after the discounts had been passed upon and the portly directors were laboriously getting up to go, the president, who had the ablest and most expansive vest of any of them, stopped them.

"By the way," he remarked, "I have a note from John Smith, one of our young men, you know—some of you know him—but I guess I must have lost it. Anyhow, he wants his salary raised. Says the business of the bank is four times what it used to be and his work has increased accordingly. Says with increase in the amount of money handled comes increase in the strain on his integrity. Seems to think he ought to be paid for not robbing us. Beside, he says, he can scarcely keep his family on his salary. I suppose I can answer it without calling another board meeting," he concluded facetiously.

"Tell him he oughtn't to have such a big family," suggested one.

"Quote the law against embezzlement to him," said another, and so on, as they buttoned their overcoats and went out about their business.

By and by John Smith got a note like this, signed by the president and written on the note paper of the bank, bearing the imposing array of directors' names in neat engraving at the head of it:

"MR. JOHN SMITH—*Dear Sir:* In answer to yours of even date, I am instructed by the board of directors to say that they cannot agree with your view of the case. It is true that your work has largely increased with the growth of the bank under its present successful management. But it is no more than you are able to do, and no more than we can find others to do for the salary we now pay you. The other phase of the matter you present, that we should pay you for the moral wear and tear incident to resisting temptation to steal, as well as for the physical and mental work you do, has no weight. Our relations, however pleasant personally, are purely a business affair on both sides. We pay you so much money for so much work. Your honesty is presumed. If you should prove dishonest we would discharge you, and the law would send you to prison.

"With your family affairs we have nothing to do, but I may suggest to you that careful economy in small household expenditures will result in an annual saving which will perhaps surprise you. Without referring especially to you—for I never endeavored to pry into your private affairs, nor inquired how you lived—I may say that, in my opinion, the prevailing tendency of young people nowadays is to live too high, instead of being careful to lay up something for a rainy day.

"Yours truly, etc."

The directors hadn't been in session long the next day when John Smith opened the door, handed in a slip of paper and walked back to his desk. There was silence for a minute, then a murmur, then the clerks outside heard a clatter of moving chairs in the board room and then the door opened and two or three voices called "Smith!"

"In a moment!" answered Smith, cheerfully, laying a blotter between the leaves of the book he had been writing in, and carefully tucking the pen behind his ear, as though he were making his toilet.

"What do you mean by this?" they demanded when he appeared in the directors' room. "Telling us there is only $9,647.80 of available cash, and suggesting that we get some for the counter."

"It's so," responded Smith, "and I thought you ought to know it before the money is all checked out. The bank oughtn't to have to close its doors in the middle of the day."

"But, according to your statement of yesterday and your showing of to-day's business there ought to be $259,648. Where is the quarter of a million? We were just discussing an investment for it?"

"I've invested it myself," responded Smith, coolly, "in a safe place—$250,000 of it. The other 20 cents I took for street car money. I took a quarter of a million away with me last evening."

"You what?"

"I stole it, in plain English. When I got this response to my note to the president I—but really, I must renew my suggestion about the advisability of getting some cash on the counter. You are very short, and you ought to attend to it at once."

Two of the directors drew their checks on other banks and sent them out, although the signatures were very shaky; and then, quite at his ease, Mr. Smith leaned up against the carved mantelpiece, read the president's note, refusing his request for an increase, and went on:

"When I got this note it set me to thinking whether, as our relations were a purely business affair, I couldn't do better than go on as I had been doing. There was $250,000 in convenient shape that I could get my hands on. I might have skipped to Canada with it, but I don't like the climate. I took the money away with me and concealed it"—pausing for a moment and smiling down in their eager faces, "in a place known only to myself. I shall give myself up, and as our relations, in the language of the president, have been 'personally pleasant,' I will save you the expense of a trial by pleading guilty. The maximum sentence for my offense, under the laws of the state is ten years in the penitentiary. With the commutation off for good behavior, it will be about eight and a half years. It will be dull, but I shall not be idle. I have never had leisure to cultivate the graces of the mind. I have a taste for music. I will cultivate it. I will book myself up in the polite sciences. I will learn a modern language or two. I am 31 years old now. When I have served my term and am clear of the law, I will come out of prison 39 years old, with a cultivated mind and a comfortable fortune of $250,000 awaiting me. I can afford to go away, to travel in foreign countries and enjoy life. Of course I lose the interest on my $250,000 while I am in prison, but if I were to live on air and go naked and save all my salary, I wouldn't have one-fiftieth as much at the age of 39. On the whole, I think I have made a good speculation. Don't you?"

The opinions of the directors were not very coherent just at this moment. They made various appeals to him, on the confidence they had had in him, on the good name he bore, on the dishonor he would incur, etc., but he responded that all these had not helped him to an increase in salary, and relentlessly quoted the language of the president's note to him, that "their relations were purely a business affair on both sides." Finally he said:

"Our relations have been personally pleasant, and I have no unconquerable desire to spend the next eight and a half years in jail. I will make you a proposition. If you will sign a bond not to prosecute me, and publish in the daily papers a set of resolutions setting forth that whereas your valued and trusted employe, John Smith, by the receipt of a legacy from a deceased relative, has been relieved of the necessity of further service, resolved, that you part with him with extreme regret, etc.—if you do this, I will bring back $125,000 and content myself with the other $125,000. The interest will make up a good part of the loss to me."

It was hard to give up $125,000 and hitch it to a set of resolutions complimenting the thief, but it was a choice between getting half the loaf or nothing. Was the satisfaction of sending him to prison for eight and a half years worth $15,000 a year to them? They figured on it and agreed that it wasn't. They accepted his proposition, drew up the bond and signed it.

"You can get the resolutions in shape by to-morrow," he said, "and have them ready when I bring the money. It would scarcely be delicate for me to be present when they are adopted."

"Couldn't you bring it to-day, Mr. Smith?" asked the president in a perspiration.

"No, I haven't time to go after it. The work at my desk always keeps me busy until the hour for closing the bank. You will have to trust me till to-morrow, and as by signing this bond you have committed yourselves to the compounding of a felony, I guess I can trust you—even as a purely business affair."

They were all on hand early next day. Smith, the cashier, said (not without some surprise at hearing the president inquire for him as "Mr." Smith), had gone out to get his lunch. He was asked for half a dozen times before he came. Every few minutes the door of the directors' room would open, a perspiring face would be thrust out and Smith would be inquired for. Then the face would be withdrawn and the directors would fall to discussing whether, after all, Smith hadn't taken their bond and given them the slip. At the stroke of 12 the door opened, and Smith walked in. He picked up the resolutions, read them with approval, and with a "Thank you, gentlemen; this is handsome," he handed a package to the president, saying:

"Here's your money."

Then he took his former stand by the mantel-piece, and watched their eager faces while they bent over to count it. A hundred crisp $1000 bills—then $25,000, some of it in smaller denominations—$25,000 more yet—and then, to their amazement, another 100 $1000 bills.

"Why it's all here—you've brought it all back—"

"I never meant to steal it," said Smith, coolly. I made you believe I did merely to convince you that you were conducting your bank on the wrong principle, in keeping a man on a starvation salary with a fortune within his grasp. I wanted to make you understand that there is something more in the relations between a bank and its trusted employes than cold business. I suppose you have no further use for me. I am ready to turn over my books as soon as you name my successor. He will find them all right. Good day."

He walked back to his desk. Pretty soon they called him in again, and the president made a little speech. He said the lesson had been an unpleasant one but they were disposed to take it in the spirit in which it was given. Perhaps he was right. They had no desire to punish him, but—here he hesitated and stammered a little—they were also unwilling, that is to say, they had no desire to keep a financier of his capacity in the humble place in which he had hitherto been employed. Therefore, one of their number, Mr. Wilkins, who was the agent of an insurance company, at a salary of $4,000 a year, had decided to resign that position, and would have Mr. Smith appointed his successor. Meanwhile, Mr. Smith could take a vacation of two weeks.—*Pittsburg Times.*

A Story of Old Hutch.

"You have probably observed in your travels," said the hotel clerk, "the sign hung out at the cashier's desk in all the leading hotels. 'No money loaned or checks cashed here!' Those signs are hung out to protect the hotel from dead beats, and they serve their purpose to a certain extent. We make a mistake now and then, as was the case here a couple of weeks ago. An old codger came along with an old-fashioned satchel, and he looked so hard up and rusty that I gave him the poorest room in the house, and asked for a deposit of five dollars. He made it, and I gave him no further attention. At the end of a week he came up to settle his bill, and when I gave him the figures he pulled out a check book and filled up a check for the amount.

"'Can't take it,' I said, as I shoved it back.

"'Why?'

"'Got beat too often.'

"'But it's good.'

"'Maybe.'

"'Well, I have no currency, and must pay you by check; very few people refuse them.'

"'Look here, old fellow,' I replied, my mad coming up, 'if you think to beat this house, you will be left! Either come down with the bill or you'll go to jail.'

"'He tore up the check, filled in another for $200,000 on a Chicago national bank, and handed it over with the remark:

"'Please step over to the bank and ask them to assure themselves that this would be honored in Chicago!'

"'I went over to a national bank and inside of an hour Chicago had answered that a check signed by the old man for half a million dollars was as good as gold. I had made a mistake in sizing my man up."

"But who was he?"

"He is familiarly known as 'Old Hutch,' king of the wheat ring."—*N. Y. Sun.*

He Wasn't Quite Cured.

A Scranton mother whose son had a toothache took him to a faith healer. "Look me in the eyes," said the doctor, fixing a fascinating gaze on the weeping youth. "Now your toothache has entirely disappeared. You havn't a bit of toothache about you." "You lie! I have," yelled the boy with a fresh bowl. The mother then took him to the dentist.

A PERSIAN IDEA OF GOVERNMENT.

Showing a Process by Which Crime May be Mitigated and Finally Eradicated, and the Race Elevated.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

ABOU Ben Adhem was not in good humor. The weather was too cold for him, and he was shivering, sighing as he shivered for the balmy breezes of Ispahan.

And he had mental as well as physical troubles to contend with. He had deposited a large sum of money in a bank in New York, which bank had suspended in consequence of the strong desire of the cashier thereof to visit Europe. As the cashier ran the bank without consultation with, or direction from, the directors, the act that he took with him for expenses something over half a million of dollars, was not to be wondered at. The bank, of course, suspended, and Abou's money was *non est.* He was not in good humor.

While in this state of physical and mental discomfort, a man from Albany approached, bowing profoundly three times.

"Mighty Abou," said he, "I am a member of the New York legislature."

"Away, man—avaunt, fiend! I have no job to put through—I have no need of votes—I have no money to spend. I have ——"

"Mighty Abou, you mistake me. I am, it is true, a member of that legislature, but I am honest man. If you will take the trouble to remember, you will recall the fact that there were two or three such."

Abou regarded him with a long stare of painful astonishment, ending with a prolonged whistle that expressed incredulity.

"I am an honest member of the legisture of the state New York," continued this man, "and I desire advice and enlightenment that I may be of some use to my fellow men. Tell me, oh Sage, tell me, what can we do in the way of law-making, that will roll back the flood of crime that is over the country? Is there no cure for it? Is there no balm in Gilead?"

"Sweet sir," replied Abou, "three centuries ago there was a kingdom to the north of what is now Persia, the inhabitants of which were of the same race with the present Persians, in which these things of which you complain very seldom occurred. In that blessed land there was no crime to speak of—no accidents—no mistakes—no nothing. Life there was like a calmly-flowing river—the people lived happily and died regretfully, disliking very much to leave—which is quite different here. I helped to organize that community. I was the author of the system that brought it about. I——"

"Three centuries ago?" queried the stranger.

"Three centuries ago—did I not say so?"

"I beg your pardon. But, oh Sage antedeluvian, give me, oh give me, the system by which this most desirable state of things was worked."

"I will. We had in Koamud, which was the name of the kingdom—no penitentiaries—no reform schools—no civil service examinations—no boards of any kind—nothing of the sort. If the government wanted a postmaster, we will say, it did not go blathering about qualifications or anything of that sort. It simply posted up on the door of the vacant postoffice a printed statement of what would be required of the postmaster. Then the first man who said he wanted the place was appointed."

"Were not bonds required of him?"

"No. He took the place and went on with his duties."

"But suppose he defaulted?"

"He was immediately caught and hanged."

"Hung for defalcation?"

"Certainly, and for a mistake as well. If there was an error in his accounts by so much as a pound of wrapping-twine he was hung out of hand."

"But suppose his irregularities were the result of bad business qualities?"

"Then he was hung for being a bad business man. What we wanted was honesty and capacity. And as we did with postmasters we did with everybody else. Suppose a railroad train ran off the track. A coroner's jury was convened over the bodies of the killed. Suppose they discovered the fact that a rail was out of order, or that the road was not properly patrolled; we hung the president, directors, and superintendent. If the accident was caused by any slip on the part of the conductor, he was hung—and so on. Once we hung all the officials of the Teheran and Ispahan road, and from that time there were no accidents on that line.

"Then we carried the same rule into everything. The people deposited with the First National bank of Picatilly. Very good. The bank suspended one morning. Exactly. The authorities took the president, cashier and board of directors all out and hung them, because they had been guilty of suspension. 'I didn't steal a dollar of this money,' said the president. 'It was lost in speculating in Persian Gulf Mail.' 'Divil a difference,' said the judge, 'where it was lost. Ye haven't got it.' 'But you won't hang a man who has not stolen, will you?' says the president. 'I will hang you, my jewel, for being an idiot.'

"And up he went.

"In fact, they hung them the more mercilessly for being fools than for any other crime. If a man said, 'I stole it,' they felt a sort of pity for him. If he said, 'I lost it,' they felt none at all, and strung him up in a minute."

"Did they always hang for murder?"

"Certainly, all they wanted to know was that the killing took place."

"Did they never admit the plea of insanity?"

"Not any of that. If a man put in that plea, they hung him for being insane. They were wont to remark that it was not safe to have insane men running about loose with revolvers and clubs and such things, so they hung them for fear they might endanger some one else's life."

"What, pray, was the effect of this vigorous hanging on things in general?"

"Splendid. Bank officials made no mistakes in their figures, and none in their business. The officers of the government were rather careful about their accounts, for they were hung for mistakes as well as thieving. The presidents and directors of railroads kept their tracks up, and a more watchful and careful set of men than the conductors, engineers and switchmen, you never saw. There being no plea of any kind permitted, the fact being all that was considered, there was a wholesome care used in all departments of life.

"The effect was good in another way. This system reduced the population terribly, but it made a magnificent race of men and women. You see, the vicious and the careless—which is to say the naturally depraved and the weak-minded—were all hung, leaving only the industrious and clear-headed to live and perpetuate the species. Consequently it was a splendid people. I am, perhaps, a fair specimen. There were no lunatics, triflers, or dishonest men left to spread mischief and danger. The population was sorted and sifted."

"Is that government still in existence?"

"Alas! no. There sprang up a class of people who got to pitying criminals. They got into a way of visiting them just before they were stretched, and sending them bouquets, and begging the governor to pardon them; they got up sympathy for them, and finally some escaped. Then the game was up. The moment there was any doubt as to the certainty of punishment, men became almost as bad as they are here. Then I left the country.

"Go to Albany, my friend, and make but one penalty—hanging—for all crimes or blunders, in public or private. True, it would entail a heavy expense on each county for a gallows; it would probably make New York one of the smallest cities, in point of population, in the country, and in a week you probably couldn't get a quorum in the New York legislature; but the ultimate effect would be splendid. The next generation would be fifty per cent better than this, and the improvement would go on and on to the end of time. I have said. Leave me, for I am weary."

And Abou went into his inner chamber, and got into bed that he might be warm. The stranger went away sorrowful.

"The idea is good," said he to himself, "but I dare not urge it. Were hanging the rule for crimes or blunders, how long would my children have a father?"

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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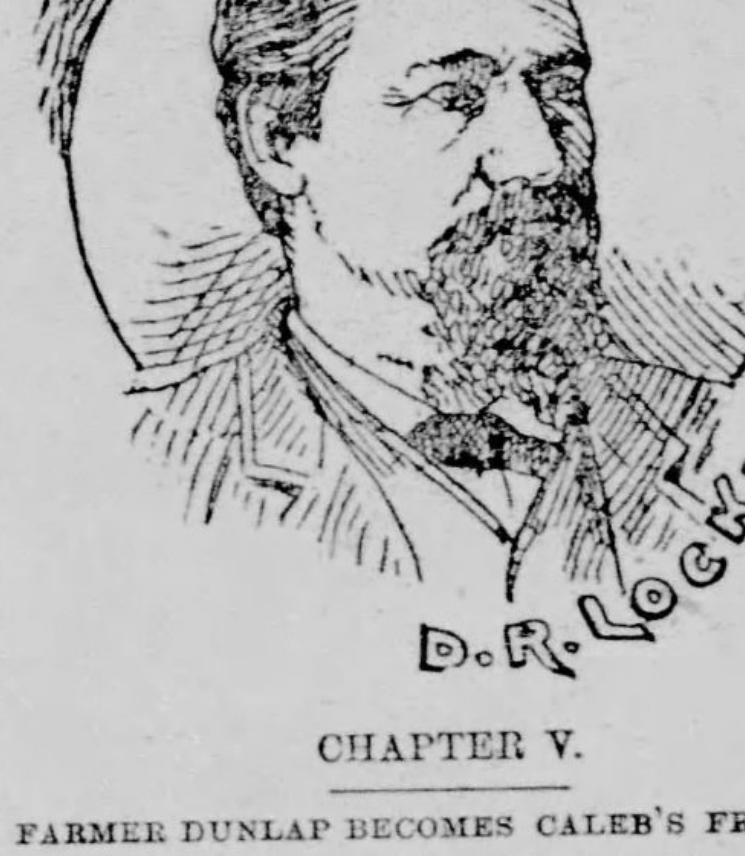
The Demagogue

by

D R Locke



CHAPTER V.

FARMER DUNLAP BECOMES CALEB'S FRIEND—THE LATTER'S SCHOOLDAYS.

FARMER DUNLAP not only went to sleep revolving in his mind plans for aiding the boy whom he supposed had saved his fair-haired darling from a watery grave, on the night of that occurrence, but he kept the matter in his mind the next day, and held a family council with Mrs. Dunlap, the two resolving themselves into a committee of ways and means for Caleb Mason's advancement. The net result of their deliberations was that Farmer Dunlap hitched up his "dandy-wagon" the following Saturday, and placing therein a bundle containing shirts and other articles of underwear which had in the meantime been prepared by the hands of his wife, he drove over to the Mason cabin.

A half-starved yellow dog rushed out into the road, barking furiously, as he halted before the door. "Get out, you brute!" shouted the farmer, springing to the ground, and giving a vicious kick at the cur.

At this moment Caleb himself came to view in the open doorway, and behind him appeared the slatternly figure of his mother, who gazed in open-mouthed wonderment at the unwonted spectacle of Farmer Dunlap stopping, apparently to make a neighborly call. Such an event had not happened in all the years that the Mason brood had been living there.

"Hello, Caleb!" was the farmer's greeting. "Get your hat and jump in here. Here, first take this bundle into the house, and then come."

In a few minutes the two were rattling along in the direction of Pulaski over the same road Dr. Rawson had traveled on the night on which our story opened. The previous night had been frosty, and it was in much better condition than on that memorable occasion. Caleb sat by the farmer's side, wondering much at what the object of the journey could be. Farmer Dunlap was cordial in his bearing, therefore it was obvious that nothing unpleasant was in store for him. He did not have to wait very long, however, for an explanation. The old farmer broke silence before they had gone a mile towards Pulaski.

"Are you getting along pretty well at school now, Caleb?" was his introductory remark.

"I'm doin' the best I kin," was the boy's non committal reply.

"Like to go to school, eh? Well, that's right. I've been talking to the master about you, Caleb, and he thinks that you would make a right smart scholar if you had books and things, and a good chance; and I know you've got grit, Caleb. Your jumping into the water after Sarah shows that. Now I'm going to see that you have a chance. I'm going to take you to Pulaski and get you some books and other things that you need. You're a Mason, that's true, and the Masons ain't thought much of in these parts; but somehow, Caleb, there's more to you than to the rest of the lot, and we will see what you can make of yourself."

Caleb was not skilled in the arts of politeness, and so, instead of making a suitable reply in words, he kept his eyes fixed upon the forelock of the farmer's horse and worked the forefinger of his right hand in the buttonhole of his ragged jacket, as if he were endeavoring to extricate the missing button from somewhere in the interior of his own anatomy. His face flushed, and he felt decidedly uncomfortable. He knew that he should say something in the way of thanks for Farmer Dunlap's friendly overtures, but he was too ignorant to frame the words. Yet his whole being was filled with triumph and delight; he felt that he had raised up one influential friend—that he had actually made one decided step toward the realization of his hopes and desires.

Old Seth Dunlap, however, was just as well suited with Caleb maintaining silence. It is often as embarrassing to offer a favor as to receive one, and had Caleb thanked him in fitting terms for his generosity, he would have been as sadly perplexed as was the boy to find suitable words to answer.

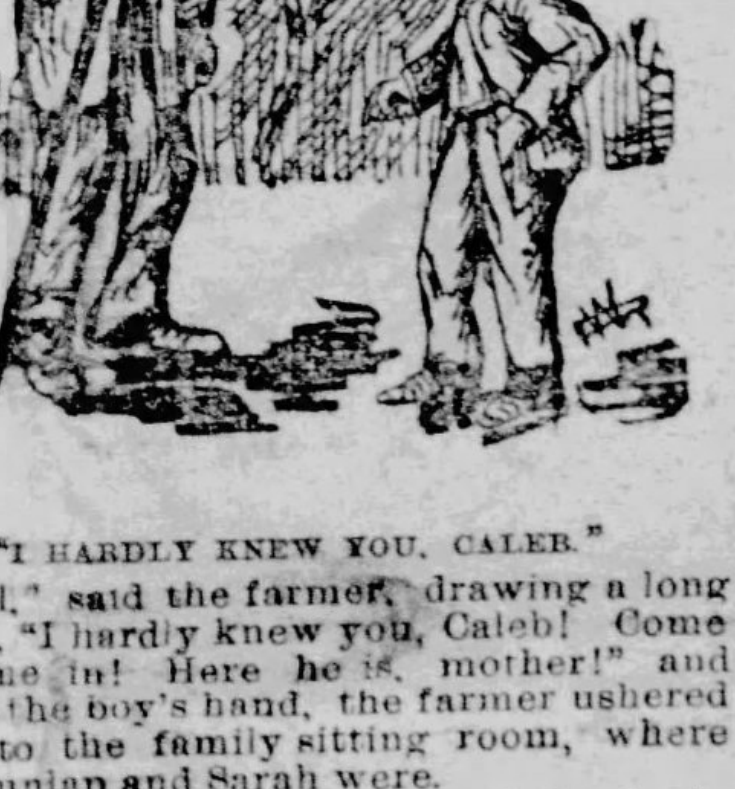
So a couple more miles were traversed in silence, until finally the farmer volunteered a remark about the prospects of the maple sugar crop. Caleb found his tongue sufficiently to say a few words in reply, as he had by that time gotten over the novelty of actually riding to Pulaski seated by the side of Mr. Dunlap. The ice being once broken, the stream of conversation flowed on until by the time the twelve miles were traversed that lay between the Mason cabin and Pulaski, the man and the boy were on a tolerably familiar footing. Caleb had lost the feeling of awe he had felt, in spite of himself, at being thrown into immediate contact with the old farmer, and the latter had formed a favorable impression of the boy's intellectual quickness and native shrewdness.

After transacting some other business, Farmer Dunlap took Caleb to a clothing store which bore upon its front, in two-foot letters, the legend, "Schoastein's Emporium," and purchased him a good serviceable suit of blue jeans, a cap of blue cloth and a pair of substantial cow-hide boots—an outfit as good as was worn by any of the farmers' sons in the community. They then visited an establishment whose proprietor carried on the double business of druggist and book-seller, where Caleb received the first new books he had ever possessed in his life, the farmer handing the dealer a list which had been prepared the day before by the school-master. It is safe to say that there was not, in all Northwestern Ohio, a prouder and happier boy than Caleb Mason as he sat beside Farmer Dunlap on the return journey that afternoon.

"Now, Caleb," said Mr. Dunlap, as he parted with his protege in front of the Mason cabin, "give yourself a good clean-up and put on your new clothes to-morrow. There's preachin' at the school house in the afternoon, and I want you to go to meetin'. I'll tell you what to do—you get dressed up and come over to my house at noon. I want mother and Sarah to see what you look like in your new suit. Mother was afraid, somehow, that may be the shirts wouldn't fit very well, or I couldn't find a coat that set well in the back."

Caleb promised to do so, and with a warm shake of the boy's hand farmer Dunlap chirruped to his team and drove homeward, feeling that satisfaction—the sweetest of which the human heart is capable—arising from his having done an act of kindness to one in need.

When Caleb presented himself at the Dunlap homestead at the appointed time, the farmer could not suppress an exclamation of surprise. The boy, in the ragged attire which had been his from his birth up to that hour, had always looked as though his dress were not equal to his deserts; but the farmer was not prepared for so complete a transformation. Caleb looked like a little gentleman. He did not present the appearance generally common to those who are arrayed in purple and fine linen only at rare intervals—that of feeling uncomfortable in his new garments. They fitted him well, and he seemed perfectly at home in them.



"I HARDLY KNEW YOU, CALEB."

"Well," said the farmer, drawing a long breath, "I hardly knew you, Caleb! Come in, come in! Here he is, mother!" and taking the boy's hand, the farmer ushered him into the family sitting room, where Mrs. Dunlap and Sarah were.

The boy was cordially greeted by both. Mrs. Dunlap's nimble fingers made several trifling alterations in his attire—his necktie was pulled straight, the coat collar was persuaded to lie better—and then the careful mother looked admiringly upon the handsome boy. "Well," said she, "though I suppose it's true that clothes don't make the man, I tell you, father, that a new suit goes far towards making a handsome boy! Why, Caleb, you look just splendid! Don't he, Sarah?"

Sarah blushed and dimpled, and nodded her head in glad assent. Caleb felt very uncomfortable, it must be confessed, at being put upon inspection; but his very soul rejoiced at the hearty admiration his improved appearance elicited. During all these years of his boyhood he had been kicked and cursed and spoken to contemptuously, and it gave him a much stronger idea than he already possessed of the power of good clothes (and of course of money, which enabled one to possess them), than he had before entertained. Mrs. Dunlap stayed but a few minutes to inspect and admire the boy, and then returned to the kitchen to dish up dinner. In a few minutes the family were summoned to the noon meal, and Caleb was marshaled out to the table, for the first time in his life acting the role of a guest.

The table was square, and as there were but four persons, each occupied one side. Mrs. Dunlap sat at the end on Caleb's right, the farmer at the opposite end; and consequently Caleb had Sarah for his vis-a-vis. The boy was secretly very much abashed at the entire novelty of his position, but he felt that he must act up to the dignity of his new clothes; so he sat quietly, watching sharply to see how the other would act before he attempted to proceed with his meal. It was his first lesson in table manners. He felt keenly his own ignorance, but he was determined not to commit any breach of etiquette if it were possible to avoid it. Fortunately Sarah had a keen appetite, and as soon as she was served began eating, and Farmer Dunlap was not one whit behind her; so the pause, brief as it was, which Caleb felt compelled to make in order that he might be sure of not committing a *faux pas*, had more the air of a courteous waiting for a moment than anything else. As he proceeded with his meal he gained courage, and Sarah, as is true in most cases with a petted, only child, was an inveterate talker; and in the lively chat which soon sprang up around the bountiful board, Caleb was soon comparatively at his ease.

But that dinner! To his latest day, Caleb Mason remembered that meal, and could have given a complete bill of fare thereof, from the chicken pot-pie which formed the main dish, to the yellow pumpkin custard which was the dessert. Never had he tasted such excellent, well-cooked food, never had he sat down to such a variety of tempting dishes, and been enable to eat his fill without rebuke.

After dinner the whole family went over to the school-house to attend divine service, and here Caleb had another ordeal to undergo—that of running the gauntlet of the eyes of the assembled populace of the neighborhood. They arrived just before the services began, and in spite of the nature of the gathering there was a general whisper of comment around the room when the Dunlaps entered and with them Caleb Mason—the first time that he had ever been seen in respectable company, and in attendance upon divine worship. The matter was easily understood, however. Mr. Dunlap stood high in the community as a just and a generous man, and the danger to which his daughter had been exposed, and the heroic conduct of the boy, had been widely circulated and commented upon through the country-side.

That pleasant Sunday in the early spring was decidedly a red-letter day for Caleb Mason. For the first time in his life he knew what it was to be well dressed, and to be received favorably and on terms of equality by those who stood much higher socially than himself; and the experience immediately following did not lessen the magnitude of the change thus wrought in his condition.

His good clothes, his new books, and above all, the fact that he had a powerful friend at court in the person of Farmer Dunlap, caused quite a change in his relations at school. It was soon easy to see that he was a favorite with the school-master, and that especial pains was being taken to push his education. The boys and girls rapidly followed the example of their elders, and from being an outcast among his schoolmates he was speedily admitted to an equality in all their plays and diversions. Here his natural aptitude soon exhibited itself; and long before the term closed, which event accurred just before corn-planting time, Caleb was recognized as one of the leaders of the school.

On the Friday evening which closed the winter term, as the children were preparing to go home, Sarah Dunlap came to Caleb with a message which she delivered thus:

"Caleb, father says he would like to see you; and if you don't mind, that you are to come along with me from school."

The thought flashed over Caleb's mind that the farmer was not through expressing his gratitude, and he wondered what form it would take next. He gathered his books together under his arm, and gallantly relieving Sarah of a similar load, the two started together for the Dunlap homestead, taking the well-remembered path through the woods and across the meadow, down which ran the stream, now spanned by a substantial, new foot-bridge, at the spot which had witnessed Caleb's exploit.

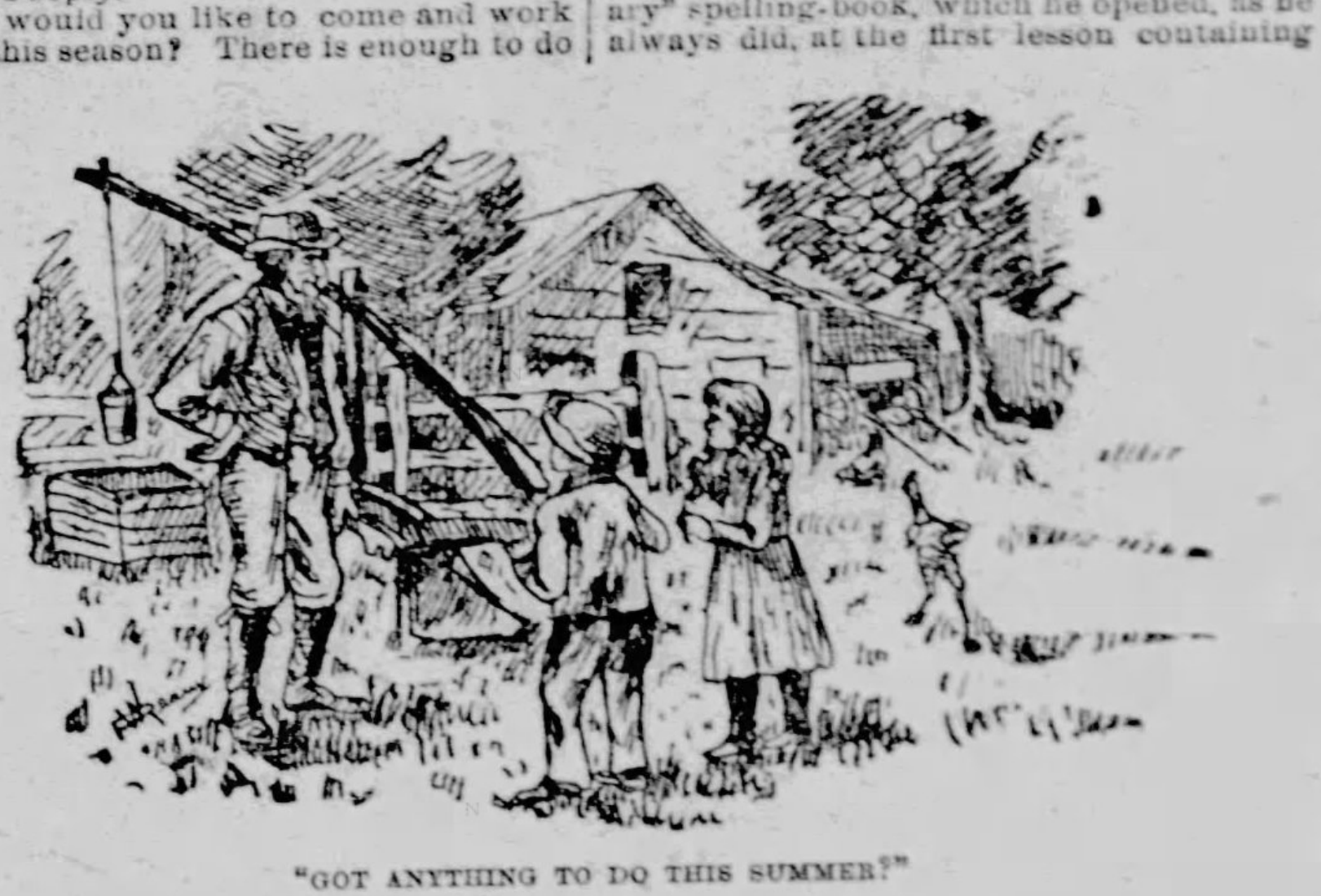
The boy's admiration for pretty little Sarah Dunlap had increased rather than diminished now that her father had become his friend. She was a child of very sweet disposition, and gave promise of a noble womanhood; and the interest which she had taken in the friendless boy about to be punished unjustly by the brutal Whitmore had been deepened by the gratitude she felt at his having, as she supposed, saved her life, and by the evident favor in which the boy was held by her father, into a childish love.

Farmer Dunlap was fitting a new point to his plow in the barnyard when the children arrived at the farm. He saw them coming and beckoned Caleb to him.

"Well, Caleb, got anything to do this summer?" queried the farmer, after greetings had passed between them.

"No, sir, nothing that I know of," was the boy's reply.

"How would you like to come and work for me this season? There is enough to do here to keep you busy until school begins next winter; and I should like to have you, if you would like to come."



"GOT ANYTHING TO DO THIS SUMMER?"

Caleb had wondered frequently how he could earn some money after school was out; and lo, here was the opportunity ready to his hand, and with the very man of all others from whom he wished it. He would be living in the same house with Sarah; he would be lifted at once out of the social mire in which his feet were planted so long as he remained an inmate of his father's cabin. It did not take him an instant to make up his mind.

"I am glad of the chance, sir," said his prompt reply.

"All right," said Farmer Dunlap, heartily, "you can sleep up stairs with Hiram (who was the hired man), and I suppose you can come right off next Monday morning?"

The boy gave ready assent, and after settling the question of wages, in which Farmer Dunlap was liberal in offering the sum usual at that time for boys during the summer, Caleb, with a "Good evening," turned to retrace his steps homeward.

"Hold on, Caleb!" said Mr. Dunlap, "ain't you going to be at the spelling-school to-night?"

It was a custom in that neighborhood to celebrate the closing of the winter term of school in the sub-districts by a grand spelling-school, to which the teachers and pupils of all the adjoining districts were invited; and the master and pupils of the "Dunlap district"—as this was called, in honor of Farmer Dunlap, who was the most influential man in the neighborhood—had been preparing for weeks for this grand finish to the term. The "Skinner district," lying on one side, had long been famed for having among its pupils several champions; and the "Brushy Fork" school, the nearest on the other side, was almost equally famous. The pupils of both of these had been invited, and curiosity ran high to see which would carry off the championship in this triangular contest. In reply to Farmer Dunlap's question, Caleb signified that he proposed attending.

"Well, then," said the hospitable old man, "there's no need of your going home. Our folks are all expecting to go over, and Sarah even thinks, the little midget, that she stands some chance of carrying off the prize. Of course she won't; but, Caleb, I want you to try your best to do it. So you come in and eat supper with us, and we will all walk across together."

So it was that Caleb Mason for the second time was the old farmer's guest. The supper was bountiful, every body was pleasantly rejoicing over the coming spelling match, and Caleb, as he thought of the dull, dirty, cabin home, his drunken father and his slatternly mother, with her untidy ways, inwardly rejoiced that the time was at hand when he could leave such surroundings and start upon an independent life career.

Sarah was intensely eager to get back to the school house in time to see "those saucy, stuck-up, 'Brushy Fork' people and the big-headed ones from the 'Skinner district'" arrive; so the preparations were accelerated, and the Dunlap party was among the earlier arrivals on the scene.

The room had been carefully swept out, and sufficient illumination provided by candles stuck in wooden sconces along the walls, and in improvised candlesticks made of a block of wood into the top of which three nails were driven just far enough apart to hold the candle firmly between them, which were placed upon the window-ledges and upon the desks. The master had carefully provided a candle-stick for the use of the person who was to "give out," a phrase then current to indicate the pronunciation of the words to the spellers.

The competitors and their friends were prompt in putting in an arrival upon the scene. They came a family at a time, or young men and young women in couples, or a bevy of children, until the little structure was crowded. There was more than ordinary interest taken in the district over this contest, for it was the first that had been held for years in which both the "Brushy Fork" and the "Skinner" schools had been challenged together to a contest for the supremacy. In duels between either of these two and the "Dunlap" district, the latter had always been worsted. The teacher had paid particular attention to the spelling-classes during the past winter, and everybody understood that he and his pupils were determined to capture the championship, if such a thing were possible.

Two farmer boys, the one a pupil of the "Brushy Fork" school, and the other from the "Skinner" district, were selected to "choose up"—that is, to divide the spellers into two long ranks for the competition. There was some anxiety as to which would gain the first choice, as he would most assuredly select Ephraim Humphreys, who was popularly counted the best speller in the neighborhood. The broom was brought out from its retirement behind the door. Thomas Mounts, the captain from the "Brushy Fork" district, tossed it vertically through the air to Jim Burnham, the opposing captain, and the latter caught it dexterously in his right hand.

Mounts then grasped it in his own brawny fist just above that of his opponent, their hands closely touching. Burnham next placed his left hand above Mounts's, and so they went on, alternately placing hands—the last two inches of the handle falling to Burnham, who consequently scored one, the trial being the best two in three. Next, Burnham, taking a step backward, holding the broom firmly, tossed it to Mounts, who caught it in his right hand, and the same proceeding was gone through with—the "Brushy Fork" captain, however, getting the last hold, thus also scoring one. The next toss, of course, was decisive, and it was won also by Mounts, who having gotten the "end hold" twice out of the three times, was entitled to first choice.

The two captains then took their stations against the wall, one on each side of the door. Mounts having the first choice called out "Ephraim Humphreys," and a tall, loosely-jointed boy of about sixteen, the famed champion of the Skinner district, rose from his seat, shambled across the room, and took his station by Mounts's side.

"Emma Dinsmore," called out Burnham, the rival captain; and a plump young lady of some seventeen summers, who was counted the best speller in the "Brushy Fork" school, simperingly took her place at his side.

This proceeding was kept up, the captains calling alternately, until the available spellers were all chosen, forming two long lines extending from the door along the wall on each side, down the entire length of the building.

"Major Starkweather, will you 'give out?'" asked the teacher, politely.

From time out of mind Major Starkweather had been selected for this duty, probably at first because he had a remarkably loud voice, which could be heard over the whispering and tittering that were sometimes apt to prevail on such occasions between the rustic swains and their inamoratas who might be present, not as contestants but as spectators, and who were apt to beguile the tedium by whispered confidences and jokes, which produced a vast amount of giggling. Be that as it may, it had grown to be a point of politeness in the code of the neighborhood to invite the major to pronounce.

Major Starkweather rose slowly from his seat and walked in a dignified way to the front, feeling in his pocket for his glasses, and murmuring some words about the "unexpected honor." He took his station at the teacher's desk, polished his glasses with extreme care on a red bandana handkerchief, and after fixing them firmly astride of his nose, picked up a worn and well-thumbed copy of that famous blue-covered volume, Noah Webster's "Elementary" spelling-book, which he opened, as he always did, at the first lesson containing two syllables, and began.

"Baker!" shouted he in a voice that would have been distinctly audible for a quarter of a mile, had he been in the open air.

Jim Burnham, who, as he had lost the first choice in the selection of spellers, was thereby entitled to begin the contest, spelled it. The next word fell to Mounts; the next to Emma Dinsmore, Burnham's second; the fourth to Ephraim Humphreys, Mounts's second; and so on alternately, until it came back to the captains again.

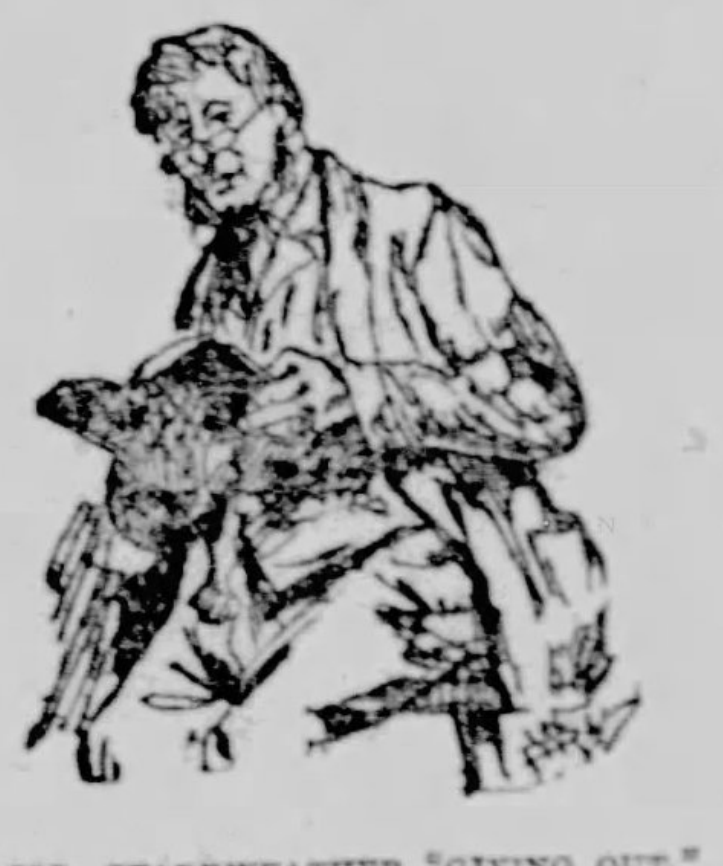
The match was uneventful for some time, because there was not a scholar present who did not know the earlier pages of the speller by heart, and some of the brighter ones remembering the order of the words, which Major Starkweather followed religiously down the column, now and then relieved him of the duty of pronouncing it by rattling off its syllables before he could get his tongue in working order. All this was but preliminary work; and after some twenty minutes or so had passed by, the Major turned over several leaves and began in a more difficult portion of the book. The spellers were at once all on the alert, and it was instantly to be perceived that they gave more attention and spelled with more care. There was no more rattling over the letters and syllables at the tops of their voices. Their work was pitched in a lower key, and much more caution was exercised.

"Exertion!" pronounced Major Starkweather.

"E-x ex, e-r er, s-i-o-n, tion, exertion," said little Jim Wilson, whose turn it happened to be.

"NEXT!" shouted the major, in a voice of thunder. It was the first break in the monotony of the evening, and he was rejoiced. When the scholars began to miss, the interest began to increase.

A little red-headed girl on the opposite side rippled off the letters and syllables of the word properly, and poor Jim, with his head hanging and his face the color of a boiled lobster, left his station against the wall and took his seat among the spectators. This diminished the number of spellers on Mounts's side by one. The boy, however, soon had the consolation of being joined by others who missed; and during the next thirty minutes at least one-half of the contestants had been "spelled down," and, like himself, became spectators. Then the major, after stopping to refresh himself with a drink of water, turned several leaves further in the book, and polysyllables of tedious length and thundering sound were sonorously fired at the survivors of the battle.



MAJOR STARKWEATHER "GIVING OUT."

Another half-hour passed by, and but five spellers, all told, still maintained their places upon the floor. Both the captains had been spelled down. Ephraim Humphreys and two others were all that were left of the side which had been captained by Thomas Mounts, while Caleb Mason and Sarah Dunlap stood alone to uphold Jim Burnham's banner.

"Adolescence!" finally pronounced the major, whose voice by this time was growing husky.

It was Sarah Dunlap's turn to spell, and it was obvious from a momentary hesitation she displayed, that she was uncertain as to its orthography.

"A-d ad, o ado, l-e-s les, adoles, e-n-c-e ence, adolescence."

Hiram Driver was next on the opposite side, and, without waiting for the major to call out "next," he shouted, at the top of his voice, in tones of triumph: "A-d ad, o ado, l-e-s les, c-e-n-s-e, adolescence."

Quicker than a flash Caleb Mason spelled, "ad-o-les-cence."

"Right!" shouted the major.

Poor little Sarah, blushing like a peony, had sunk into the seat nearest her the instant she discovered she had misspelled the word, and the laugh which circled around the room was therefore at the expense of Hiram Driver, who had been so certain of success that he stood in his place a moment or two, looking about him in a dazed manner, before it dawned upon his comprehension that he, too, had made an error; when, with a crestfallen look he retired to the rear of the room.

The contest was now unequal; for Caleb, being the only representative of his side, had to spell every other word—he thus having two chances of missing to one of either of his opponents. Things were, however, equalized in a few moments by a miss on the part of one of them, and Caleb stood alone to face the redoubtable Ephraim Humphreys, the champion of many similar contests.

The major was getting tired of his work by this time, and had determined to bring the battle to a termination as quickly as possible; for he turned from one portion of the book to the other rapidly, and instead of following the printed columns of words selected them at random from the page, thus adding to the danger on the part of the spellers of making a blunder. So the contest went on between the two, and it seemed as though it would have to end in a drawn battle, for it had now covered a much longer time than was usual on such occasions, and the spectators were anxious to see it terminate.

Sarah Dunlap was sitting but a short distance away from Caleb, and as the major paused to search through the book for some word of eccentric spelling on which one or the other might possibly fail, the boy glanced down at her. She was looking fixedly at him; the excitement of the occasion had brought high color to her cheeks, in each of which burned a spot of crimson, and her eyes had an eager look, which told Caleb better than any words that the little beauty's childish soul was intent upon his triumph. Her steady gaze infused new life into him, and he turned again to his work with the determination to conquer the champion, if such a thing were possible.

The major was growing anxious. He held the book in both hands, the leaves flying backwards and forwards through it, sometimes giving a word of one syllable, sometimes of six, selecting at random from the tables; but it seemed as though both boys were equally familiar with the "Elementary" from back to back. The major pronounced as rapidly as possible, giving a second word almost ere the last syllable of the first had passed the lips of the speller.

Finally the long-drawn contest terminated like a flash. The major had gotten among the words of two syllables, and gave out "believe."

It was Ephraim Humphreys's turn, and he was a little off his guard. "B-e be, l-e-i-v-e lieve, believe," he spelled.

"L-i-e-v-e!" called out Caleb, and the champion was vanquished. The Dunlap district had triumphed, in Caleb's person, over the "Brushy Fork" and the "Skinner" schools.

The major closed the book with a sigh of relief. There was no need of calling "recess," for everybody knew that that was the next thing on the programme; and the boy was immediately surrounded by pupils and parents, all anxious to do honor to him who had vanquished the champion and retrieved the honor of their own school. In the moment of his triumph, Caleb's eyes sought the face of Sarah Dunlap; and in the glow of pride and pleasure which overspread it, his boyish heart found a sweeter joy than in the encomiums that were lavished upon him by all the others.

A quarter of an hour or so was spent by the boys and girls in playing out of doors in the moonlight, while their elders chatted over the contest and other matters of moment within the building. Then the assembly was again called to order, but the evening had been so far spent in the prolonged contest that by common consent a further continuance of spelling was dispensed with, and after what the teacher called "a few remarks" from three or four of the leading men present—for we Americans have an inveterate habit of making speeches on any and all occasions—the assemblage dispersed, and the most noted spelling school ever held in that neighborhood passed into history.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CALLED THE BET A DRAW.

A Southerner and a Westerner Differ on the Gopher's Habit.

A southern colonel and a northwestern ranch owner formed part of a little knot of men who were enjoying themselves around a table in the Hoffman house cafe the other night. The conversation turned on the resources of the new south, and the colonel said: "New industries are springing up there every day, I tell you. Even the darkey boys and girls are learning to be industrious since they find it pays them. One of the latest wrinkles they have caught on to is the gathering of gopher eggs in Florida and other gulf states, which sell readily, and find their way into many palatable dishes in northern restaurants."

"Come, now, colonel," said the ranch owner, "draw it mild on us. Gopher eggs—eggs, you know. Ha! ha! That's good!"

"I don't understand you, sir," said the colonel, rather nettled. "You evidently take what I have said for a joke."

"Well, that was natural, I am sure, colonel," was the reply. "I would not offend you for the world; but gophers' eggs, you know—ha! ha! Why, gophers don't lay eggs. You must be thinking of something else."

"I generally know what I am talking about sir," snapped the Southerner, "and I am not accustomed to being told that I do not. I'll bet you ten to one that gophers lay eggs, and that I have eaten them myself."

"Done with you," said the ranch owner, "in X's."

A stakeholder was appointed and a dictionary sent for. The referee turned to the word and read: "Gopher, a little burrowing animal of the genus Pseudostoma—a pouched rat common to the western plains of North America."

"There!" cried the ranch owner, "what did I tell you? I've known them all my life, and I guess no one ever saw a rat lay eggs. That's my mon——"

"Hold on," said the referee, "wait for the second definition," and he continued to read: "A species of burrowing tortoise—Xerobtaes Carolinus—habitat, the southern parts of North America."

"Great Scott! Is that so?" cried the westerner. "Colonel, I beg your pardon. I never knew that a gopher was anything but a pesky little ground rat. The money's yours."

"Well," replied the colonel, "I never knew that a gopher was anything but a no-account turtle; so we'll call it a draw."—*New York Tribune.*

They Wanted an Explanation.

A couple of Texas sheep raisers, being in Austin, went to church. On emerging from the sacred edifice one of them said:

"I say, Bill, that preacher was hitting at us."

"You bet he was. He didn't talk about nothing except lost sheep. Got your pistol?" replied the other.

"Why, certainly."

"Then let's wait here till he comes out, and give him a chance to explain what he meant by them personal remarks."—*Texas Siftings.*

All Put On.

Omaha housewife—"Yes, Norah, I like you real well, and I want you to stay. I hope my husband's gruffness will not scare you away. You must not listen to what he says. Business bothers him." Norah—"No, indade, I'm not afraid of him. He tickled my chin this mornin' before you were up and asked me did I love him, and I said, 'Go away or I'll slap your face.'"—*Omaha World.*

He Could Have Kicked Himself.

At Sir Ralph's Evening Party. Captain F. (brought by a friend)—"Old Stick-in-the Mud does the thing well, dosen't he? The supper alone must have cost him a guinea a head."

Lady—"Twenty-two and sixpence, sir, I can give you the exact figures."

Captain F.—"Why, how, what do you mean?"

Lady—"Merely that I am old Stick-in-the Mud's daughter.—*Pick Me Up.*"

Boys will be Boys.

Country Magistrate (genially to complainant)—Oh, boys will be boys! I wouldn't prosecute 'em if I was you. That cut over y'r eye will soon heal, and ye know they wouldn't 'a' stoned ye if ye hadn't got mad when they sassed ye. Jess remember ye was a boy once y'rself, and —

Magistrate's Wife (rushing in)—Silas! Silas! Them boys is in our orchard ag'in!

Magistrate (darting up)—Consarn 'em! Where's my shotgun!—*Puck.*

Reassuring His Honor.

A sarcastic lawyer, during the trial of a case, made use of the expression, "Cast not your pearls before swine." Subsequently, as he rose to make the argument, the judge facetiously remarked, "Be careful, Mr. S., not to cast your pearls before swine." "Don't be alarmed, your honor. I am about to address the jury, not the court."

The Reason Why.

Why do I love at early morn to wake
Where roses still are wet with night's damp dews?
Because I then can turn myself and take
Another snooze.
—*Boston Courier.*

At Work by the Day.

She—Oh, see that scarecrow out there in the field.

He—That isn't a scarecrow.

She—It must be; see how motionless it is.

He—That's the hired man at work.—*Yankee Blade.*

Recent Literature.

BOOKS WHICH ENTERTAIN US.

Studies in the South and West—Our Journey to the Hebrides—William Dampier—Life of Livingstone—New Magazines—Literary Notes.

Those who are familiar with the charm of Charles Dudley Warner's writings—and what reader of the best magazines is not?—will welcome with pleasure the volume recently issued by Harper & Brothers, New York, entitled "Studies in the South and West," with "Comments on Canada." In it Mr. Warner has presented in the pleasant, graceful way which belongs to him his own views of the peculiar characteristics, tendencies and dispositions of the different sections of the country, with the object of bringing about a better understanding between them, and while the subjects chosen are not all that are interesting, he designed to make them representative. There is certainly enough for food for thought, and the book can hardly fail to do good.

Mr Warner gives in the beginning his impressions of the South as it is to-day. He says what all who have gone over the ground concede, that the war practically wiped out personal property and means of livelihood. "The completeness of this loss and disaster," he says, "never came home to me before." But it is evident that the South has entirely put the past behind it, and is endeavoring to rebuild on new foundations. It is quite as much perplexed with the negro problem as the North is, and is disposed to let time solve it, only it will not be ruled by the blacks in their present condition.

The author seems to have treated each part of the country of which he has written in a spirit of fairness. Whether it will do any good or not, he has furnished a very readable book.

Another book from the same publishers is, "Our Journey to the Hebrides," by Joseph Pennell and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. The greater part of this volume was published originally in *Harper's Magazine* and aroused no little comment because of its descriptions of the miseries of the Crofters who have been driven from their homes from time to time in the Highlands of Scotland and in these islands, in order to turn the land into deer parks for hunting grounds for the rich. From the eloquent preface we learn that their statements have been questioned, but they make them good by further evidence. The want and suffering which they saw in their journeyings were enough to arouse the sympathy of everybody unless it be the selfish ones who have swept the Crofters into their present condition. The book is well written and exceedingly interesting, and will find many readers.

"William Dampier," by W Clark Russell, comes from Macmillan & Co., New York, in the series of English Men of Action. This is a most interesting account of an exceptional man whose life was one of adventure and daring. The book begins with a description of the system of navigation in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the hero of the narrative lived, and when in early youth he became a mariner. A man of minute observation, he learned and recorded much of interest regarding the countries which he visited, that would escape the ordinary eye. He voyaged around the world more than once, and tells the story of these voyages with a quaint directness which made it easy for his readers to see what he saw. The present story is a brief but pleasant summary of his own stories, and of the records of others.

Literary Notes.

Andrew Lang has edited a fairy book which will be published in London soon.

Lady Colin Campbell is writing a novel which will appear shortly under the title "Darell Blake."

The physicians attending Wilkie Collins, the novelist, have pronounced him out of immediate danger.

D. Lothrop company have just ready "Around the World Stories," by Olive Risley Seward, an account of curious things met with in her travels.

George Truman Kercheval, author of "Lorin Mooruck, and Other Indian Stories," a book which had some success, is a young lady named Winifred Jennings.

What is called a "Book of Wedding Days" will be issued at an early day with nearly one hundred illustrations by Walter Crane. It has points of resemblance to the birthday book.

The 80th anniversary of the birth of Alfred Tennyson, August 6, was widely noted in England and the United States. Opportunity was taken to express the deep obligation which the world is under to this true poet.

The Worthington Co. have in preparation a translation by Mrs. J. W. Davis of "Lora, the Major's Daughter," a new novel by W. Heimburg, which has not yet appeared in Germany in book form.

Miss Grace Ellery Channing, a granddaughter of William Ellery Channing, is known in California as a clever writer. Some poetical and dramatic work from her pen is reported to have been much praised.

Mr. Virginius Dabney, author of that curious book "Don Miff," has written a novel called "Gold that Did Not Glitter," which Messrs. Lippincott are about to publish. Mr. Dabney is a Southerner, living in New York.

A compilation of articles by Susan Coolidge, Arlo Bates, and other writers will form a handsome volume called "The Coast of Maine," to be published by Henry G. Peabody, Boston. It will be illustrated by 50 photogravures of scenery.

Under its new management the pages of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* are wonderfully improved. Charles P. Bryan, one of its staff correspondents, has been placed in charge of the interests of the *Cosmopolitan* in Chicago.

The manuscript journals of David Livingstone, from which his first work, "Missionary Laurels and Researches in South Africa" was compiled, are said to be missing, and his sisters are said to be the more anxious for their recovery from the circumstance that Livingstone declared that out of these journals he could write three books as large as the one actually published.

A correspondent of the New York *World* states that ten good translations are produced in America to one in England of such meritorious books as those of Heyse, Ebers, Franzos, Freytag and Galdos.

The author of "Micah Clarke," the historical novel recently published by Longmans, Green & Co., is an English physician who is only 30 years old, and who has been a writer of magazine stories for ten years past.

Mrs. Oliphant is said to be engaged on a topographical account of Edinburgh, with some reference to its social and literary history. A new novel by Mrs. Oliphant is begun in the August *Macmillan's.* "Kersteen" is the title, and the story is of a Scottish family in the early years of the present century.

Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is still the sensation of the hour in Boston literary circles. The ideas promulgated in that novel have been made the nucleus of a socialistic philosophy which has gathered such apostles as William Dean Howells, Laurence Gronlund, Rev. Minor J. Savage and Rev. Edward Everett Hale. A magazine—the *Nationalist*—has been started, societies have been organized, and public meetings held. Mr. Bellamy is, of course, the guiding star of the new school.

Mr. William F. Poole has already gathered a nucleus for the great Newberry library of about thirty thousand bound volumes and more than ten thousand pamphlets. The departments now best filled are those of bibliography, music and American local history. The collection includes the musical library of Count Pio Resse, of Florence, one of its treasures being the score of Jacopo Peri's "Euridice," the opera performed in Florence in October, 1600.

He Sleeps on Ice.

The engineer of the propeller Superior is the fortunate possessor of a perfect specimen of the Alaskan puppy. The little animal is a perfect beauty and the ladies idolize it. It is about three months old and is covered with the finest and softest fur, somewhat of the beaver texture. He is web-footed, after the manner of his tribe, which is very rare and found native only in Alaska. The natives use the animals for heavy draught work. Since he has obtained this animal, which was presented him by friends, the engineer has had one offer of $100 per week to allow him to be exhibited in a museum. With so heavy a coat of fur it is difficult to take proper care of him in this climate, but the little fellow sleeps most soundly when put into a chest containing a cake of ice.—*Marquette Mining Journal.*

—Beecham's Pills cure sick headache.

ASTROLOGY FOR AUGUST.

Predictions of the Prophets Zadkiel and Raphael.

The Voice of the Stars for the eighth month (according to Zadkiel) is as follows: Jupiter becoming stationary and forming the trine aspect with the sun will render this month more peaceful and more prosperous for the British Isles. The entry of Mars into "his own lion," and his approach to Saturn, will disturb France, and possibly Italy also. Earthquake shocks of violent character will be felt in those countries on or about the 11th and 16th inst. Railway stock will drop somewhat on 'Change, probably in consequence of severe competition and some "accidents." Saturn afflicts the emperor of Austria-Hungary; he should beware of false and deceitful friends, and should make no serious move at present, but rather act on the defensive. Uranus afflicts the king of the Belgians, who will find himself involved in a serious crisis. Uranus also plagues the Comte de Paris by transit over the place of the moon (in the meridian) at his birth; he will do well to keep out of political entanglements and avoid danger. The 12th and 16th are evil day anniversaries, bringing either ill-health or misfortune. The 21st is fortunate, as the sun is in trine aspect with Jupiter. Persons who were born on or near the 19th of December will now benefit by the stationary position of Jupiter in their sun's place; particularly those born in 1865, 1853 or 1841.

Raphael's "Voice of the Heaven" says: The new moon for the month occurs exactly at midnight on the 27th ult. The first face of Gemini will be rising and Venus will be in the ascendant; Mercury and Mars will be in conjunction in the third house; Herschel will be in the sixth and Jupiter on the cusp of the eighth house. The conjunction of Mars and Mercury is very unfortunate, as it implies many sad accidents and troubles, many murders and violent atmospheric disturbances. The weather is likely to be hot, with heavy storms of rain and thunder. Uranus in the sixth denotes a good deal of sickness, although the number of deaths will be below the average. It will be a month of stirring events and accidents, both at home and abroad.

Uranus continues his way in the celestial sign Libra, and will cause floods, waterspouts and similar accidents in Austria. On the 7th Mars enters the sign Leo, and Saturn being also there will produce lively events across the channel, stirring up some bad blood among the French, more especially toward the close of the month. I judge that rioting of a serious nature will occur.

Jupiter is retrograding in Sagittary until the 25th, when he turns direct. This will benefit Spain and England also, producing a good harvest; in the former a large increase in commerce may be expected. The 28th, however, is likely to produce an untoward event, although not of an important or lasting nature.

Following are the admonitions for each day in the month:

1. Travel, sign writings, and push thy affairs.
2. Travel and remove.
3. Buy, travel, and push thy affairs after 1 p. m., not before.
4. Sunday—An unpropitious day; be careful.
5. Travel, remove and deal with others.
6. Sign writings, hire servants, buy and push thy affairs in the afternoon.
7. Buy after 3 and before 8 p. m., and hire servants.
8. An unpropitious day; avoid the fair.
9. A doubtful day; be very careful.
10. Postpone all matters of importance.
11. Sunday—A fortunate day after 1 p. m., but not before.
12. Court, marry, and hire servants.
13. Much uncertainty exists; be very careful.
14. Travel, but for all else the day is very unpropitious.
15. Ask favors, buy, and deal with aged persons after 1 p. m.
16. Sign writings, travel and make contracts before 2 p. m.
17. Court and marry, but be careful in buying.
18. Sunday—Avoid superiors. An unpropitious day.
19. Travel and remove, but sign no contracts.
20. Travel, remove and deal with aged persons.
21. A doubtful day; be very careful.
22. Court, marry, travel and deal.
23. Buy carefully in the afternoon.
24. Avoid quarreling and keep thyself quiet.
25. Sunday—Travel in the forenoon. The afternoon is very unpropitious.
26. Uncertainty prevails; be careful.
27. Travel and deal with women before 6 p. m.
28. Sell before noon, after which court and marry.
29. Travel, remove and push thy affairs.
30. Deal with aged persons, and buy in the afternoon.
31. Buy carefully in the forenoon.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

Her Punishment of the Dude Who Wanted a Kiss.

An ability to swim has grown to be as much a part of the fashionable New York girl's equipment as the fencing, dancing, riding and tennis upon which she spends so large a part of her energy in order to make herself perfect at each one of them. What the result of this athletic training is was shown last summer by a little incident at Newport. A certain well-known New York girl, who is a good, all round athlete, and can swim, ride, fence, play tennis and sail a boat against any man between the two seas, was being persecuted by a frolicsome youth of that type which is vulgarly classed under the slang term of dude. He had not gone into athletics much himself, and had far too great a fondness for coctails and cigarettes to have his muscles in good condition. The girl had borne his assiduity as long as she could; finally her patience became exhausted, and one day on board of a yacht, after he had fatigued her to death by declaring himself consumed with passion for her, and pleading for a kiss, she called to the rest of the party, and when the twenty or more had collected around her she said: "Mr. Saphead has been begging me to kiss him, and I am going to do it, but only on one condition, and I want you all to witness that the bargain is fairly carried out. I am willing to kiss him if he will permit himself afterward to be hugged by me." This was received with shouts of laughter and the embarrassed Saphead found her firm, rosy cheek turned toward him, and nothing left for him to do but put his lips to it before the whole crowd. The instant the deed was done the young girl turned like a flash and threw her strong, round arms about him and held him in so iron a grasp that in three seconds he had turned purple in the face and was helplessly begging for mercy. He struggled to unfasten her clasp, but was absolutely helpless in her hands until she chose to let him go in a half fainting condition, and it is needless to say that during the entire season no man ever dared to be impertinent to that girl again.—*N. Y. Star.*

Hot Milk Stimulant.

Mrs. Hayes always declared that a perfectly adequate substitute for liquor when needed as a stimulant could be found in hot milk, and after any cold or wetting, she gave this in place of the wine or whisky which others have considered necessary. This is, by the way, a custom of Mrs. Cleveland's also, who discovered after many long and wearisome receptions she was obliged to go through, standing for hours on her feet and shaking hands with hundreds of people, that nothing would restore her so quickly as a cupful of boiling milk brought to her by her maid, and which she drank in little sips as hot as it could possibly be taken. The Washington girls caught the idea from her, and finding how quickly it helped them after a hard day of calls and social duties they began to substitute it for the various malt preparations they had been in the habit of taking, or the hot wine and water which their maids usually administered when they came in too tired out to dress for their next engagement.—*Fremont News.*

The Name Was "B."

A funny fact came to light recently at the registration of a birth of a child. The happy father was asked the maiden name of his wife, to which he answered:

"Rose B."

"Well, how do you spell it? Bee, By, Bey, or how?"

"Just simply B."

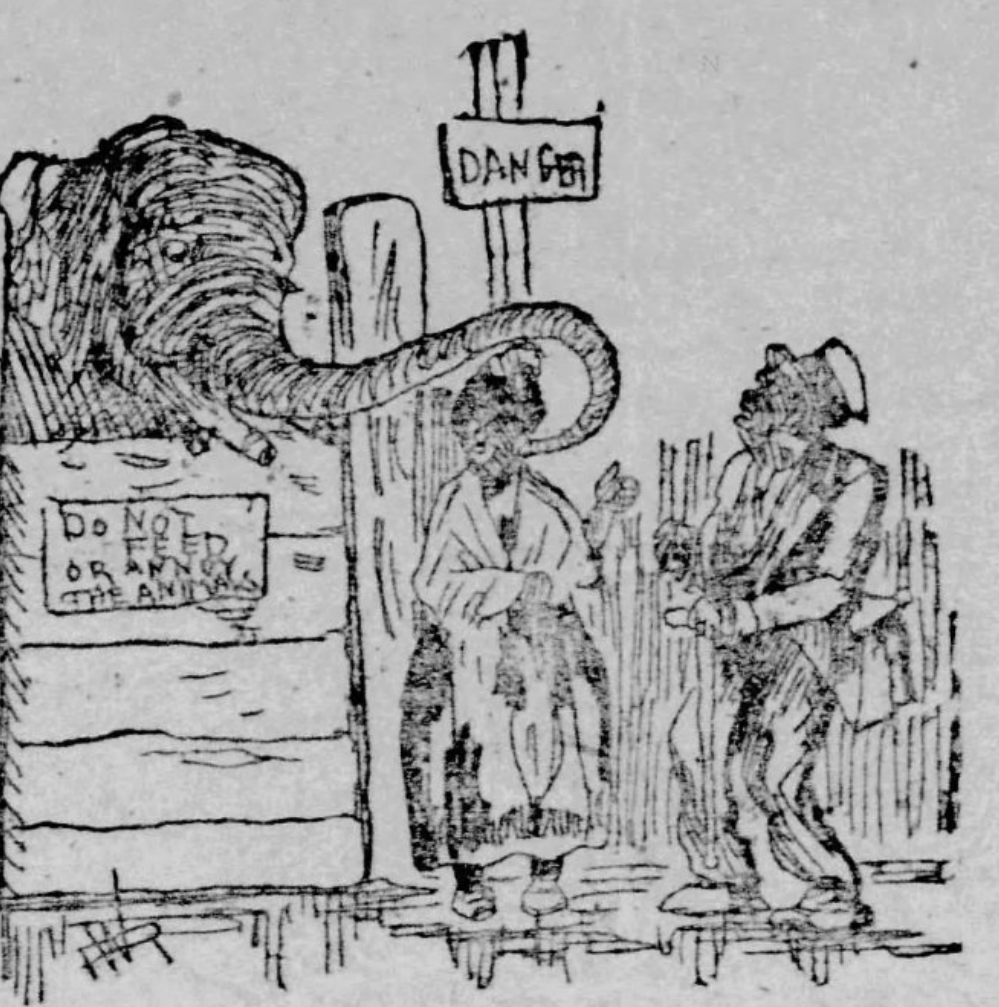
"That cannot be. B is only an initial, not a name."

"It is all the name my wife ever had until she married me. Neither she nor any of her family ever had any other name than just B, neither more nor less."

They could hardly have had less, and an examination of the records showed that they had really never had more. Beyond doubt the B family bear the shortest name in France, perhaps in the world. Only one other name of equal brevity is known, and that is the name of a place. About 15 miles from Peronne, on the Ham line, there is a commune known as Y. It has some 200 inhabitants. The origin of the name Y is unknown, and it would be curious to investigate the origin of the patronymic of the B family—*Nashville American's Paris Letter.*

AT THE MENAGERIE.

Time.


DANGER
DO NOT FEED OR ANNOY THE ANIMALS

Aunt Mildew: Sho, now, Sephus. Go long 'n stop kissin' yo' old wife 'n dese yeah public places.

SUBSCRIPTION METHODS.

A Dodge in Collecting Money on Subscription Papers.

Boston Transcript.

It seems that the business of collecting subscriptions is no exception to the rule that there are tricks in every trade. A man or woman with a gift for the business may collect of the same men at least twice as much as another would. A little incident will illustrate.

They were getting up a subscription a little while ago for the Home for Decayed Apple Women. There is no more deserving institution, as everybody knows, than the Home for Decayed Apple Women; and, moreover, an influential coterie of Back Bay women, headed by Mrs. Charity Drummup, had become interested in the home, and were pushing the subscription. When Mrs. Charity Drummup sails into a counting-room with a subscription paper in her hand, the bankers and men of business know perfectly well that it is of no possible avail for them to turn her a cold shoulder, unless they are anxious to lose caste or custom among the wealthy circle which revolves around her.

Down town there are two solid men in business, one as a retailer in a large way, and the other as a financier, who are very good friends. They have known each other from boyhood; they live side by side; they belong to the same club, and growl at each other in an amiable fashion whenever they meet. They are, however, for all that, very unlike each other in temperament. The financier is mercurial, excitable, and passes for a free-handed, generous sort of person. The merchant is phlegmatic and slow, and has the reputation of being very shrewd and close in money matters.

Well, when Mrs. Charity Drummup came down town in behalf of the Home for Decayed Apple Women, she made one of her calls upon the financier, and promptly showed him a paper, already signed by at least a dozen bankers, merchants and other wealthy men; and upon this paper there was not a single subscription for a less amount than $50.

"You see what they're all doing," said Mrs. Charity Drummup, with an engaging smile.

The financier gave a low whistle.

"Nothing but $50 subscriptions, eh?" he said. "Well, I'm afraid this is a little too steep for me. You are quite right, Mrs. Drummup, in assuming that I should not care to lead the break off into smaller figures; but, see here, is this the only paper you have got, Mrs. Drummup?"

"The only one," said the lady, with a little confusion. "Why, this is the subscription paper, sir."

"But is it the only one you have got?"

Pressed for an answer, Mrs. Drummup produced from her reticule a paper, upon which there were several $25, $10, and even $5 subscriptions.

"Ah, this looks more like it," said the financier. "You may put me down there, if you please, for $25." And he went down there, high up on the list.

That night the financier and the merchant met at the club.

"Well," said the merchant, did you have a call from Mrs. Drummup to-day?"

"Yes."

"Struck you for $50, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; I only gave $25."

"What? Why, there wasn't a single subscription on her list for less than $50!"

"Not on the list she showed you, my friend; but you should have called for her other paper."

He explained the scheme to the close-fisted merchant, who became fairly black in the face with chagrin. He felt that he had been overreached; and the financier, who seemed to have come in for a share of his wrath, is of the opinion that he did not sleep that night, and that it was, indeed, several days before he regained his usual calm.

BOTH ARE ENGLISH,

But One is American Style, and the Other British.

A correspondent who lived long in England, but not so long that, like Mrs. Gilflorey in the "Mighty Dollar," he had forgotten his own land and language, tells of an incident at a railway junction near Manchester, where the time allowed for changing was of the briefest. A lank passenger, in a flapping slouch hat and a full suit of contract-built Western black, came rushing up to the guard in great heat, crying: "Say, conductor, look here, which way is the baggage car?" Of which brief sentence, as our correspondent was fortunately present to explain, the dazed official understood not one word, until our friend thus translated it: "Guard, in which van is this gentleman's luggage?" Yet both sentences are English, but "as she is spoke" by different branches of the great family. The same friend says he was once asked at a country-house dinner in England why we Americans are so given to double names. He was rather taken aback at first, privately thinking the fashion "quite English," but well knowing the kind of surgery demanded in applying facts and jokes in that quarter, he began telling of how, "sure enough," we had in Congress men named Knatchbull-Hugessen, and Selwyn-Ibbetson, and Schlater-Booth, and Henneker-Heaton, and Cavendish-Dentinck, and Vghtred J. Kay-Shuttleworth, and a lot more. "Oh, but I say," interrupted his host, "what a curious coincidence! Why we've got a lot of names like that in the House of Commons." Curious, indeed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Here Are a Few Things That it Will Pay to Remember.

Here are a few miscellaneous hints, rules and facts worth remembering:

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover 100 square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

A box 16 inches square and 8 2-5 inches deep will contain one bushel.

One cent saved each day and put out at 6 per cent interest will accumulate to $950 in fifty years.

Eight bushels of good lime, 16 bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make enough good mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

A stone, used by grocers, is equal to 14 pounds.

It takes from 1½ to 2 bushels of wheat to sow one acre of ground.

To find the amount of hay in a mow allow 512 cubic feet for a ton.

A thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and 11 pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

A Prevalent Malady.

Rowne de Bout—What's the matter with Upson Downes?

Hyand Lowe—Got the liver complant.

Rowne de Bout—Liver complaint? How's that?

Hyand Lowe—Can't pay his butcher's bill.—*Puck.*

Every Reason for Confidence.

Below we give short extracts from the letters of patients, which contain some hearty testimony.

PROSPECT, CONN., July 2, 1888.

It is to Compound Oxygen, under God's blessing, that I owe my life.

MRS. GEO. SPRAGUE.

No. 4 3d St., E. ALBANY, N. Y., June 14, 1888.

If you want a warm recommendation from one who feels that Compound Oxygen has saved him from the grave, it will be given with the greatest pleasure. R. S. STEVENS.

PEPPERWOOD, HUMBOLDT CO., CAL., May 28, 1888.

I consider Compound Oxygen a physician in itself. MRS. L. E. SPAULDING.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

TEA DRUNKARDS.

When the Beverage is Beneficial—Its Properties and the Effects Produced.

Tea drunkards are not at all uncommon. Dr. Cyrus Edson was asked by the New York *Morning Journal* to give such information as he had regarding the subject of tea-drunkards. He said:

"The effects of tea as obtained and used by us may be exhilarating without being perceptibly intoxicating. Tea excites the mental faculties and makes one wakeful. This fact is well known to hard students who have to burn the midnight oil and work with the brain.

"A secondary effect of tea, however, is to soothe and quiet the heart's action. We know tea by the two varieties found in our markets—black and green. The green tea is the strongest and contains the greatest amount of active principle—theine. Green tea, when taken in a strong infusion, acts very powerfully upon persons of delicate nervous organization. It produces nervous tremblings and acts as a narcotic, greatly depressing the system.

"In China, green tea is said to be so strong when it is very fresh that these effects are always manifest when any person drinks the fresh tea On this account the Chinese rarely use tea before it is a year old. In tea there are three active principles which produce these effects—volatile oil, theine and tannin. The amount of the volatile oil in tea is perhaps a little less than one-half of 1 per cent. It exercises a powerful influence on the system. The nature of this influence is probably narcotic. It is believed that the attacks of paralysis to which the tea packers in China are subject is due to the peculiar influence of this volatile oil which new tea contains in larger proportions than old.

"The real active principle of tea, however, is theine. This is a nitrogenous body, and is almost identical with the active property found in coffee—coffeine. If six or eight grains of this substance be taken a day very unpleasant effects are felt. The pulse becomes more frequent, the action of the heart becomes stronger and nervous trembling seizes the limbs. The brain is greatly excited, the thoughts wander, and there is a very peculiar kind of intoxication manifested. All these symptoms pass off in a deep sleep that comes on.

"Tannin gives tea its astringent taste. This is the ingredient which in oak bark is so generally used for tanning leather. It forms 12 to 17 per cent of the dried tea leaf. The longer the tea is steeped the more tannin is contained in the drink.

"That this tannin aids in the exhilarating effect of tea is not improbable. The Indian beteinut, which is chewed by the inhabitants of the East, and which produces a kind of mild intoxication, contains more tannin than any other ingredient. The amount of theine in tea interests us most, for it is to this substance that the intoxicating qualities of tea are mainly due. The quality of the tea has much to do with the amount of theine contained. We find generally from 2 to 4 per cent of this substance in tea.

"By the consumption of a certain quality of tea the body may be made to economize food, for tea prevents the vital organs from wasting food. In the aged it serves another purpose. An old, worn-out stomach no longer digests food enough to make up for bodily waste. Tea, by preventing this waste, arrests the failing powers of life. We do not wonder, therefore, that tea should be a favorite with the poor, who are unable to purchase sufficient food, and with the aged, whose digestion and vigor have begun to fail.

"Every one-half ounce of tea contains three or four grains of theine. If an ounce of tea be taken within six or eight hours we will almost surely see the intoxicating effects. Tea, when taken in such quantity, is sure to be rapidly followed by most injurious effects. The digestion will be ruined and the nervous system shattered. Every good thing given to man is abused in proportion to the amount of pleasure it gives. Tobacco, alcohol and tea always will be abused in their use by man.

"When tea was first taken to England it was used as we use greens. Of late years I have heard of its being eaten dry. I have also heard of a peculiar 'fad' among young ladies of steeping the leaves until they uproll, and then drying and smoking them in cigarettes or pipes.

"These habits are very pernicious and dangerous, for thus the system will receive more of the active principles than by infusing the tea and drinking it in the ordinary manner.

"Tea taken in moderate quantities—that is, a cup at each meal—can certainly have no injurious effect. But the extent to which many old women, and young ones, too, indulge in tea-drinking is one of the social evils of the times."

Knew Nothing About It.

It was a suit involving a claim of fraud in the sale of a cargo of coffee, and a melancholy-looking man was in the witness box.

"You have been summoned, Mr. Ollapod, to testify as an expert in this case, I think?" said the attorney.

"Yes, sir."

"You are a judge of coffee?"

"I think I ought to be."

"What is your occupation?" demanded the judge.

"I am the proprietor of a railway eating house."

"You can stand aside."—*Chicago Times.*

Warm Weather Remarks.

The blacksmith is shoeing the flies,
His ardent son beams on a maid,
While the dry goods dispenser is muslin his dog,
And the lamp chimney sits in the shade,

Society's damsel departs
To catch the fresh heir by the sea;
The heir with alacrity raises the wind,
The damsel's companion to be.

The base ball is frequently hot,
Quite 'orrid the dudish young ——;
The poem of passion is dreadfully warm,
The editor only is cool.
—*Tima*

Those Tell-Tale Scratches.

Anxious Mother—"My dear, I'm afraid George is getting into bad company. He is out very late nearly every night."

Observing Father—"Oh, he's all right. He goes to see some girl or other. Shouldn't wonder if he'd announce an engagement soon."

"He hasn't said a word about any young lady."

"No; but he's keeping company with one all the same. His right wrist is full of pin scratches."

The Course He Would Take.

"My friend," earnestly exclaimed the temperance lecturer, pointing a long, quivering forefinger straight at the cowering figure of a man on the back seat, "What will you do when you come to the end of your career and find honor, hope, friends, home and all that makes life valuable or the future cheering, lost—all lost!"

"Lost?" echoed Mr. Rambo, dimly conscious that a question had been addressed to him, "b' George, I'd (hic) advertise!"

Presented His Bill.

A Jersey girl was bitten by one of that state's old time mosquitoes the other day, and her arm began to swell fearfully. The physician who was called in said that the insect had left his bill in the arm. When he extracted it the swelling went down. The wonder is that the mosquito did not return with a deputy sheriff to collect his bill.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Necessary Delay.

Mrs. Willowly—Have you ordered your new dress yet?

Mrs. Gushington—Not yet. I am waiting to see what Bridget is going to wear.—*Dry Goods Reporter.*

CHILDREN'S ROUND TABLE.

Bright Morsels of Wit and Wisdom From Little Lips.

ECONOMY.

My little 4-year-old brother was led into the room to see a new sister. He stood for a moment in deep thought, and then asked:

"Mamma, did baby tum from heaven?"

"Yes."

"Did I tum from heaven?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did 'oo tum from heaven?"

"Why, yes."

"Is we all doing back to heaven?"

"I hope so."

"Den I'd dess as leave have stayed dare and saved tar fare."—*N. Y. World.*

THE WHOLE SCHEME GIVEN AWAY.

A woman here feels very sore over the latest escapade of her 7-year-old incorrigible. There were some visitors invited to tea one evening recently, and during the course of the meal John Henry Augustus remarked, with a chuckle: "Mother's got all her best things on the table to-night; ain't you, ma?" The mortified mother gave the youngster a kick under the table, when he added innocently: "You needn't kick me under the table now, 'cause I didn't tell a word about borrowing the napkins."—*Kingston Journal.*

PESSIMISM.

A small boy belonging to a Boston family was the proud owner of a bright red balloon, with which he never seemed to tire. One day he lost his hold of the string and away it went. He watched it for a long time, and then went into the house and remarked: "My balloon has gone up to the angels, and it will be just like 'em to keep it."—*Boston Traveller.*

OPTIMISM.

Bobby—Pa, I have to saw wood.

Father—Do you?

Bobby—Yes; it's fun to think while I'm sawing it that when I get it all sawed I can stop.—*Binghamton Republican.*

PATHETIC INSTANCE OF CHILD WISDOM.

A little boy, not yet four years old, has a father who sometimes drinks too freely, and a mother who is not over wise in discussing her affairs with her friends or neighbors. One night the father came home in worse condition than usual, and everything not running to suit his erratic ideas of harmony, he became somewhat violent, and, in trying to adequately express his feelings, considerably disarranged the furniture, among other things smashing the glass in a ventilator over the door. After the excitement had subsided, the little fellow, whose thoughts had evidently been busy, glanced up at his mother with an earnest look in his frank blue eyes, and in a tone of advice and conviction said:

"I wouldn't say anything about it, mamma, if I was you."—*Boston Times.*

A SEASONABLE THOUGHT.

Little Ethel, less than three years old, saw a man walking along the street with his arm in a sling.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried. "There goes a man with his arm in a hammock."—*Boston Times.*

EXTREMELY COURTEOUS.

We know of a little girl who tries very hard to be polite and speak correctly. At church one day she met a little friend who had been sick for some time. In asking about her affliction, Fannie said: "Did you enjoy much pain when you were ill?"—*Youth's Companion.*

A BOSTON BOY, OF COURSE.

Only a short while ago, in a Sunday-school, the lesson of the creation was taught. A boy of 12 took it in greedily, and next day, being required by the public school teacher to write a composition, he selected "Woman" as his theme, and wrote as follows:

By woman Eden was lost and man curst. If you trust her, give up all hope of heaven. Woman cannot love, because she is too selfish. She may have a fancy, but it is fleeting; her smiles are deceit; her vows are traced in sand. She is a thread of candor, with a web of wiles. Her charity is hypocrisy. Complexion, heart, tongue, and all, oh, I hate you, ye cold composition of art!"

And this boy was only twelve years from the tender beating of his mother's heart.—*Woman's Journal.*

CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.

"Mamma, can I go to Asbury Park with sister?" asked a little five-year-old girl, a few days ago. "I think not," replied her mamma. "Your sister has to go there for her health; besides it is quite expensive." "Well," said the little five-year-old, "I ought to go there for my health, too. I had a drefle toothache one time and sister never had that. And I do think it is a pity if there isn't 'nough money in papa's pocket-book des to pay for my little bit of 'spenses!" She went.—*Evangelist.*

DEFENSIVE THEOLOGY.

Bennie is the bright 5-year-old son of the editor of the Michigan *Catholic.* The other day he came home from a protracted tricycle ride.

"Bennie," said his father, "didn't your mother tell you not to go so far away from the house?"

"Y-e-s, papa, but the devil took my breath away and wouldn't let me remember."

"That's the old story about the devil," said Mr. Hughes, trying to look stern. "I'm afraid I shall have to spank that devil out of you."

"Oh, the devil flew out of me just as I entered the house," protested Bennie. "He said, 'Bennie, you're in for a spanking, and a spanking hurts, and I guess you'd better take it yourself.'"—*Detroit Tribune.*

A Honored Leg.

Four feet from the ground in the wall o a large brick building in the Washington navy yard, known as the ordnance foundry, is an iron plate about eighteen inches square bearing this inscription:

> Within this Wall is Deposited
> The Leg of
> COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN, U. S. V.,
> Who was wounded July 6, 1863,
> while skirmishing with the
> Rebels in the streets of
> Hagerstown, after
> the Battle of
> Gettysburg.

An explanation of the freak of sentiment which prompted the interment of the amputated leg in such a place is left to the imagination of the reader, who can probably guess as well as I can. I was told that it was in accordance with the wish of Col. Dahlgren himself. He was a son of Admiral Dahlgren, and was one of the youngest officers who wore a colonel's eagles during the war. As soon as the stump of his leg was healed he sprang into the saddle again, and on March 3, 1864, was killed almost in the suburbs of Richmond during Kilpatrick's famous raid upon the Confederate capital. Col. Dahlgren's body fell into the hands of the enemy, but was sent through to the Union lines and delivered to his friends. It was charged that the body had been barbarously mutilated. This provoked a long controversy, the Confederate authorities denying to the last that there had been any mutilation, except that by the missiles which caused his death. He was struck by several bullets in a volley fired at short range from an ambuscade.—*Washington Letter in Cleveland Leader.*

A Sudden Growth.

Young Johnnie had a candy stick,
It was as long as this:

His sister stole it by a trick—
The dreadful little miss.

When Johnnie, with his eyes all wet,
Went home to tell his ma,
The little candy stick, you bet,
Had lengthened out thus far:

—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

A Distinction.

"How much does young Smifkins earn in the government service?" asked one of that gentleman's friends of a department chief.

"I beg your pardon," was the response, "but you mean to say, 'How much does he receive?' do you not?"—*Washington Capital.*

At Work by the Day.

She—Oh, see that scarecrow out there in the field.

He—That isn't a scarecrow.

She—It must be; see how motionless it is.

He—That's the hired man at work.—*Yankee Blade.*

It Sounds Older.

"How old is your boy, Mrs. Browne?"

"A year and a half."

"Indeed? I thought he was about Willie's age; but Willie is only eighteen months."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

It is Sadly Neglected in Various Economic Lines.

"The education of the young women of to-day," said a matronly boarding house keeper of this city, whose table is celebrated for its superiority, "is sadly neglected in many respects, but in one especially. How many young married ladies know how to do their marketing successfully and judiciously? I venture to say not four out of ten. Just think how many heartburns might be spared, how many little quarrels between man and wife avoided if mothers would only train their daughters in the science of domestic economy. Now, I was a country girl and have kept house for a good many years and if you like I will tell you some things which may help the younger generation of married ladies of Brooklyn. First, in selecting meat there are some rules which, if followed, will almost invariably give good results. Suppose we start with beef for instance. Generally speaking the young housekeeper will do well to remember that young beef should have a fine, smooth open grain, feel tender to the touch, while the fat should be white, rather than yellow, and firm. If beef is over fresh, and there is nothing tougher than very fresh beef, there is a peculiar smell suggestive of blood and the abattoir which betrays it. Of all steaks, the superior for economy, juiceness, flavor and nutriment is that cut from the flank. In some cities this steak commands the highest price, even being more expensive than porter-house or tenderloin, but here it is comparatively unknown, and moderate in price. In selecting veal the whitest is generally the best. The best mutton should be judged from its rich color, fine grain and white fat. For stews the best part of mutton is the breast. It is cheap and nutritious. Young pork can be told by the thin, springy rind. Many people are deceived by the size which is no sure sign of the age of the animal. When pork is fresh the meat should be smooth and cool; if clammy let it alone it isn't fit to eat. In choosing ham, if you are particular, stick a sharp knife into it and if it comes out smelling fresh and sweet, buy the ham. If not, don't. Poultry is what deceives most people. Take a turkey for instance. The old bird is the fattest and most attractive looking but he's tougher than leather. The young longlegged scrawny birds are ones to choose every time. An old bird too, will have sunken eyes and dry feet, while the young bird's eyes will be lively and its feet smooth and shiny. Chickens should be selected by the softness of their bones and the small size of their combs. In general old fowls may be told by their hard, horny feet. The skin of the best geese is as white as milk. Hares and rabbits, if young, will be white and stiff and the ears will tear easily. In selecting fish, most people have an idea that the gills must be red if the fish is fresh. This is so, to a great extent, but I have known perfectly fresh fish to have one red gill and one white. The general appearance must guide you. If the fish is firm and has a bright, shiny appearance, it can't be stale. A good, fresh cod for instance, will have, generally speaking, red gills, white, firm, flesh and the eyes will not be noticeably sunken. The refrigerator cars have revolutionized the fish business and many that are found in the markets to-day could not have been procured a few years ago, at any cost, so far from their native waters."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE MOON'S SHADOW.

How the Telegraph Outran the Flying Darkness.

From Professor Todd's article in the August *Century*, entitled "How Man's Messenger Outran the Moon," we quote the following: "The moon's actual motion in her circumterrestial path is in the neighborhood of 2,000 miles in each hour of time. The velocity is somewhat greater than that of projectiles from the best rifled guns; but these can often be seen throughout their whole flight. Evidently the moon's motion, also, is not too great to be seen. And it can be seen if all conditions favor the observer.

"Averaging a period of some decades, there are in three years two opportunities when this spectacle may be seen; they occur only at such times as the moon passes between the earth and the sun and causes a total solar eclipse. But even then it is not strictly correct to say that the moon can be seen traveling through space.

"At the time of such an eclipse, however, the moon's dark shadow sweeps over the earth with nearly the same velocity as the moon herself travels; and it is this swiftly flying shadow which the alert observer may see.

"This imposing spectacle has frequenly been beheld, but rarely, unless from an elevation commanding a vast extent. Often, however, expert observers fail to see the almost tangible shadow, even when specially on the lookout for it.

"Not strange is it, therefore, that different eyes report so impressive a phenomenon differently. To some the shadow seen in the distance resembled a dark storm upon the horizon. Some saw the shadow 'visible in the air;' one speaks of its 'gliding swiftly up over the heavens;' while another likens its passage to the 'lifting of a dark curtain.'

"Those who have taken pains to note its color do not generally call it black, but deep violet, or dark brown. One describes it as a 'wall of fog,' another as a 'vaporous shadow,' a third says it was 'like neither a shadow nor vapor,' while a less careful observer than Winnecke and Lady Airy speak of the shadow as 'appearing like smoke.'

"From their stations high above the valley of the Ebro, over which it swept, members of the Himalaya expedition of 1860 had exceptional opportunities for watching the approach and recession of the shadow. Many observers saw it. 'When the critical moment was at hand,' says one 'the darkness, sweeping over a landscape 20 or 30 miles in extent, and advancing right at me, was in the highest degree subtime and imposing.' Then and on other occasions it was very distinctly seen.

"So much for the appearance of the shadow; but more interesting here is its speed.

"While observers generally remark the 'frightful velocity' with which it travels, President Hill, of Harvard, in Illinois in 1869, found the transit of the shadow much slower, and more majestic and beautiful than he had been led to suspect. 'A sweeping upward and backward of a dense violet shadow,' are his words.

"Gen. Abbot, ascending Mount Ætna in 1879, wrote: 'At an elevation of 7,500 feet I was overtaken by the shadow, which swept with great rapidity over us, darkening the gloom to an awe-inspiring degree.'"

Youth and Age.

In youth the lover vows exchange
And each doth on the other dote.
No sorrow dims the future's range,
As smoothly with life's tide they float.

But age perchance will bring regrets,
When tempest-torn in Hymen's boat.
For trouble discontent begets;
They form, in truth, love's anti-dote.
—*Washington Capital.*

That Dreadful Compositor.

"Deuced unpleasant typographical error in those invitations to the wedding," said young N. U. Bridegroom.

"How so?" anxiously queried the bride.

"Why, instead of 'your presence is requested,' the confounded printer made it read, 'presents are requested.'"—*N. Y. Herald.*

Attractive.

He—Good Heavens, Dorothy! There are millions of flies in this room. Of what use is that fly-paper?

She—Why, there are some dead flies on it, I'm sure.

He—Yes, but every other fly in the county has come to their funeral.

Where Dyes Come From.

Coal tar, formerly a troublesome waste of the gas industry, affords us about sixteen distinct yellow colors, about twelve oranges, more than thirty reds, about sixteen blues, seven greens, nine violets, and a number of browns and blacks, besides mixtures of several compounds, producing an almost infinite number of shades and tones of color.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.
Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago.
HEADACHE, Toothache, Sprains, BRUISES, Burns and Scalds.
At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

TO FIND COMRADES.

We are constantly in receipt of queries from soldiers of the late war desiring to find comrades. We will publish such requests at 50 cents each, under the head of "Information Wanted," in the CAMP FIRE. But comrades desiring to ascertain the whereabouts of fellow-soldiers will gain the desired information much quicker, by writing to the "Army and Navy Survivors' Division," Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., which is now in possession of quite complete service rolls.

IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Some Campaign Notes by an Officer of the Fifteenth Indiana Regiment.

IN a former letter to the Camp Fire, I think I mentioned being engaged in the battle at Greenbriar. Having withdrawn from there we rested on the summit of Cheat mountain for the night, and the next morning (October 4, 1861) started for our camp at Elkwater. After we had marched about two miles from the summit of the mountain an order came that we should return, for the enemy were upon us, and we counter-marched through mud and water for nearly a mile, when we were halted by Gen. Reynolds, who informed us that the alarm was false, and that we should retrace our steps and get to camp, and that in a few days we would receive our first pay. This was joyful news to us, and we were not disappointed.

At camp we formed in front of the paymaster's table, and each man had his choice—to accept payment in gold, silver, or demand notes, drawing 6 per cent interest. We were not very particular, but most of the boys took their pay in shining metal, as that was our first instalment since entering the service, nearly six months previous.

As I mentioned in a previous letter, our uniforms had become quite seedy. The coat which I wore, from exposure to rain and sunshine, had turned green, and I was christened "Captain Greencoat." Gen. Haskell was then in command of our brigade, and I had become somewhat acquainted with him. In the meantime I had sent to my brother at Fort Wayne, Ind., for a new suit of blue, which in due time arrived.

Soon after we left our camp at Elkwater and started for Parkersburg. The first night we camped near a town named Beamly. I had not tried on my new suit, and concluded I would like to see myself dressed once more in true blue. So I donned my new uniform and called on Gen. Haskell and staff. It is astonishing what a difference a new uniform, trimmed with the proper insignia of rank, does make in a man's appearance. The general arose and came to meet me as I advanced toward him, but did not recognize me until I introduced myself, when he remarked;

"Oh, you are the captain who wore the green coat!"

My services had always been recognized by him while wearing the green coat, on account of being continually on duty, and had also been appreciated by others of our regiment.

From West Virginia we proceeded to Louisville, from whence was formed the Army of the Cumberland. After remaining in camp a short time at Louisville, in January, 1862, we marched out on the Bardstown pike, passing through New Haven, and going into camp about nine miles from the latter place. We remained in camp about two months for drill and discipline, under command of Gen. Nelson. Comrades of our regiment and the 3d and 6th Ohio will doubtless well remember him. He held a special grudge against us, and when an opportunity presented to "let out" on us, he always availed himself of it. The boys, to annoy the old general, would try various ways of playing some trick on him.

Our drill-ground was situated just across a little creek from the camp, and in order that the men should not get their feet wet in crossing a temporary bridge had been constructed of round poles, laid crosswise on the stringers, but not fastened down—just laid on loosely.

One fine day all the troops were out on the drill-ground, drilling and maneuvering, and the general was riding about on his fine black horse. He concluded he would ride past our regiment, and started to cross the bridge. When the horse had got fairly on the structure some of the poles rolled, and down went the horse and Gen. Nelson under him. Our sentry line was within 30 yards of the bridge, and the general seeing the sentinel called to him for help. The old general could curse the wire edge off of a scythe, sometimes, and the predicament in which he was placed, gave him an excellent opportunity to display his vocal powers as well.

"Hello! you sentinel; don't you see me? Come and help me out."

"Can't leave my post, general."

"D—n your post! Come and help me."

"I'll call the corporal of the guard, general."

"Hellanddamnation! You come here!"

"Corporal of the guard, beat No. 5!" called the sentinel.

The corporal came, and the sentinel pointed to the general, who was vehemently yelling and swearing.

The corporal and sentinel stacked arms and marched down to the bridge and quickly extricated the general from his unenviable and undignified position. His trowsers were nearly torn off, but he was able to mount his horse, and going to Gen. Haskell's headquarters, called the officer out and told him of the accident with which he had met, not forgetting to inform him of the manner in which the sentinel had treated him. But Gen. Haskell gave him to understand that the sentinel had done right, and that by leaving his post the guard rendered himself liable to court-martial and punishment. Gen. Nelson was overbearing in every particular, and it was a wonder to me that he was not killed. But when he attacked Gen. Davis at Louisville he got the wrong bull by the horns. Soon after this incident we were transferred, and joined Gen. Thomas J. Wood's command at Bardstown, Ky.—J. M. COMPAREY, Lieut Col. 15th Ind., Blanco, Texas.

WINDING UP THE REBELLION,

How a Clock and a Spinning-Wheel Figured in the Conflict.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In the summer of 1862 I was stationed at Memphis, Tenn. Gen. Stephen A. Hurlburt, who was then in command, issued very strict orders against foraging. I chanced to be on guard one day at the general's headquarters, when two members of the 8th Mo. Reg. came along. One of the boys was carrying a spinning-wheel, and his comrade was armed with a clock. The general noticed them, and ordered a sergeant of the guard to arrest the two soldiers, which order was immediately executed. When the pair were brought before the general he first inquired in passionate tones of the man with the wheel:

"What are you going to do with such a thing?"

"I am going to wind up the rebellion!" was the ready reply.

The general, with a broad grin on his face, then turned to the other man and said:

"What are you going to do with that old clock?"

"I am going to see how long it takes the other fellow there to wind up this rebellion!"

"Go to your quarters, you rascals!" said the general, nearly paralyzed with laughter, and he hurried into his tent.—J. B. HYATT, Ducktown, Tenn.

NOT A SOLDIER,

But a Kindred Tie Binds Him to the Boys in Blue.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Being a constant reader of THE BLADE, and taking particular interest in the Camp Fire, I venture to join the circle. As I was not born until the war had been waging for nearly a year, I have a pretty good excuse for not having been a soldier. However, my sympathies and inclinations always led me to feel a kindred tie to the "boys who wore the blue"—particularly as my father proved his loyalty to the old flag by spending four years in the service, fifteen months of which time was passed in a rebel prison. My father, Dr. Wm. P. Rucker, was a practicing physician at Covington, Va., when the war began. He served during the war on the staff of Gen. Crook, with the rank of major. I believe he also served, at one time, in the same position under Gen. Seigel. So, while not a soldier myself, I feel I can claim relationship to the union soldiers. I will add that my father is the only man that the Confederate authorities in the sate of Virginia ever had indicted for treason, so far as I have been able to discover.

FACIAL BLEMISHES
The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pittings, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, etc.
Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.
JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, 210 West 42d St., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
P. S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp; for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

A soldier who served in the 197th Ohio Inft. lives here, and would like to hear from some of his old comrades. He belonged to Co. I, Capt. C. W. Drake. Will some of the members of that company let him know whether or not Capt. Drake is still living? A postal card directed to Box 92, Princeton, Mercer county, W. Va., would reach him. Now, friends, I will write you another letter some time soon, giving some of the experiences of our family during the war, so you may have some idea what it took to be union man and what it now takes to be a Republican in Dixie. We honor the soldier boys from Ohio, (my father served with them, and often speaks of them), but I don't think they ever realized the fullest extent of the hardships attached to union sentiments. Would be glad to hear from any of my father's old comrades.—EDGAR P. RUCKER, Princeton, W. Va.

RELISHED THEIR COFFEE,

But Were Somewhat Frightened When a Boiled Lizard Appeared in the Grounds.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Some time ago I noticed a communication in the Camp Fire from a comrade who spoke of eating a pudding in which a big spider had been cooked. This revived in my mind a little incident which occurred during the campaign to Atlanta. My regiment had been out on a reconnaissance a few miles from the main body of the troops, and returned only part way in the evening. We supposed we would move very early next morning and in order to have breakfast over in good time Joshua Whinery, of our mess, went to the spring near by and got our big coffee-pot full of water, ready for coffee next morning. Before daylight I took the coffee-pot, put in the coffee, replaced the lid and made the coffee. We all drank of it, with the ordinary relish of a soldier. We did not move so early as we expected, and when a while after breakfast I threw the coffee grounds out, in order to get some more water, I also threw out a good big lizard! It was thoroughly cooked, and we all expected to be very sick, but fortunately none of us were. I often wonder where A. A. Thomas, who was then a member of our mess is, if living. Also Joshua Whinery. We have a new G. A. R. post here, Kilpatrick No. 38, but have as yet no camp of S. of V., nor W. R. C., though we are trying to organize them.—N. G. KIRK, Co. G, 10th O. V. I., Newberg, Oregon.

"NEUROKINESIS."

What a Medical Journal Has to Say About a Heretofore Nameless Disease.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—The following paragraph from Leonard's *Medical Journal*, published at Detroit, Mich., is one of the first, and so far as I know it is the first utterance of the kind that has appeared since the war. It has been plagiarized by men who cannot afford to be guilty of the offense. It should be reproduced by every soldiers' paper in the land. It was written by Dr. I. H. Stearns, Lynn, Mass.:

Medical men have always been at a loss for a term to characterize a condition often found amoung the union soldiers of the late war. As is well-known these men had a diet partaken of at irregular intervals, with insufficient nutritive qualities; there was excessive demands, at times, upon their physical endurance; they were exposed to climatic and malarious influences, and were subject to severe mental strain. The result has been to leave many of them with some form of continued irritation, a susceptibility to unfavorable impressions, an intolerance of pain, an inability to withstand heat, cold or the ordinary vicissitudes of life; a derangement of some part or function of the system, sleeplessness, irresolution, involving a spirit of unrest, and a loss of power to concentrate the thoughts or energies, with other unexplainable though constantly recurring symptoms. For such a condition the name "Neurokinesis" has been suggested, meaning a general shaking up of the nervous system. This term ought to be accepted by the pension examining surgeons, and by the pension office itself, and every physician who is called upon to furnish certificates in pension cases will hail with delight a word that characterizes what is so often found, but has heretofore been a nameless disease.

The above expresses exactly the condition of many of the veterans, and I think the suggestion of Dr. Stearns a good one.—HORACE P. PORTER, M. D., Oneida, Kas.

SHORT LETTERS.

WANTS TO HEAR FROM THEM.—I am a subscriber of THE BLADE and would like to hear from my old comrades through the Camp Fire. I enlisted in 1864 as private in Co. K, 20th Mich. Inft. Any comrade would confer a great favor by answering through THE BLADE or by letter.—JOHN STAFFORD, Tualco, W. T.

* * *

A WISCONSIN MISS.—My father was a member of Co. F, 4th Wis., and served in the war nine months. He is not a member of the G. A. R., but, nevertheless, he is an old soldier and enjoys reading the Camp Fire very much. He often relates some little story or event which occurred while he was stationed in Missouri. I would like to hear from any of his old comrades or their daughters through the Camp Fire.—MISS EDITH BRYHAN, Ellenborough, Wis.

* * *

HER UNCLES WERE THERE.—I have five uncles that were soldiers in the Union army, one of whom lost an arm, and another was shot through the arm. I am much interested in the old War Songs. I would be pleased if THE BLADE would publish the one entitled, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."—E. J., Burney, Ind.

* * *

THE RED NECKTIE.—By request of Comrade George W. Shipman, Co. J, 3d W. Va. Cav., Tallmansville, W. Va., I send my name and address as one who wore the Red Necktie. Would be glad to hear from any of the boys that wore the scarlet badge, through the Camp Fire, or by letter.—MACON R. WILLS, Co. I, and B, 2d W. Va Cav., Showne's Crossroads, Tenn.

* * *

AN EXPLANATION WANTED.—I noticed a short letter in the Camp Fire August 1, from Comrade George Woodward, Co. D, 110th O. V. I. Isn't there some mistake? I was a member of that company, but I don't think any person by that name ever was a member, and in addition to memory I have a complete roster of the company, on which his name does not appear. Will the comrade please explain?—D. R. HOPPING, Xenia, O.

* * *

THEY GOT THE HENS.—I would like to know if any comrades of Co. G, 27th Ind., are yet alive, and would be pleased to hear from some of them through the Camp Fire. Do any of the boys who accompanied me, recollect the time when I went to purchase a few fat hens from a Johnny? We got some chickens and then the old fellow wanted Confederate money for pay, as he was not very flush with that kind of currency. As we had none, he wanted his hens back again, but the boys started to run, and as I could not stop them or overtake them, they got away with the poultry, and left Mr. Johnny staring after them, and swearing about the loss of his hens.—JOEL KEMP, Co. G, 27th Ind., Millgrove, Ind.

* * *

William F. Miller, Co. A, 5th Tenn. Inft.: A notice published in this department requesting address of comrades, under head "Information Wanted" (cost 50 cents), would no doubt be answered by your comrades; or, write to the address in notice at head of this department, "To Find Comrades."

Cure for Suicide.

"On six different occasions last winter I was tempted to suicide," says Charles Butler, of Defiance, "but on each occasion the feeling went away soon after I had eaten some chicken salad." Paste this in your hat.—*N. Y. Press.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE's readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Cleopatra.

G. B., Menomonie, Wis.: 1.—Cleopatra was the last queen of Egypt, daughter of King Ptolemy Auletes, born in Alexandria B. C. 69, died by suicide B. C. 30. She was left joint heir to the throne with her brother Ptolemy, by the death of her father, when she was but 17; she was beautiful, with great talents and unbridled ambition, and the intriguing courtiers who surrounded her and her still younger brother saw that so long as she shared the throne they could not hope for that uncontrolled power they desired. They turned Ptolemy against her, and she was expelled from the city B. C. 49, when 19 years old. Cleopatra raised an army, and prepared to maintain her rights. Meantime the war in Rome between Pompey and Cæsar ended in the defeat of the former at Pharsalia, and Pompey fled to Egypt, where he was assassinated by the adherents of Ptolemy. Cæsar's fleet followed Pompey to Egypt, and Cæsar landed and interfered in the strife between Cleopatra and her brother. He demanded that the matter should be left to his decision. Cleopatra determined to seek Cæsar's favor. With a single companion, Apollodorus, she made her way at twilight from her vessel out at sea into the harbor of Alexandria in a little boat, and reached the steps leading from the palace to the water. Wrapped in a roll of heavy carpet tied with cords, she was carried by Apollodorus into Cæsar's presence, where the carpet was unrolled, and the beautiful girl appeared before him. Her end was gained at once, and from this time till Cæsar's death her power over him was undisputed. He took her side in the quarrel. A long period of war followed, which was ended by the death of Ptolemy in battle near Memphis, Cleopatra being made queen. Cæsar left Egypt in B. C. 47, shortly after which Cleopatra bore him a son, who was named Cæsarion. In B. C. 46 she went to Rome with her son, and was installed as Cæsar's mistress in a splendid palace. She held court as if she had been a rightful queen, flattered by those who sought Cæsar's favor, but secretly hated by the people, who had felt a keen disgrace at their ruler's relations with this foreign queen. Cæsar was assassinated B. C. 44, after which she returned to Egypt. A civil war in Rome followed Cæsar's death, which ended by the triumph of the triumvirate, of whom one, Mark Antony, was made ruler over the East. Cleopatra determined to fascinate him as she did Cæsar, and proceeded to Tarsus (St. Paul's birthplace), which was his capital. The famous sail, in a splendid barge, up the river Cydnus, is the subject of innumerable paintings. Her conquest of Antony was as complete as that of Cæsar. After her visit, Antony proceeded to Alexandria, and passed several months. In B. C. 40, the conflict in Italy called him away. To effect a reconciliation with Octavius, Antony married the former's sister Octavia, and for three years deserted Cleopatra. B. C. 37 he went to Syria to make a campaign against the Parthians, and Cleopatra, at his request, joined him. The old quarrel between Octavius Cæsar and Pompey thus broke out afresh, which was decided by the naval battle at Actium, September 2, B. C. 31, in which Antony was defeated. Octavius gathered an army and invaded Egypt B. C. 30. Antony not being able to oppose him, he committed suicide, and Cleopatra attempted to fascinate Octavius as she had done Cæsar and Antony. In this she failed, when she committed suicide by allowing an asp, a venomous snake, to strike her bosom. 2.—The order of United Workmen is a secret labor organization, like the Knights of Labor. 3.—The government offers the pay, and if the men don't wish to enlist for that, they can keep out of the army. Why should it pay more?

Why Water Power Is Stronger at Night.

We have received a number of letters on this subject, which we can not publish, as we have said already that we want nothing more in the way of theory on the matter; when some one makes a test to determine whether the statement is true or not, and sends us the result, we will be glad to give it space; but until that time the following is the last that we will print on the subject—it being from C. A. Y., Brock, Neb.:

"In the animated discussion carried on through these columns in regard to the truth of the statement made by a correspondent that water wheels furnished more power at night than in the daytime, several who are evidently acquainted with the subject of water power claim to have tried it, and unhesitatingly assert the affirmative.

"The reasons are set forth with various degrees of lucidity by different answers, but the most definite explanation, and the one which the editor expresses his belief in, is given by E. M. K., of Newcastle, Cal. He believes that it is caused by the attraction between the sun and the earth, which, acting in a downward and opposite direction at night, causes water to get heavier, and consequently exert greater power upon water wheels. E. M. K. has evidently forgotten the fact that the moon's influence upon the water of the earth is nearly three times that of the sun, hence the tides. But leaving that out of account, I shall attempt to show briefly my reasons for believing it to be impossible.

"First—We will assume that, should such be the case, all earthly bodies would grow heavier at the same rate, including the machinery of the mill.

"Second—It is a well known fact in mechanics that the coefficient of friction (the bearings of the machinery, in this case) increases directly as the load.

"Third—The power of the water wheel would vary directly as the specific gravity of the water.

"Let us suppose that the wheel exerts 40-horse power during the day and 44-horse power during the night. Leaving out of account the slight loss of power which would be sustained through the heat generated by an increased impact of the water against the wheel, this would indicate a gain in the weight of the water of 1-10. Also of the air, and of the machinery. The machinery having gained 1-10 in weight, its resistance to motion would be increased practically at the same rate. Thus the power and the resistance would still have the same relation, and the speed still the same. But as the atmosphere, according to the first proposition, has gained 1-10 in density, this fact would really be against the supposition, provided the mill had many swiftly moving parts to be resisted by the air.

"I admit that where the greater part of the power is exerted in disintegrating materials of any kind, as sawing, crushing ore, boring, etc., the power and resistance would not exactly balance under the different conditions stated. But in nearly all factories, especially flouring mills, friction is the greater resistance to be overcome."

"The Government Making Catholics."

H. S. M., Eaton Rapids, Mich., writes to inquire as to the truth of a statement he read in some paper that "our government is paying nearly a half million dollars to the Catholic church for schools among the Indians for no other purpose than to make Catholics of them for the benefit of the church. It is said that they paid last year the sum of $344,545, and this year have contracted to give them $431,936; that these schools are solely under the control of the Roman Catholic church, and teach the doctrines of Romanism to their pupils. 1.—Is that a fact? 2.—Will not all the male scholars of those schools become voters as soon as they reach a certain point in their education? 3.—Is that not a direct violation of the constitution of the United States?"

1.—The statement is true (we can not speak as to the figures, however), as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. There are about 160 Indian schools under the direct care of the government, and about 50 more under contract. Some of the latter are under the Roman Catholics, some under the Episcopal church, and some under various other denominations. The pupils are taught the ordinary primary English branches, and also are given religious instruction. We can see no more reason for raising a row over the Catholics teaching their doctrine than over the Congregationalists, or the Episcopalians, or any other denomination, doing the same thing. Read the editorial headed "Indian Schools," in THE BLADE of August 1, 4th page, 2d column. 2.—Not necessarily; not unless by that time Congress makes the Indians voters. 3.—Certainly not. The constitution says that "there shall be no law respecting an establishment of religion (which means that no state church shall be established), or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Certainly these schools do not come under either head.

Questions in Physiology.

J. C., Willow Spring, Neb.: Your questions, and several similar ones we have recently received, seem to be taken from some school examination wherein physiology is a required branch. We wish persons, instead of asking us such questions, to get a school physiology and study it. We will give brief replies to yours:

1.—A stimulant is any agent which produces an increase of vital action in the body, or in any of its organs. A narcotic is a drug which, in medicinal doses, allays morbid excitability, relieves pain and produces sleep; but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and, if the quantity is large, death. 2.—The habitual use of alcohol causes the muscles to lose tone, and become soft and flabby. 3.—Alcohol inflames the mucous membrane, whether in the kidneys or the stomach, and other digestive organs.

B. F. C., Willow Springs, Neb., sends a similar list of physiology questions: 1.—Contagious diseases are transmitted in various ways—by inhaling air the sick person has breathed, wearing his clothing, sleeping in a bed in which he has lain, by contact, etc. 2.—The evil effects of tobacco are numerous, the chief one being the derangement of the nervous system, shown in many ways. 3.—Alcohol prevents the gastric juice from digesting food properly. Please don't send this class of questions. Get a book on physiology and study it.

C., Nowburgh, Ind., also sends us a set of questions which seem to be taken from some examination list: 1.—Legislation in the United States is effected by bodies composed of representatives elected by the people. 2.—The diplomatic service is devoted to the making of treaties, the protection of the rights of American citizens in foreign countries, and similar purposes; the consular service concerns only our commerce. 3.—Read section 8 of the United States constitution, which enumerates the powers granted to the Congress; section 9, which limits its powers in certain directions; section 10, which places limitations on the states; and articles 9 and 10 of the amendments.

"Stock" Terms.

Anna, Granville, O.: "Watered" stock is stock the face value of which exceeds the capital actually invested in the company which issues it. "Cornered" stock is stock which has been oversold and bought wholly under the control of one man or set of men so that its price can be forced up at pleasure. When the bears sell more stock for future delivery than they can obtain, and the persons to whom they have sold it compel them to pay high prices for what they need to make their contracts good, the stock is said to be cornered. "Preferred" stock is stock having a prior right to dividends, as compared with other issues. For instance, if half a company's stock is preferred 6 per cent, and the net earnings are only equal to 6 per cent or less on the preferred stock, the common stock gets nothing. If the earnings were equal to 8 per cent on the stock preferred it would receive 6 per cent and the common stock 2 per cent. The preferred stock is often a prior claim against the property of the corporation.

The "Star Spangled Banner."

Opus, Morrow, O.: The following are the circumstances under which the song of the "Star Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key, of Georgetown, D. C.: On September 13, 1814, he went aboard the British vessel Minden to procure the release of Dr. Beanes. Before they could return the British proceeded to attack Baltimore. Key, Beanes and their companion, John S. Skinner, were detained on the Surprise over night, during the bombardment. In the morning light they could see the flag still flying on Fort McHenry. They were sent ashore during the day. During the bombardment Key wrote the verses on the back of a letter as he paced up and down the deck. The tune is older than the words, and was first applied to them by a singer in a restaurant; afterward the song was sung in the Holliday street theater in Baltimore, next door to the restaurant.

John Brown, Labouchere and Boucicault.

A. B. R., Lucas, Kan.: 1.—Queen Victoria's faithful old servant, John Brown, was a Scotch Highlander, and of course a white man. 2.—In building suspension bridges, wire cables are first suspended across. On these run carriers, which take the wires composing the cables across, strand by strand, when they are adjusted to the proper length, singly, and afterward bound together. The process is an intricate one, and difficult to describe without taking too much space. 3.—Henry Labouchere's name is pronounced Lab-oo-sheer, accent on the first. He is a noted Radical member of the House of Commons, and editor of a London newspaper called *Truth*. Dion Boucicault's name is pronounced Dy-on Boo-se-kalt, accent on the "Di" and "Bou"; the last syllable is pronounced to rhyme with "fault" and "halt." He is a famous actor and play writer, born in Great Britain, but now living in New York.

The "Needle's Eye."

In response to the request of J. J., Anita, Iowa, for the songs sung in the games of "Miller," "King William," and "Needle's Eye," a subscriber sends the latter, as follows:

"The needle's eye,
Thus doth supply
The thread that runs so truly;
And many alas!
That it doth pass,
Because I want a jewel.

"They bow so neat,
And they kiss so sweet!
We do intend,
Before we end,
To have this couple meet.

"They pass by one,
They pass by two,
They pass by many a charming lass,
Because they want a jewel."

Momentum and Striking Force.

Quis, ——: Momentum, scientifically speaking, is the product of a mass of a moving body multiplied by its velocity. For practical purposes, it is the product of the weight multiplied by the velocity. The weight is ordinarily expressed in pounds, the velocity in feet per second, and the momentum in foot-pounds per second. Forces are measured by the momentums they produce in a given time. The "time" is important where the force is constant or accelerated. But in the case of an impulsive or striking force, the time the force acts is a single instant, and inappreciable. An impulse, blow or stroke takes place when a moving body encounters another. The moving body imparts momentum equal to its own at the moment of striking, to the body struck; that is, theoretically, without taking into account external causes, as friction, etc. Therefore the momentum of the moving body is its own striking force.

The Rule for Kissing.

D. R. V., of Monroe City, Mich., evidently thinks Rule 1 above don't mean him, or he (or she) would have sent the name, as we require. However, we will answer, for D. R. V. seems to be badly in need of information. The questions propounded are: "1.—Please tell me if there is any harm for a gentleman to kiss a lady friend good night? 2.—Also, if it is proper for her to invite him back after calling on her?"

1.—It is not a question of harm, but of propriety. It is not proper for a gentleman to kiss, or to offer to kiss, a lady friend good night, unless they are engaged to be married. To this rule there is no possible exception. The man who offers a kiss insults the girl; the girl who permits a kiss is unmaidenly and immodest. 2.—If a lady desires a gentlemen to call again, it is assuredly proper for her to invite him to do so.

Loaning Government Money.

J. R., Dunkard, Pa., asks: "Why could not the government furnish money to the people at ½ of 1 per cent as well as to bankers, and save the interest to the people?" The government don't furnish money to bankers. The use of certain national banks as depositaries (if that is what you refer to) is a mere convenience to the government, and quite a different thing from loaning money on long time. It may be called for to-morrow, or it may lie there a month; but whenever it is needed it is there. The idea of making the government a general money lender is entertained only by persons who do not understand clearly the financial system, or the functions of government. It is no more a governmental function to loan money than it is to sell groceries to the whole people, or furnish coal oil for light.

Democratic Trusts.

Subscriber, Elizabeth City, N. C.: The Salt trust is abandoned; but the man who originated it is Wellington R. Burt, of Saginaw, Mich., Democratic candidate for governor of that state last year. One of the leading members of the Sugar trust is the Havemeyer firm, the head of which was Democratic mayor of New York some years ago. Of the Standard Oil trust, Senator Payne, Democrat, of Ohio; his son, Col. Oliver P. Payne; his son-in-law, Wm. C. Whitney, secretary of the Navy under Cleveland; Calvin S. Brice, chairman of the Democratic national executive committee, are leading members. We do not know who compose the jute trust. The cottonseed oil trust is a branch of the Standard oil trust. Send your name next time, or get no reply.

When Our Coinage Began.

Druggist, Indianapolis, Ind.: The copper cent was first coined in 1792, and its coinage was discontinued in 1857. The nickel cent was first coined in 1857 and discontinued in 1864. The bronze cent was first issued in 1861, and it is still coined. The two-cent piece was first coined, in copper, in 1792, and in its present form in 1864. The nickel three-cent piece was first coined in 1866. The silver three-cent piece was first issued in 1851 and discontinued in 1873. The five-cent piece of silver, or half-dime, was issued from 1794 to 1873, and the "nickel" was first coined in 1866. It is still being issued. The silver dime has been coined since 1794, the quarter dollar from 1796, and the half-dollar and dollar from 1794. All are still issued.

A Ridiculous Statement.

Resident, Stephen, Minn., writes: "A prominent person of this place states that there are a greater number of criminals in the prisons and penitentiary of the state of Ohio, from the ranks of the clergymen, than from any other class of society, in comparison to the population, and that the official reports show this to be the case. Please state whether this is true or false."

It is an inflexible rule of logic that the man who states any proposition which is debatable or is disputed, must prove his statement. It is *never* necessary to prove a negative. You should have required him to produce his proofs. The statement is ridiculously false, as we happen to know, but it is not necessary for us to produce the proof of a negative.

Grammatical Queries.

Passim, Whitewater, Kan.: 1.—The apostrophe in "o'clock" is the sign of abbreviation. The full phrase is, "of the clock." 2.—There are no two propositions more generally misused than *with* and *by*. "With" denotes an instrument, "by" a cause. A man is murdered with a knife, and dies by violence. In the example you give, to say, "he died with the measles," means that he died at the same time as the measles died. A man dies of the measles, by disease. The reason is, that the best speakers and writers for centuries have made that distinction, which you will find laid down in any good grammar.

Why a Ship is "She."

A. C., Caldwell, O.: Inanimate objects are often represented figuratively as having sex. Things remarkable for power, greatness or sublimity are spoken of as masculine; as, the sun, time, death, sleep, fear, anger, winter, war. Things beautiful, amiable or prolific are spoken of as feminine; as, a ship, the moon, the earth, nature, fortune, knowledge, hope, spring, peace. Figurative gender is indicated only by the personal pronouns of the singular number, as, when we say of the sun, "He is setting," or of a ship, "She sails well."

"Chincapin."

S. F., Dutton, Ark., writes to say that we missed the query of last week—that what was asked was the proper spelling of the name of the chestnut tree called "chinkens." It is the dwarf chestnut. Webster spells it "chincapin" and "chinquapin," but gives the preference to the former. Worcester spells it "chincapin." If inquirers would write plainly, and read over the question after writing to see that is is right, they would save us trouble.

Origin of the Word Whig.

M. M., Cadillac: In the struggles for religious liberty in Scotland, one of the parties placed on their banner the motto, "We Hope in God," the initials of which make the word "whig," and they were so called in contempt by their opponents, whose motto was, "God and the King." The whigs being defeated, their leaders took refuge in the Highlands, the leading industry of which is stock raising.

Portrait of D. R. Locke.

——: "Have you any of those pictures of D. R. Locke left, and what is the price?" We still have a few of few of them on hand, which we will send, each in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents apiece. This portrait is a very truthful one, from a photograph made only a short time before his last illness, and every admirer of the Nasby letters should have one.

Cleaning Oil Stones.

J. F. A., Clinton, Mich., writes: "In reply to W. G. A. in BLADE of August 8, I have used the following successfully to take the oil out of an oil stone: Boil the stone for two or three hours (or till the oil has disappeared) in soft soap, or a very strong solution of the same."

Miscellaneous.

F. A. F., Farmersburg, Kan.: Pennsylvania takes the lead in ship building.

S. E. B., Conway, Iowa: Rubber which has been vulcanized cannot be melted. It will burn, but not melt.

J. S., Smithfield, Pa.: Each state fixes by law the number of inhabitants a place must have in order to become a city.

C. E. L., Hebron, Neb.: Your question was answered in "Miscellaneous" at the time. There is no way of finding out the proportion.

W. H., Lyons, O.: We know nothing of the history of Muldraugh Hill, Hardin county, Ky. Your letter has been handed to the Camp Fire editor.

G. W. M., Caraway, N. C.: All your questions were answered in the Bureau of February 7, under head of "Diplomatic and Consular Service."

E. C. H., Patricksburg, Ind.: 1. There are recruiting stations for the U. S. army in Cincinnati and St. Louis. 2. The term of enlistment is three years.

T. T. P., Turley's Mills, Tenn.: Of course the weight of a pail of water is increased when a fish is added. Why didn't you try it, instead of writing to us? Your other questions were answered a few weeks ago.

J. H. C., Fulk's Run, Va.: 1.—Samuel Langdon was President of Havard College from 1774 to 1780. 2.—The "founders" of American literature were, of course, the authors who first wrote on its different branches.

M. E. K., Middle Creek, Ill: 1.—Your blackberry question has been handed to the Farm editor. Look there for your answer. 2.—The process for tempering edge tools with lead was answered to E. K., Carthage, Ill., in Bureau of August 1.

B. F., Toledo: The greatest known height ever reached was attained September 5, 1862, by Mr. James Glaisher, F. R. S., and Mr. Coxwell, an experienced aeronaut. The ascent was made from Wolverhampton, and the height attained was 37,000 feet, or seven miles.

V. R. D., Caneyville, Ky.: 1.—We have no idea what are the politics of the two ruffians you mention. 2.—Mainsprings of watches break from slight flaws in the steel, from defective tempering, and from molecular changes in the steel itself, due to its being upon a strain at all times.

L. B. J., ———, Mo.: We supposed your question referred to money supposed to be lying unclaimed in the Bank of England. If you are the heir to your parents' property in England, and part of that money is in bank, why don't you ask the solicitor in England who has the estate in charge to get it?

J. R., Trinity, Tex.: 1.—Dr. Smith, in the table of Jewish chronology given in the appendix to his Bible Dictionary, says King Saul reigned nearly forty years—he placing Saul's anointing in B. C. 1045, and his death at the battle of Mount Gilboa in B. C. 1056. 2.—Nobody knows any more of the construction of the tower of Babel than is given in the Bible.

D. K., Huntington, Ind.: Your questions about the Johnstown reservoir have all been answered. The dam was built early in this century, to make a reservoir to feed a canal. The canal was abandoned some twenty years ago, and the dam was bought by a hunting and fishing club, composed of Pittsburg gentlemen, who have owned it up to the present time.

L. L., Garfield, Md.: 1.—The Roman Catholic, the Greek, and the Episcopalian churches accept the doctrine of apostolic succession; the others reject it. 2.—We do not know who is the author. 3.—Chloroform is a definite chemical compound, each molecule of which is composed of one atom of carbon, one of hydrogen, and three of chlorine. It is not a mixture. The process of making it is an intricate chemical one, only to be undertaken by an expert.

S. M., West Oliver, Mich.: No one man drafted the United States constitution. The convention of 55 delegates which framed it met May 25, 1787, and adjourned September 17. There were almost as many differing ideas as there were delegates, and the constitution is a composite document, embodying the result of the discussions and deliberations.

A. H. B., Dentonville, Kan.: Many railways, including the New York Central, Pennsylvania, and other leading lines, avoid Sunday work as much as possible, running no local trains, freight or passenger, on that day; but through freight and passenger runs can not be avoided. 2.—It is not required that mail trains must run 365 days in the year; but after mail matter starts, it is kept in motion, unless unavoidably delayed.

Constant Reader, Litchfield, Mich.: 1.—The object of civil service reform is to take all subordinate appointive offices out of politics, and have them filled by men appointed because of ascertained fitness and capacity, instead of as a reward for political services. 2.—Any good geography will give you the names of all the territories and their capitals, except that the capital of Arizona has been lately changed from Prescott to Phoenix.

W. L. S., Bogue, Kan.: 1.—The general view is that the lower animals, of course including birds, do not possess the reasoning faculty. The word "mind" is a very general term, and it depends on whether you consider reason as an essential faculty of "mind," in deciding whether birds have minds. 2.—Laura Bridgman was blind, deaf and dumb, yet she learned to read and write. Her story was given in THE BLADE a few weeks ago, on the occasion of her death.

OROTAVA'S DRAGON TREE.

Death of a Famous Tree, Aged 6,000 to 10,000 Years.

With an antiquity rivaling, probably exceeding, that of the pyramids of Egypt, and a reputation scarcely inferior, it is remarkable how little notice has been taken of the death of the colossal dragon tree of Orotava. This gigantic, hoary-headed vegetable veteran died almost suddenly a few years ago, and may be said, like the deacon's old masterpiece, to have gone "to pieces all at once—all at once, and nothing first—just as bubbles do when they burst." After a babyhood of centuries, decades of maturity and a decadence of ages, it does seem pitiable that the departure of this wonder of the world should have worked little or no comment.

When Alonzo de Lugo, the conqueror of Teneriffe, came to Orotava in 1493, he spared the tree, but, scandalized at the profane mysteries which had taken place in its interior, he converted its hollowness into a chapel for holy mass. Humboldt, in 1799, gives its height as "appearing" about 50 or 60 feet, and its circumference near the roots as 45 feet, and the diameter of the trunk at 10 feet from the ground "is still 12 English feet," and he computed its age at 10,000 years. The opening was so large that a table was placed in it, round which fourteen persons could seat themselves, and a staircase in the interior conducted the visitor up to the height whence the branches sprang.

Slow indeed must have been its growth, for 400 years after the visit of the first navigators Le Dru measured the tree most carefully, proving that during that long period the increase had only been one foot at the base, the other dimensions being practically identical. The old tree, moderately credited with 6,000 years of life, has gone the way of all trees, but most felicitously the Marquisa del Sanzal has planted on its exact site a seedling derived from its most ancient progenitor, and this youngster is now a healthy plant some four feet high, looking—in shape only—exactly like a fine long carrot, lightly stuck in the ground by its taper end, and surmounted by a crown of sword-shaped leaves.

Some Everyday Paradoxes.

A cold reception makes the average man hot.

Your sweetest girl may sour on you.

Every man who always do right get left sometimes.

Strange how people goes to the salt water to get fresh air, isn't it?

Many a fellow has turned pale at a flush—when he held only a small pair.

Haven't you noticed that weak minded people are nearly always headstrong?

Loose morals often lead to close confinement.

Remember that straight tips on the races frequently come from crooked people and save your money.

As you trudge along over life's rugged road,
Mark a note of this droll paradox:—
That the wayfarer rarely complains of his load,
If only well laden with "rocks."

—*N. Y. Herald.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

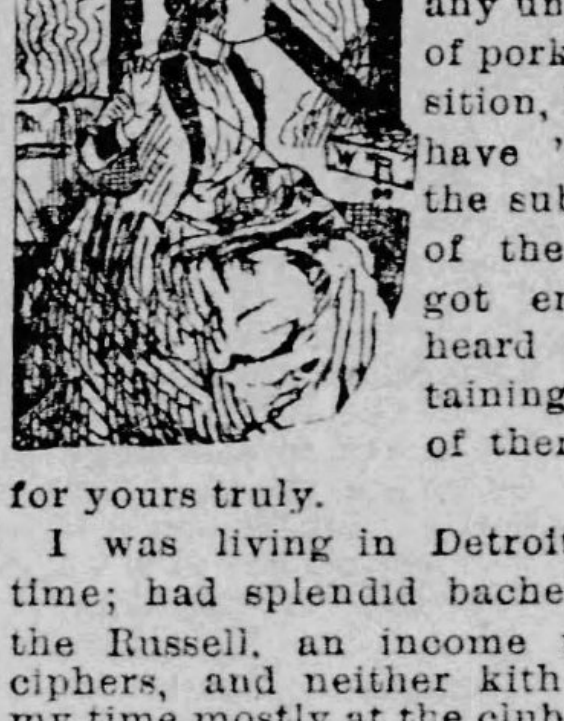
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

SORTS OF THINGS DRUNKARDS SEE

The Dread of Sobering Up—A Livel Night by a Pretty Lake—The Bug That Would Not Get Off—Fight with a Mad Dog.

Florida Times-Union.



NO, I never had 'em but once, and, not having any undue proportion of pork in my composition, I don't want to have 'em again. In the sublime language of the psalmist, I've got enough. I have heard of men entertaining several visits of them, but no more for yours truly.

I was living in Detroit, Mich., at the time; had splendid bachelor quarters at the Russell, an income up in the four ciphers, and neither kith nor kin; spent my time mostly at the club, and the races when in season, first nights at theaters, and so on.

I had been drinking very heavily for about two months, but what started me on such a colossal toot I don't remember now. It might have been because a woman jilted me, or I broke my pet meerschaum, or some other such trifle; but, at any rate, I was two lengths ahead, and still going it like a house afire. About this time I concluded I'd sober off, and found, to my great surprise, that I couldn't do it.

Were you ever so drunk you didn't dare get sober? No! Well, then, all I've got to say is that you have missed one of the most peculiar fascinations of sporting life. However, that is the condition I found myself in, and I made up my mind I'd try a trip in the country and see if I couldn't gradually get down to bedrock again.

I took the first train to Ann Arbor, and on arriving there hired a horse and buggy and drove out to Whitmore Lake, a beautiful sheet of water about ten miles south of Ann Arbor. There were two hotels there then—remember this was twenty years ago—and I put up at the West House, a good, comfortable hotel, where the bar had some of the finest old rye I ever drank. I took a couple of cocktails and a half tumbler of brandy, and then went in to supper. On the table was some delicious fried chicken, hot biscuits and a lot of other truck, but I couldn't eat a mouthful; appetite all gone, and my own voice sounding far-off to me.

I got up from the table, making some excuse about having the headache, went to the bar, and took a couple more drinks, and started out for a walk along the lake. Great heavens! how nervous I was. I kept stepping high never sticking to the path, and once or twice got nearly into the lake. That wouldn't do, you know. I didn't care about furnishing the piece de resistance for some county coroner, so I went back to the hotel, bought a bottle of whisky and a bunch of cigars, and went up to my room. Here I sat by the open window, drinking and smoking until I got calmed down, when I went to bed, and in about ten minutes fell into a profound slumber.

In about an hour I woke up, and lay there, every sense active and alert. It was a bright moonlight night, and my room was light as day. Hearing a slight rustling at the end of my pillow, I turned my head, and saw a most curious-looking lizard peering at me.

It was about six inches long, and half its body lengthwise was green and the other half purple. Its head was snow white, and one eye yellow, the other as red as fire.

It would peep at me a few seconds and then dart back behind the pillow. I watched it without a particle of alarm, but with a sort of strange curiosity. After awhile it grew bolder and came entirely out on the pillow. Of all the funny creatures, this was the funniest.

It stood on its head, flirted its tail back and forth, sat upon its hind legs, put its fore foot up to its nose and wiggled it at me, opened its mouth so wide I thought it was going to swallow itself, and went through a lot of other comic performances. The sight was so irresistibly amusing that I involuntarily burst out laughing.

Instantly the lizard ran across the pillow into my mouth and down my throat. It was followed by hundreds, yes thousands, of other lizards, of all sizes and all colors. Some were hardly a half inch long, other at least ten inches. Some were black, some red; one, I remember, had a blue body, a green tail and yellow side whiskers.

Great heavens, what a sight! I leaped out of bed, hardly suppressing a shriek, and, making to the bottle of whisky, filled a goblet brimming full and drank it at one draught.

There was no more bed for me that night. I sat by the window until morning, ordered my horse and buggy before breakfast, and by 9 a. m. was back in Detroit. I at once took a bath, ate some anchovy sandwiches, and felt like a new man.

Things went on this way for about a week. I kept up a prodigious drinking, but couldn't eat a mouthful of food, my stomach revolting every time food was proffered it. Strange as it may seem liquor had no intoxicating effect; a glass of the strongest brandy was no more than so much water. It seemed as if I couldn't get drunk, but I slept pretty well, and had no more hallucinations.

On Saturday afternoon I started out with a chum for a walk along Woodward avenue. We had gone about a square, when I noticed a bug on my coat-sleeve, near the cuff. I brushed it off and thought no more about it. A little further on, however, and the same bug was on my elbow. I brushed at it, but missed, and it crawled up on my shoulder. I whirled around at it with a tremendous slap, and nearly jostled my chum off his feet.

"For God's sake, Bill, what's the matter with you?" said he.

"Didn't you see that bug?" I said, angrily. "It was right on my shoulder—there it is again," I said, making a frantic blow at it.

"For heaven's sake, Bill, be quiet," said my companion. "Quit cutting up that way; see how the people are looking at us."

Sure enough, two or three persons had stopped and were looking at me curiously, and a policeman was crossing the street toward us.

There was a saloon near by, and my friend hurried me into it. Here I took a huge drink of brandy, and in a few minutes was all right again. While ordering the drink I had glanced in the glass behind the bar, and saw a white face with wild, staring eyes.

Well, to cut a long story short, we got back to my quarters, and as my chum bade me goodbye, he said: "Go to bed and sober up, old fellow."

Sober up! Why, I had been wanting to do that for a month, and didn't dare make the effort.

Telling my servant not to let me be disturbed and locking my door, I went to bed the most depressed and unhappy man in the world. I was lying on the bed, every nerve in my body twitching, the perspiration pouring off me in streams, when the door slowly opened and in came the most savage animal I ever saw.

It was a mad-dog with eyes red and glaring, every hair on its body bristling with rage, and flecks of foam falling from its champing jaws. It went unsteadily about the room, snapping and snarling at every obstacle in the way.

I kept still as death, almost breathless, hoping that the dog would not see me, but it did, and, crouching down, leaped straight at my throat. As it struck the bed I grasped it by the throat with both hands, and then ensued a most fearful struggle. The beast's eyes shone right in my own, and my hands and the bed were spattered with bloody foam. I shrieked for help, but no help came.

Summoning all my strength for one last desperate effort, I hurled the dog through the open window, and with a yell of triumph fell half fainting on the floor.

At this moment my door was burst open with a crash, and four men, led by my perfidious servant, whom I tried in vain to reach and kill, rushed in, grasped and put me back on the bed. The last thing I remember was some one saying: "Now put the morphine into him, doctor," then I lost consciousness.

When I came to I found myself with shaven head, strangely weak, and the good old doctor gazing complacently at me.

"How long have I been sick, doctor?" I asked in a thin, far-off voice.

"Two weeks to-day. You've had a hard pull for it, William, but are all right now. Promise me you will give up whisky, William."

Boys, right there and then I made a solemn vow that I would never again touch the stuff, and I have kept that vow inviolate. Since that time not a drop of whisky has passed my lips.

The Rumor Must Be False.

Todd—It must be a mistake—this story that Griggs has been offered a foreign mission.

Gawl—Why?

Todd—Well, he's not an editor.—*Epoch*

BEING A LAMB.

How It Behaves—Its Errors, Haps and Mishaps.

About five minutes after the lamb is born he is on his feet. The unsteady earth under him now heaves to the right; surges up and then down, and it whirls and it twirls with him while he staggers and struggles, and twists one leg around the other like a vine around a tree; or else he spreads those members all out until they look like the forks under a weather vane. He tumbles down for the fiftieth time, and for the fiftieth time renews the fight to secure that footing in the great world from which only can he reach the life-giving milk. His mother—particularly if it is her first—in her crazy anxiety to help, knocks him down, steps on him, and does—without leaving out a possible exception—everything she should not do, while she leaves nearly everything undone that might help the little fellow to get the desired nourishment.

"Oh, the poor, dear little thing; isn't it too bad," says the sympathetic stranger. "The confounded pair of idiots!" frets the impatient shepherd, who does not care to drive them until the lamb finds milk and "gets filled up."

In half an hour his milk can is full; his sides bulge out with a surfeit of a pure article warranted to stand the most rigid test for admixture of water. And as the shepherd slowly urges the old ewe toward home the lamb goes reeling and rolling along like an old tar just ashore from a year's voyage.

About the first error the lamb makes in life is to mistake the shepherd or his dog for its mother, and many are the maneuvers that must be gone through with to make the new arrival follow the right party. His next error is likely to be an attempt to walk on air when he comes to a place where he should go down hill. His ten minutes' experience in life has made him believe that all the earth is a level plain, and in broad daylight he steps off the top of a hill just as serenely as a man steps off the top landing of the stairs in total darkness when he is certain that the stairs are yet 20 feet away. The result is a great surprise to man and lamb in each instance.

The lamb picks himself up, and continues down the hill; he soon comes to the conclusion that everything is down hill in this life, and not on a dead level. Upon getting to the foot of the hill, he still tries to continue downward, and as a result runs his nose into the ground and looks surprised again. He now comes to a place to get up hill, and goes up just as our man starts to go upstairs in total darkness when he thinks the stairs are still twenty feet away.

Our lamb is now getting very suspicious. He was pushed over and growled at for following the dog when he thought it was his mother; the shepherd kicked and abused him for following him; he tumbled down hill when he saw nothing unusual in the looks of the ground, and uphill again under similar circumstances. In this frame of mind he comes to a shadow cast by a neighboring hill. This is the most appalling thing he has yet seen in life. He stands in the bright sunshine; twelve inches ahead of him all the world is black. How shall he get over that terrible line? It must be worse than going down hill, or up hill, or running after a dog that growls or a man that kicks. It surely looks much more frightful than any of these things. His mother is in the shadow and coaxes him to come along; but he will not risk it—he stands on the edge and bawls at the top of his powers. The shepherd with his big foot comes to the rescue, and our poor lamb is lifted from sunlight to shadow on the end of a number nine boot.

He trots along after his mother for a few yards and meets a new difficulty. This time it is from shadow to sunlight. It looks tough; the situation seems to present no end of difficulties. He walks across the line with fear and trembling, only to find it very simple and easy, and concludes that things are not so bad as they look. He has already begun to find out that things which seem easy in life lead often to disaster, and forbidding things often present no real danger.

At this time he is about one hour old; for a whole hour he has been running his respirative, circulative and locomotive powers as an independent being, and has become quite a lamb. Just at that instant a carriage drives rapidly along the road. His quick eye sees it; he thinks perhaps it is his mother, and that she is running from danger. He strikes out after it. It is wonderful what an hour has done for him in the way of development; he runs faster than the shepherd, faster than his mother, and is in imminent danger of getting under the horses' feet or the wheels of the carriage.

It is here that the dog comes in play, if he understands his business. He runs up alongside of the lamb, pushes it over with his nose, jumps upon it and holds it down upon the ground with his nose until the shepherd comes up. The shepherd takes the lamb and stands it upon its feet so that it can see its mother, who has come up to within a few feet. He holds it until it sees its mother on a move, and then lets it go. The old ewe licks off the face of a sadder and wiser lamb, lets him have another dose of liquid nourishment, and together they get home.

There is only one thing that is 500 times as funny and provoking by turns as a lamb, and that is 500 lambs together when they are about a month old. The shepherd sits down and watches the 500 lambs all in a bunch by themselves, playing, running and frolicking, and he laughs. When he has tried, and tried in vain, to get the same 500 across a bridge or into a corral he sits down again, but he does not laugh this time.

A young lamb has no way of telling which ewe is its mother and the mother only knows which lamb is her own by the scent. Hence, while very young it is a bad plan to have too many together, for the ewe may be confused by so many lambs, or become partially indifferent, and the lamb perish for want of care. When a few weeks old, however, they know each other by the sound of the voice. In a band of 2,000 or 3,000 ewes, a ewe may call her lamb, and the lamb will answer from the other side of the flock. They will go straight to each other, right through the whole band, as they would if they were the only two animals for a mile around.—*Montana Wool Grower.*

"THERE IS A HAPPY LAND."

Something About the Author of the Famous Hymn.

How many of the myriads who in childhood have sung "There is a happy land, far, far away," know anything of its writer? His name is Andrew Young and he is now 80 years of age, still mentally and physically vigorous and retaining in all its early freshness his sympathy with children. The hymn was composed in 1838. The tune to which it is married is an old Indian air, which blended with the music of the woods in the primaeval forest long before Sunday schools were thought of. The hymn was composed for the melody. Its bright and strongly-marked phrases struck Mr. Young's musical ear the first time he heard it casually played in the drawing-room. He asked for it again and again. It haunted him. Being accustomed to relieve the clamor of his thoughts and feelings in rhyme, words naturally followed, and so the hymn was created. Mr. Young happened to have his hymn performed in the presence of his intimate friend, Mr. Gall, a member of the publishing firm of Gall & Inglis. It got into print. It has been translated into nineteen different languages. And yet the author has never received, and, indeed, has never been offered, a penny remuneration. It is only recently that Prof. David Masson, referring to the unique influence of this lyric, stated a most touching incident in the life of Thackeray. Walking one day in a "slum" district in London he suddenly came upon a band of gutter children sitting on the pavement. They were singing. Drawing nearer he heard the words, "There is a happy land, far, far away!" As he looked at the ragged choristers and their squalid surroundings and saw that their faces were lit up with a thought which brought both forgetfulness and hope, the tender-hearted cynic burst into tears.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Dire Threat.

A party of mischievous boys while looking about the new Yale recitation building, Thursday, removed a long ladder leading up to one of the towers where a mason was at work. The laborer soon discovered the loss of his only means of descent and ordered the boys to replace it. But they, enjoying his discomfiture, moved with such extreme deliberation that at length the angry Hibernian shouted: "Let me down, ye villains, or, be jabers, O'il drop on yez!"—*New Haven Palladium.*

A Misquotation.

A popular physician of Brooklyn has a little girl who expounded the Scriptures to him in the following remarkable manner while reciting her Sunday school lesson on Friday night: "The Lord is my shepherd and I shall not want. He maketh me to lie (hesitating). He maketh me to lie—and do lots of other things.

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THE GREAT MONOPOLY

STORY OF A COMMERCIAL CRIME.

The Standard Oil Company—How It Originated and Climbed to Absolute Control of the Country's Petroleum Production.

MR. WM. S. WILSON is furnishing the Baltimore *Sun* with a series of very interesting papers on the history of "Trusts and Monopolies," and his second paper gives an account of the growth of that giant monopoly, the Standard Oil company. The story of the Count of Monte Cristo's "find," says the *Sun*, of immense treasure on a lonely island of the Mediterranean, as told by Dumas in his famous romance, is hardly more interesting than the brief history of the Standard Oil Trust, narrated by Mr. Wilson. It is a history of ill-gotten wealth, it is true, but it is of such vast amount, and the audacity and contempt of public opinion with which it was acquired are so extraordinary, that the reader is amazed and at the same time fascinated with the recital. Mr. T. F. Hudson, in his book on the railway question, called it "The History of a Commercial Crime." Certainly no stronger example can be produced of prosperous wrong-doing, or the evil effect of permitting greedy corporations to override the public welfare through a long series of years. The testimony taken by the committee of the House of which Mr. Wilson was a member supplies the authentic facts of Mr. Wilson's story.

Prior to 1870 there was in Cleveland, Ohio, a firm of oil refiners, doing a small business under the partnership name of Rockafeller, Andrews & Flagler. They produced no oil, but received from Pennsylvania the crude oil, which they refined to the extent of some 600 barrels per day. In 1870 they became incorporated, under the Ohio law, as "The Standard Oil company," with a capital of $1,000,000. Their capacity was then about 1,000 barrels per day, or one-tenth of the oil refining of this country at that time. The location of the company at Cleveland was, of course, against it. It was, on the one hand, too far from the oil fields, and on the other it was too far from the Atlantic coast cities and the European market. Companies at Pittsburg and farther East had advantages over it, so far as respects the cost of the crude oil, and all as respects the cost of transportation to the seaboard. Out of this difficulty it organized its greatness.

First, it acquired all the other refineries in Cleveland, having, in 1872, largely increased its stock. In the same year it consummated a secret contract with the Pennsylvania railroad, the New York Central and Erie, by the terms of which its oil was to be shipped at rates from 40 cents to $1.32 per barrel lower than could be had by other shippers having smaller productive capacity and shipping smaller quantities. Ostensibly this contract was in the interest of the "Southern Improvement company," but the latter was subordinate to the Standard Oil company and its creature. The matter having been discovered by rival refiners, the Pennsylvania legislature repealed the charter of the bogus company, and the rivals of the Standard Oil exulted over what they considered a decisive victory. They perpetuated it, as they supposed, by a solemn convention in writing March 25, 1875, by which the railroad companies, producers and refiners covenanted that thereafter the transportation of oil, crude and refined, should be on a basis of equality to all.

But while, under this solemn covenant, the Standard Oil continued to prosper, the other refineries did not. Economies were of no avail; their profits dwindled steadily. Bankruptcy overtook many of them, and nearly all the rest were absorbed by the Standard Oil company. The latter extended its territory and acquired refineries in the Atlantic coast cities. A strange phenomenon attracted the attention of persons who continued in the management of works sold to the monster corporation. Whatever it touched paid handsomely. A Philadelphia refinery, for example, that cost $130,000 and paid its owner before absorption but $10,000 a year, after absorption, on the same output and with the same managers, paid from $150,000 to $175,000 a year.

The mystery was explained in 1879, when, in a suit brought by the state of Pennsylvania, an official of the Pennsylvania railroad confessed that he was paying the Standard Oil rebates, over and above the drawbacks allowed other refiners, of from 10 to 51½ cents per barrel of crude oil, and 64½ cents per barrel of refined oil, making an advantage per year for the Standard Oil, on its average shipment of over $5,000,000. This it was that enabled the Standard Oil to ruin its rivals in the refining business. The managers of the Erie and New York Central were no better in this matter than the Pennsylvania railroad; all contributed to the strength of the monopoly by secret agreements, which were a betrayal of the trust reposed in them by the people and by their stockholders.

A subsidiary corporation of the kind so often created by the railroads and by the Standard Oil to cloak their operations, received 22½ cents a barrel on all oil carried over the Pennsylvania railroad, no matter by whom shipped. This subsidiary corporation, with a capital of but $100,000 and no debt, received in 1878 from the three railroads as much, it is estimated, as $3,093,750 a year. Who were the stockholders in this profitable corporation? Whether the railroad managers were "in on the ground floor" with this subsidiary corporation is an open question, though, as Mr. Wilson observes, there was no proof of this.

As the Standard Oil grew strong it showed its power, sometimes at the expense of the railroads that had nurtured it. It forced the Pennsylvania company, for example, to suppress the Empire Transportation company, a rival refiner, by causing the other railroads to make "war" upon it. Finally it constructed pipe lines to tidewater and discarded the railroads, except so far as it was necessary to give business to the Pennsylvania company to maintain oil rates. Such, in brief, is the story told by Mr. Wilson of the first trust which grew into power as a parisite upon railroads, and finally became more powerful than the railroads themselves.

All About the Blackbird.

You all know the old "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Have you ever read what it meant?

The four and twenty blackbirds represent twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before the king."

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting his money, is the sun; while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers are golden sunshine. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself, is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, the day-dawn and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the whole song by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day—in a pie.

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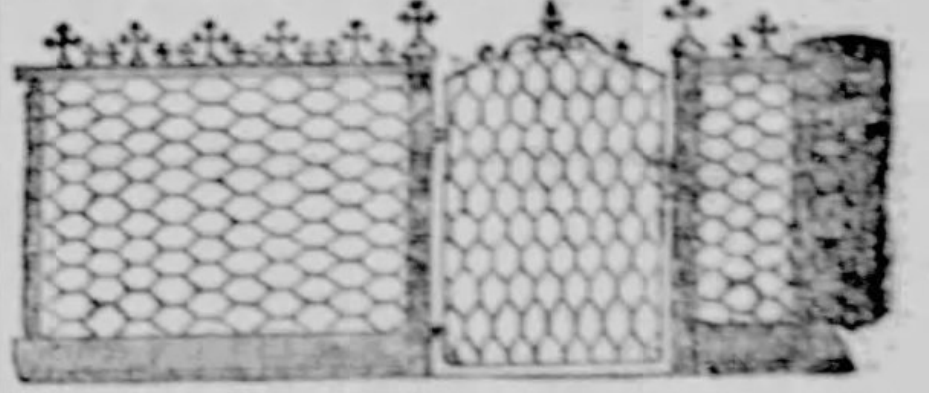

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THE POWER OF EXAMPLE IN PERPETUATING THE RUM CURSE.

There is no power greater than that of example in molding human character. The little child looks up to its parents as superior beings, and we all know how common is the aspiration among children "to be big," in order that they may do this or that "like papa does." A boy's character and beliefs are largely shaped by the daily unconscious teaching of his father's example—far more, too, by that example than by his precepts. The effect of the most eloquent and oft-repeated warnings to shun even the taste of Rum is entirely dissipated the moment that boy sees his father drinking at a saloon, or notes the fumes of the accursed poison upon his breath. Children early learn that there is a wide difference between precept and practice; and where a father's practice in the matter of Rum-drinking differs from the precepts he lays down for the guidance of his boy, we may be quite sure that the father's example be followed as to the practice, while the precepts are ignored. Actions exert more influence than words.

This principle of unconscious yet potent teaching by example extends much further than over the period of childhood and youth. Many a young man has been led into the habit of drinking through the example of his employer, or of his fellow-workmen or fellow-clerks. Thousands of men have wrecked their lives by assuming that there was no harm in a habit in which they found their associates or their employers habitually indulged. And another striking instance of the evil influence of example in the use of strong drink is found in the fashionable habit of having wines upon the table at formal dinners, receptions, etc. The harm that results from this pernicious custom is largely due to the example of a comparatively very few of the ultra-fashionable set. They are the leaders of fashion—they set the example, and the others, desirous of being ultra-fashionable too, follow blindly. What more striking instance can be given of the power of example and of the imitative instinct in humanity, prompting us to follow blindly the dictates of others? We are like sheep; we follow a leader, even though that leader leaps a precipice, and we go to our deaths upon the jagged rocks of ruin below.

In view of all these facts, it is the plain duty of every parent who wishes his sons saved from the vice of intemperance; of every employer who has under him clerks or young workmen; of every one who has the slightest influence over his fellows (and who has none?), to abstain utterly and entirely from indulgence in Rum. Let it alone; let it go to its own place—for SAM JONES once said, "Liquor is a good thing in its place, but its place is hell." Its place is hell, because it is a part of hell itself; and wherever it goes, it takes hell along with it. Give the force of your voice and of your example to keep it in its place. If it enters your life, it makes existence a hell; if it enters your family circle, it makes it a hell for one or more of your loved ones; if you drink it and take it into your system, it creates therein a depraved, terrible, unquenchable, burning and raging thirst, that can only be likened to the torment of the damned in the flames of hell.

The example of a father may bring hell into the lives of his children, and of his children's children, even for generations. The habit of drinking in an older workman, or in a foreman, or in an employer, may bring down to the mire of drunkenness and poverty many of the younger employes. The genteel tippling of the merchant is a danger to his clerks. The sparkling wine upon the table of the lady who is a leader of the *ton* may work ruin to hundreds. Is there not in all these things a lesson for all of us to learn? It will not do to answer with CAIN'S question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It will not do to say that you, individually, can control your appetite, and that you wish the liberty of indulging in an occasional glass. The apostle PAUL reminds us of our duty to our fellow-man when he says:

> But take heed lest by any means this liberty of your becomes a stumbling-block to them that are weak.

It is a fact which is too often forgotten that the vast mass of our people do not yet realize the fearful nature of the alcoholic poison that is the active principle in all varieties of liquor. They condemn drunkenness, which is simply the result of the excessive use of Rum, but are blind to the fact that the moderate use leads up to the excess, and that there is absolutely no way to prevent that excess save by stopping the sale and the use, even in the most moderate quantities. There are few people who can use Rum in moderation for any length of time without drifting by insensible degrees into its immoderate use. Those who are in positions in which their example may act injuriously upon others owe it as a duty to their fellow-men not to touch nor taste the infernal poison. The blood of the lost may otherwise be required at their hands in the great day of reckoning.

The pulpit is often direlict in its duty towards the people in that it does not bring this matter more frequently and more powerfully before them. There are thousands of professing Christians who think it no harm to indulge in an occasional glass; there are denominations which do not require total abstinence as a condition of membership. There needs to be a waking up all along the line. Religion must be arrayed in solid phalanx against Rum, its use, its manufacture and sale. The evils of the traffic must be impressed upon the popular mind. Every man convinced of the necessity of Prohibition must join in the educational effort. The thing to do is to *agitate*. Agitate the evil effects that flow from the continuance of the traffic, rather than any specific means for its extinction; that will come later on, when the majority of public sentiment has been crystalized against the giant curse. Then the people will unite in a demand which cannot be withstood, that the law shall reach forth its arm of strength and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

The Story Beginning to Move Briskly—What They Think of It.

The opinion of our readers seems to be unanimous as to the merits of D. R. LOCKE's story of early life in Northwestern Ohio, "The Demagogue," now being published serially in these columns. We are always glad to have them express their views as to such matters, for we try to make a paper that will please and instruct, and it is a gratification to know that our efforts are successful.

The installment given in the present issue will, we think, be read with great interest and pleasure by every one, especially by those who were familiar, in their younger days, with the old-fashioned "spelling school." The description of one of these occasions, in Mr. LOCKE'S story, is, we believe, the best ever written. When EDWARD EGGLESTON'S "Hoosier Schoolmaster" was published it contained a description of a spelling school in Southern Indiana which received much praise from the critics; the one in to-day's installment of "The Demagogue" we happen to know to have been written long before Mr. EGGLESTON'S book was published; and we are certain that every one who has read both will declare that Mr. LOCKE'S description is far superior to the other. It is photographic in its fidelity to the real thing, even to the smallest detail, such as the "toss-up" for first choice with a broomstick.

The next instalment—which will be given in the succeeding issue—carries the boy still further along in his career, and shows the forces that were to shape his life beginning to act upon him. The great merit of the story lies in the masterly way in which the career of its hero is depicted. Born in the mire, with everybody above him, his young mind received impressions, his ambition tendencies, which could never be eradicated, and were not. Excellent and truthful as are the pictures of life and delineations of character in "The Demagogve," we are sure our readers will agree with us, when they have completed the story, that they are not as powerful as the minute character-painting displayed in the delineation of the hero.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

There will doubtless be plans presented to Congress when it meets next December for a reorganization and extension of the Agricultural department. Secretary RUSK is studying the law of last winter creating it, as well as the previous laws regarding the old agricultural bureau, and he will undoubtedly have some important recommendation to make to Congress which will be designed to supplement the law. There is a popular misapprehension, especially among the farmers of the country, as to nature of this new law. The act created a department of Agriculture in one sense, but it did not change in any particular the organization of the present bureau of agriculture. The only difference is that the head of that bureau is designated as a secretary, and that an assistant secretary is provided and the salary of the secretary increased. The existing organization of the bureau, however, is not affected in any way.

It was the expectation of some of those through whose influence the bill creating the department became a law that this act would furnish a nucleus for future legislation, and that the result would ultimately be that nearly all of the scientific bureaus of the government would be collected under one department. The department of Agriculture is better situated than any other department of the government for the erection of a new building which could contain all the other scientific bureaus of the government. It is located in a large reservation, which would readily adapt itself for the erection of such building. The question of the erection of a new public building in Washington for some of these outlying bureaus is a pressing one. The government now pays a very large sum for the rental of quarters for these different bureaus outside of the department to which they are nominally assigned. Estimates which have been made show that the annual rental for these bureaus represents the interest upon a sum which would be very much larger than would be necessary to erect a new building in which they all could be comfortably located.

DON'T ORDER SEWING MACHINES YET.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them.

THERE is too much talk on the part of workingmen who do the chief part of their labor with their mouths, and by conscienceless political demagogues, to the effect that the laboring classes are getting worse off every year, and even at the present time their condition is almost unbearable. To read these diatribes, one would suppose the American workman to be a slave, suffering positive privations, and unable to meet his obligations and clothe and feed his family. No sensible man needs to be told that this is not so; that the reality is exactly the reverse.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, which has a habit of saying the right thing, speaks thus of Governor FORAKER'S recent letter to Mayor MOSBY:

> We doubt if any man in public life has made a bolder avowal of faith under circumstances so critical as those in which Governor Foraker is placed. He is a candidate for re-election, and the votes of several thousand liquor dealers are worth seeking after, but it matters not to the courageous governor; the triumph of law is the first thing that a patriot seeks after, the triumph of his party the second, his own advancement the last. Governor Foraker never stood so well with the great body of his countrymen as since the publication of his letter to the mayor of Cincinnati.

THE Boston *Journal* makes a good point when it calls upon the free traders to explain how it happens that in spite of the "iniquitous tariff," railway building costs less in this country than in any country in Europe, while the highest ratio of cost is found in Great Britain. They will find the facts in the recently-published report of the royal commission on railways in Canada.

IF the West is desirous that foreigners who may come to this country to attend the World's Fair shall receive a proper idea of the extent and vastness of the United States, let it insist that the fair be held in the center and not on the boundary line of America.

IF the desire is to make the World's Fair a success it should be held in Chicago. If the only idea is to furnish New York with a little glory and spending money at the expense of the country, why go to Manhattan by all means.

IF the department commanders of the Grand Army, who are boycotting the national encampment, are anxious to disrupt the order they are pursuing the very best course possible.

FREE TRADE FALLACIES FOR FARMERS.

The rapid increase in the means of ocean transportation, and its extreme cheapness, have placed the carrying trade of the world under new conditions; and it behooves the intelligent citizen, in considering the great economic problems of the present day, to take these changes conditions into consideration.

It has been cry of the free traders for years that the tariff bears hardly on the farmer, because it increases the cost of all manufactured articles that he buys (which it does not, by the way,) while he has to sell his products, grain especially, at Liverpool prices, in competition with the grain produced by the labor of the low-paid peasantry of Russia, the ryots of India, and others—the cheapest labor in the world.

That all sounds well; but like many another free trade statement, it is but a half-truth. Let us look at the whole truth. First, Liverpool does not make the price of grain for the world, nor for the farmers of the United States. It may have done so once, but it does not do so now. The high or low price of grain is the result of the comparison of the amount of the world's crop of wheat, or of the stock on hand with the known consumption. If the aggregate crop is larger than the annual consumption, the price goes down; if the reverse, it goes up. But Chicago, for example, fixes the price just as much as does Liverpool. Reports come by telegraph to Chicago of wide-spread damage to the growing wheat crop, by storms or insects, over a wide area in the northwest, in the great wheat belt. The price goes up in Chicago at once. The telegraph now girdles the world and the rise in price, with its cause, flies over the land and under the sea to Liverpool, to Dantzic, to all the great wheat markets of the world, and the price goes up there. That this and similar instances have often happened, any member of any produce exchange in the land can tell you to be true. Does Liverpool fix the price in such cases? The statement is silly. Why they give it credence?

Again: the market for over nine-tenths of the total wheat crop in the United States is right here at home. Less than one-tenth is exported. Now it is a fact that, with the cheap and ample ocean transportation of the present time, wheat grown in Russia and India could have been landed at New York, or any other Atlantic port, less than two years ago, and sold at a profit at 10 to 15 cents a bushel less than the then market price. The tariff was the only thing that prevented it. It is a fact not to be lost sight of that the cost of ocean transit on this wheat from Europe to New York is less than the cost of freight by rail on American grain from any point west of the Mississippi to the same city.

It follows, then, that free trade in grain would, whenever there are heavy crops in Russia and India, put our farmers in direct competition, in our own home markets, with grain grown by this cheap foreign labor—and that the tariff prevents this being done. Then there is this fact to be taken into consideration. For a number of years—since 1883, in fact—grain production has increased more rapidly than grain consumption, with the consequent unavoidable result that prices are low, and American grain finds but a small demand abroad. Now, would free trade increase that demand? If so, how? Would it make the people of Europe eat more bread? That is the only way in which the thing can be done.

A PROPER ACT.

The following letter from Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of the Civil Service commission, will be read with the greatest interest by the veterans of the war. It was written in reply to an inquiry from Capt. E. W. SHIEBNER, as to the reinstatement in office of old soldiers who, for political reasons, were dismissed under the Cleveland administration:

> DEAR SIR:—The commission has done better than merely restoring your names to the eligible list. We have made all veterans of the late war eligible for immediate reappointment, no matter how long they have been out of the service. Of course, however, we cannot force the appointing power to reappoint you.
>
> Yours truly, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

There is no hesitation about Mr. ROOSEVELT'S reply. The veterans are eligible for reappointment at once, no matter how long they have been out of the service. It is a proper thing to do, and in line with the Republican party's constant policy toward the defenders of the Union during the civil war.

THE following paragraph, from *Wade's Fibre and Fabric*, is well worth the attentive consideration of all interested in the solution of the labor problem or in temperance work:

> Holidays and drunkenness appear to be inseparable in our large cities. It seems strange that some men must either be kept at work or degrade themselves below the level of brutes. They cannot be liberated from work and go to the seaside or seek legitimate pleasures with their families, but they must bend the knee to king alcohol. No man drinks from choice but from ignorance. The man that lifts the intoxicating bowl to his lips is ignorant of the consequences. While the acts and its immediate results may be visible, the far-reaching spiritual degradation can not be measured, at least, by a man that is ignorant enough to submit to such slavery, or who has not the strength of character to resist it. The slave to appetite is a slave indeed, and if the inebriate could see a ledger account, debit and credit, of intemperance and its results, he would forever shrink from the cup that inebriates. But he is not to blame, his fault is the outcome of ignorance, and we cannot condemn a man for being ignorant, although in this age it is almost a crime. Erroneous teaching for centuries has saddled on the community drunkenness and its attendant crimes; it will require ages of patience and education to remove the evil by correct teaching.

THE special election of the Third Congressional district of Louisiana in September next to fill the vacancy of the Fifty-first Congress, will be watched with considerable interest throughout the country. The district is an overwhelmingly Republican one on a fair count, and the Louisiana Republicans, now that their party is in power in the national government, are going to make an earnest effort to carry it. It remains to be seen whether the Democrats, in view of the justice which the next Congress will be certain to do in cases of fraud, will repeat their usual tactics in this district. If they do, the candidate elected by fraud will not be given his seat.

WE certainly hope that the New York *Dry Goods Reporter* is incorrectly informed when it says that the building of cotton-mills in the South is being overdone, many establishments being mere tenders to real estate speculations; that the climate is too enervating for close, continuous manual exertion, such as work in cotton mills involves; and that bad judgment in the productions to which the mills are devoted has been displayed. The one crying need of the South is a diversity of industries, to educate the people out of their silly provincialism, and put money into their pockets.

IT may be of interest to note that, instead of the 10,000 pension cases claimed by the Democrats to have been made "special" under Pension Commissioner TANNER, the total number of cases thus expedited, of all kinds, including those rushed through by SQUIRES, is but 958. "Tell the truth," is a saying attributed to GROVER CLEVELAND at a notable juncture; but the Democratic press don't seem able to follow his advice.

IF the negotiations now pending for the purchase of the Cherokee strip are successful, there will be 6,024,239 acres of fairly good land open for settlement, and we may expect to see a second Oklahoma rush.

THE SIOUX RESERVATION.

The Sioux commission has succeeded in its mission, and the great reservation of that tribe in Dakota, nearly as large as the state of Ohio, is to be reduced one-half in area by having eleven million acres thrown open to white settlers in the near future. The portion the government obtains is an L-shaped area, bounded by the Missouri river on the east, White river on the south, Big Cheyenne river on the north, and the Black Hills on the west. It thus lies between the agricultural and the mining sections of South Dakota, and itself is as good farming land as any in the Northwest.

This new country will unite the two parts of the state. Railways are already built up to the edge of the reservation, on both the east and west sides, and the moment President HARRISON issues his proclamation opening the lands, there will be a rush to complete the lines and put the Black Hills into direct communication with the East. The mineral riches of those hills can hardly be estimated. Not only is there gold and silver, but tin, copper and lead inclosed in their rocky sides.

Concerning the soil of the lands thus thrown open, a recent traveler, who passed through the Bad river valley, thus writes:

> It is an ideal valley. It is covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, not as high as it will be in July, but more attractive to the eye. There is the running water and the green panorama, but no life, animal or human, save an occasional beaver and owl. It has been resting for ages, accumulating a wealth of soil that will defy the prodigality of man. Little creeks and springs feed Bad river.
>
> Up from the valley of this river is high land or rolling plateau, free from rocks, covered with the richest grasses for sheep, steer and horse, and about their roots a soil that will raise anything that will grow on the richest New York farm. The boulders found on the east side of the Missouri are not seen on the west side. The glacial forces seem to have expired before this land was reached. There is no waste land. It is all valley and prairie, with the most beautiful groves every few miles on the banks of the rivers and creeks.

There are omens of danger, however. The Sioux did not sell their lands willingly. They practically acknowledged that they but yielded to the government's conditions, knowing opposition to be hopeless. They are already feeling bitter over the matter, and when the tide of civilization comes rolling in, with its frothy crest of reckless adventurers, thieves and scoundrels, there will very likely be trouble. SITTING BULL, especially, is in a bad humor; and to one who knows much of that tough old chief, this fact is a warning. He should be promptly removed to some other section of the Union, even if his removal takes the shape of a junketing expedition at the government's expense. It would be cheaper to do this than to have an Indian uprising, and wholesale butchery of hapless settlers on their lonely homesteads.

STATE SENATOR SHORTER, one of the representative Bourbons in the Georgia legislature, in his speech denouncing the Blair bill said, "I am afraid of education." The Southern leaders, of whom this man is a type, are terribly short-sighted. The only salvation of the South is in keeping up with the remainder of the country in education, intelligence, enlightenment and civilization.

THE INTERSECTION LAW.

In its discussion of the merits or demerits of the Griffin street intersection law the *Commercial* has fallen into the common error. Very few people object to the city paying for the paving of street intersections. THE BLADE has always contended that it was perfectly just that it should do so. The thing about the law which is wrong is, that it was so drawn that it applied to streets, the contract for the paving of which were let *before* the law was passed. This resulted in the city being called on to pay a sum of money, originally estimated at $62,000, but which it is now thought will amount to more, out of the general fund, when it had no notice that it would be called on for any such expenditure. Had the law been so framed that it would only effect contracts entered into *after* its passage, it would have been all right, but it is the retroactive part of it which makes it all wrong. And, as stated the other day, it does not help the matter in the least that one of the property owners who benefited by this provision of the law is the proposer of it; namely, CHARLES P. GRIFFIN.

THE Chicago *Times* says that Mr. S. S. LOOMIS predicted what the total population of the United States by the census of 1880 would be, within 18,000 of the actual figures. This was done, of course, by careful estimates of the rate of growth. He has made similar estimates now, and thinks that the population of the country in 1890 will reach 67,250,000, an increase during the last decade of more than thirty per cent. Should this ratio of increase continue our population at the end of each decade during the next 100 years will be represented by the following figures, the progressive immensity of which will surprise most people:

1900......	87,100,000	1950......	320,393,230
1910......	113,230,000	1960......	416,513,277
1920......	147,199,000	1970......	541,467,250
1930......	191,358,700	1980......	703,907,425
1940......	248,765,300	1990......	915,079,642

He also says that the ratio of increase of population by births over deaths is at present 2.01 per cent per annum. Accepting the ratio of decennial increase as twenty per cent, and casting aside all gains from immigration, in 1890 our population would be more than 61,000,000.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere.*

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER makes a strong reply to President NORVIN GREEN, of the Western Union, in which he reminds the latter that in his original letter he consented to have a conference with the Western Union officials before issuing his official order fixing the rate of telegraphic tolls on government messages at a mill a word, and closes: "I am yet quite willing to entertain any reasonable proposition, based upon the known facts." Certainly Dr. GREEN could ask no more than a fair opportunity to show that the rate proposed is unfair, and oppressive, as he claims.

IF the Ohio Democrats desire to run the coming campaign on state issues, the Republicans will be happy to gratify them; but we must warn them that national issues, including the tariff, can not and will not be ignored. Men who publicly declare, in effect, that they are ready to sacrifice principle for office, as JAMES E. CAMPBELL did, must not hope to evade the consequences by being silent on that issue. But no matter on which the battle turns, the Democracy are doomed to a trip to the sad shores of Salt River next November.

THE West Virginia Bourbons who are trying to cheat Gen. GOFF out of the governorship will find that they have a man to contest against who is not easily deprived of his rights. In a recent interview Gen. GOFF said:

> I have no doubt in the world but I will come out ahead. I will fight it out on that line if it takes every day of my term, or every day of my life. I went into the fight to win, and I am not going to be cheated out of the office. The people are in accord with me, and want to see me seated, but the ringsters are against me.

THE pensions plank in the Pennsylvania Republican platform is not only sound in sentiment, but expressed in decidedly epigrammatic form. It says:

> Those who saved the nation from dissolution should be saved by the nation from penury.

CLINTON B. FISK APPROVES "THE BLADE PLAN."

The attitude of Gen. CLINTON B. FISK as to the temperance issue in New Jersey has been variously stated; but the truth appears to be that he advocates the restoration of the high license law and local option law in that state, which was repealed by the present Democratic legislature. It will be remembered that this law was the issue between the Republican and Democratic parties in the campaign last year—the Republicans upholding it and the Democrats being pledged to its repeal. The third party men, with that painful lack of political wisdom which is so marked a characteristic of their management, insisted on running their own ticket, and thus, by dividing forces, secured a Democratic triumph by a narrow majority. Though small, however, it was enough to give them control of the legislature, and the repeal of the high license law followed, as a matter of course. Gen. FISK wants the law re-enacted, and that by advising the people to vote with the party that will put it back: He says, in an interview in the New York *Sun:*

> I don't believe in high license, but I believe in letting the people who do believe in it find out that with high license drunkenness increases, and that prohibition is the only true remedy. I may vote for a Democrat or a Republican next fall, but it will be under the Prohibition flag. The situation in New Jersey is this: We will all unite under one flag upon one candidate for governor, Mr. Le Monte. For the legislature the different districts will probably adopt as their nominees such men nominated by another party who are known temperance men. In many cases, doubtless, such men will be Republicans. Our policy is to put our legislative votes on temperance men of any party where they can be elected, though of course there are many in the party who would not vote for any but a Prohibitionist under any circumstances.

The plan outlined by Gen. FISK is, in substance, the "BLADE plan" of reaching tangible results in Prohibition work. It was first proposed by THE BLADE in 1883-4, and discussed in full. We have never changed our views as to its entire practicability. Of course, it renders unnecessary the establishment of a third party, and THE BLADE was the recipient of all kinds of abuse from the fanatical portion of the third party leaders and organs. It seems that we were only a little ahead of the time. The stone which the builders rejected in 1884 is now the one which CLINTON B. FISK, the candidate of the third party for President in 1884, proposes to make the head of the corner in temperance work in New Jersey. *E pur si muove!*

ENGLAND'S ENMITY TO OUR COMMERCE.

The payment of subsidies to steamship lines, in order to maintain supremacy of the world's commerce, has always been the settled policy of the government of Great Britain. Her statesmen fully understand that the entire nation is benefited far more by the maintenance of its commerce than it is taxed in the payment of subsidies to steamship lines. In 1854, for instance, she paid $5,950,000 in subsidies, and about the same amount regularly until after the civil war, when English-buit rebel privateers swept our commerce from the high seas. The subsidies were then reduced to less than $4,000,000 a year until steps were taken looking to a revival of our merchant marine. Then she increased her subsidies to $6,107,000, and kept them at that figure until the effort to revive our shipping had died out.

An example will suffice to show how this was done. The English government guaranteed 8 per cent returns on the investment to a line running to Brazil in competition with the one established by JOHN ROACH, and, of course, compelled him to sell his steamers at a loss of $300,000. The present American monthly line running to Brazil, which is paid a small subsidy by the Brazilian government, has saved this country $1,500,000 a year in freights. As soon as the Roach line was driven off the English put up the freight rates, which they were obliged to lower as soon the new American line was established. The freight rates on coffee will show how this worked. Before this American line was established they averaged 50 cents a bag; now the average freight rate is less than a 25 cents a bag. It would seem that common sense would dictate the support of a similar policy to increase our own commerce to every patriotic American voter

THE proposition to revise the constitution of the state of Kentucky was carried at the election on the 5th. Such revision is sadly needed. It is the old slave constitution which was in existence before the war. Of course some of the provisions which are still standing in it have been abrogated or modified by the amendments to the federal constitution—notably those sections which provide that only every free (white) male citizen shall be allowed to vote, and negroes and mulattoes are expressly excluded from the state militia. There is an article also defining the status of slaves. Now, if Kentucky gets these portions in line with the constitution as it is, and then carries out in good faith the provisions for manhood suffrage independent of color, she will have taken a step that will place her in the front rank of the states of the South.

THE latest addition to political journals is the *Spellbinder*, a monthly Republican review devoted to Republican organization, national industrial progress, and progressive legislation. It is a magazine of 32 bound pages, with a fine portrait of President HARRISON as a frontispiece. The matter is good, especially DEPEW'S famous address before the students of Yale Law school. The name of the magazine was originally given jocularly to the Republican campaign orators who last fall held a jubilee dinner in New York over HARRISON'S election, in allusion to their eloquence which was assumed to bind the people with a spell, and thus to have secured a Republican victory. It is published by the Spellbinder Co., 50 Broadway, N. Y., at $3 a year, or 30 cents a number.

THE maxim that an editor, if he be a strong writer and active in participation in politics in his paper, is always a weak candidate for an elective office, is thus expounded and illustrated in object-lesson style by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*

> In his long and active career as an editor, Mr. Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, has cordially espoused the cause of many men, and in espousing the cause of some has antagonized the cause of others within the Republican party. Now that he is a candidate for the United States Senate he will discover, we fear, that in American politics the friendships of the past are passive while the enmities of the past are active. The men whom he has helped to place and power will do little for him in his contest, while the men whom he has kept from place and power—Republicans we mean—will be vigorously and aggressively against him. Where he has helped Jones to defeat Brown, and has succeeded, Jones will be at Columbus to assist his nomination, but Brown will be there to assist his defeat. The moral of all this is that an editor makes a great mistake when he enters the political arena as a candidate for an elective office.

IT is all well enough to talk about divorcing the civil service from politics, but how are you going to do it when the appointment of a postmaster produces a result which is described as follows:?

> The people of Atlanta are in conniption fits over the appointment by their postmaster of a "low negro" to a position in the postoffice "to associate with white ladies of refinement and education." Even the Grand Army men are howling mad, and the whole population appears to be on the verge of doing something dreadful. Last night they got out into the street in front of the government building and burned Postmaster Lewis and Col. Buck, the Harrison boss down that way, in effigy, the excitement running so high that it suggested the possibilities of violence.

GROVER CLEVELAND seems to be falling into a state of innocuous desuetude. He should sign a recommendation of some brand of soap widely advertised, in order to keep the people from forgetting all about him.

THE TRUST CRAZE IN GERMANY.

Our Consul General at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hon. JACOB MUELLER, of Cleveland, Ohio, in a recent report to the Treasury department, gives an interesting account of the craze in Germany for investments in corporations, and the sudden rise of trusts. The initial cause was the decline in interest rates on bonds and similar securities, which began by a reduction in the interest rate on government bonds. This caused capitalists to seek for other channels of investment which would pay better. There was not any better field in foreign securities, and as stock companies were paying good dividends, there was a rush for shares, and the result was the inauguration of a speculative fever, that is full of danger to German finances. Mr. MUELLER says:

> Just now Germany is showing symptoms of a business fever similar in many respects to that which terminated in the crash of 1873. It is the "grundungs-fieber," a name applied to the creation of industrial enterprises, or to the changing of private undertakings into what are called "actien gesellschaften" (stock companies). Expedient and business-like as some of these changes undoubtedly may be, there are many of questionable character, schemes of chance, if not of deception. The bourse papers are covered in whole pages with offers and inducements to invest in the capital stock of these concerns.
>
> Even houses and firms traditionally of stability are transforming their business into stock companies. This new method of modern financiering is just now awakening interest and demanding attention. Millions upon millions of stock is being offered for sale, and the unsuspecting entrapped into purchase. Banking firms lend support to the consummation of the enterprises, and the press otherwise lends its columns to the boastful announcements of the schemes. Backed by financiers and bankers, silently encouraged by public papers, the people rush so eagerly to buy shares of the stock as to crowd each other at the distributing office.

The dangers of this mad speculative movement are also set forth by Mr. MUELLER as follows:

> The strife between capital and labor will, under the new system, take a more defined and aggressive character. Corporations have no souls, and under the new system the personal and moral influence of the members of private concerns will disappear entirely. The humane thinking manufacturer who hitherto has taken some personal interest in the well-being of his employes who had assisted him to make his fortune, will soon be replaced by a board of directors who generally have less sympathy for the workers of the machines than for the machines themselves.
>
> In this change of relations between employers and employes is the germ of new trouble in the social and political conditions. Stock companies compelled to report the status of their affairs can be easily obtained by the workmen. This knowledge will enable the workers to know just when to demand increased wages. Against these demands the employers will seek shelter in combinations having for their object not only the defeat of the employed, but also a regulation of the supply, a combination that will force and keep up prices. The next move will be the union of the workmen in one large organization, like our "Labor League," ruled and governed from a central place, and then, as a new phase of the struggle for existence, the war between employers and employes will be permanent. What the consequences thereof will be no man can forsee, but I do apprehend that ultimately they will and must be disastrous.

A MATTER OF MOMENT.

The Chicago *Tribune* is just now discussing a matter of general interest. It is a good name for the fair young creatures who operate typewriters. Treating of the matter that journal says: There is at present the same word for the player and the thing which is played on, for the instrument and the one who operates it. There is no difference between the designation of the machine called typewriter and the fair young girl who runs it and helps the merchant princes of Chicago to get through with their work. While this equivocal word "typewriter" is looked on with favor by those who write comic paragraphs, because it gives them a chance to conjure up situations in which a jealous wife plays a prominent part, it is not approved of by the shorthand writers of this city. They in their zeal for the interests of the English language have adopted resolutions recommending that the young woman whose fingers fly so rapidly over the keys that she frequently forgets to spell correctly shall be known as a "typewritist," while the machine shall retain its present name.

It is not likely that this scheme will work. It is a hard job to make a new word current, unless it chances to catch the public ear and taste. Congress cannot do it, nor all the colleges and schools. Some years ago ARTEMUS WARD discoursed of writists and poists, and the short-hand writers may have borrowed their idea from him. The chief objection will come from the operators themselves, and who can blame them? There is a natural tendency, which men share as fully as women, to get a sounding title for one's business. Thus he who is ordinarily spoken of as a gripman prefers to be called an engineer on a cable train. The young man who sweeps out a store tells his friends that he is engaged in commercial pursuits. The state department clerk calls himself an attache of the foreign office. The saleswoman and forewoman are insulted if not addressed as saleslady and forelady. The cook becomes a culinary artist, the grocer a purveyor of comestibles. The typewriting girl is not going to become a typewritist. She will, after she has become more numerous and more pugnacious, insist on being known as the young lady who operates the typewriting machine, or as an amanuensis lady. No typewritist for her. It is a barbaric-looking word, and the language can get along without it much better than the world can without those on whom it is sought to saddle the uncouth title.

In a recent speech Senator DANIEL W. VOORHEES, of Indiana, said:

> If I had my way with men like the Carnegies, that preyed upon the land, and sucked people's blood like leeches, I would hang them. They are public enemies; worse than the Tories were during the Revolution.

In a recent speech in Chicago Mrs. LUCY PARSONS uttered this:

> The people must rise. They will rise, and they will storm and capture those bastiles, and they will bear out the heads of those devils—those capitalists—on the tops of pikestaffs.

Copying these two expressions of thought, the Utica (N. Y.) *Herald* asks whether "Senator VOORHEES is an Anarchist, or LUCY PARSONS a Democratic statesman?" Which leads the Chicago *Journal* to remark: "That is not exactly the problem in the case. The real conundrum is, why VOORHEES, when drunk, should talk just as Mrs. PARSONS talks when she is sober."

IT is interesting to note that the subject of alien labor is just now interesting our British brethren as well as ourselves. Two years ago the London board of trade published a memorandum upon the subject, setting forth the facts, and declaring that the immigration of foreign workmen had a direct effect in lowering wages in England. This lead to the appointment of a parliamentary committee to consider the subject, which has just made its report. In this document it is recommended that an annual census be taken of aliens arriving and settling in Great Britain; and that legislative steps should be taken to check labor immigration, in view of the extreme pressure of existence among the poor, and the direct tendency of such immigration to still further lower the already very low scale of wages prevailing there.

EVERY friend of the red man must heartily approve the stand the Indian commission is taking against the exhibition of the savage side of Indian nature, through the employment of Indians in circuses and shows. They want no misleading ideas spread abroad, which introduce war paint, blankets, and green corn dances, to the exclusion of the best phase of Indian civilization. It is supposed that hereafter applications for this kind of spectacle on the part of exhibitors will be denied, unless its opposite is also shown, in the advanced state of civilization already attained by many Indians.

THOMAS W. KNOX.

A Sketch of Siberian Travel, By the Above Noted Author and Traveler.

In the next week's issue of THE BLADE we shall publish an article, about a column and a half long, on "Siberian Travel," by THOMAS W. KNOX. No doubt this popular and interesting writer is well known to the majority of our readers, for his books of travel, and other literary works, are extremely popular, and have had an enormous sale. We believe nothing from his pen, however, has as yet appeared in THE BLADE'S columns; and if there be any among our readers who have not yet had the pleasure of reading any of his writings, they will have an excellent opportunity next week.

Mr. KNOX has traveled in all parts of the world, and his Siberian trip was a prolonged one. The present sketch, while descriptive, to some extent, of Siberia, is chiefly devoted to the mode of travel, so entirely different from anything that ever existed in the United States. While it is full of information, it is also most vividly interesting, as all well-written and clearly-told descriptions of places, people and customs, differing so widely from our own, necessarily must be to every intelligent reader. We hope every one will do us the favor to read this sketch. We have the promise also of one or two more similar sketches of travel or adventure from Mr. KNOX'S brilliant pen.

GROWTH OF CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS.

Each year the New York *Independent* publishes an exhibit of figures showing the status and growth of the Christian churches in the United States. Of course it is impossible to obtain exact figures. Reliance has to be placed in the figures given in official reports, minutes, almanacs, year-books, and other publications of each denomination. But its results can be taken as reasonably accurate and correct for purposes of comparison.

It finds that within the past year there has been an increase in the total number of communicants, in all Christian churches, of nearly 887,000. The total number of churches (organized and housed congregations) has risen to 142,767—a net gain of 3,882. The total number of ministers has risen to 93,322—a net gain of 3,865. This is, the *Independent* points out, at the rate of "between ten and eleven churches and as many ministers every day in the year."

The following figures show the results it reaches in the grand totals of churches ministers and membership of the seven leading denominations:

	Chs.	Min.	Com.
Methodists..........	56,680	29,770	4,723,887
Roman Catholics..	7,424	7,956	4,438,019
Baptists..............	46,624	32,017	4,078,589
Presbyterians.......	13,349	9,786	1,180,113
Lutherans..........	5,971	4,151	988,008
Congregationalists.	4,569	4,284	475,608
Episcopalians......	5,159	4,012	459,642

It is evident that Christianity is not dying out. When it is remembered that every one of these churches is a center of morality and right living, whose influence and example goes far beyond the confines of its own membership, and acts upon the entire community in which it is located the tremendous influence of Christianity for the upbuilding of civilization becomes apparent.

OUR "OLD WAR SONGS."

We are happy to find that our series of "Old War Songs"—sung around a thousand camp-fires, on the march, and on the edge of battle by the boys in blue who upheld the Union cause in the stormy years from 1861 to 1865—has met with immense favor among our readers. Many of them express their high appreciation of the series we are printing from week to week. One remarks, in a letter renewing his subscription: "The 'Old War Songs' alone are worth the dollar THE BLADE costs." They will run for some time yet, as we have quite a number of songs on hand awaiting publication.

THE elections this fall, bearing in mind that it is an "off year," will be of unusual importance. Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, Ohio and Virginia, will elect governors and state officers; Iowa, governor and lieutenant governor; Maryland, comptroller and attorney general; Nebraska, Supreme court judges and two regents; New York, state officers except governor and lieutenant governor, a judge of the Court of Appeals, and a new legislature, and Pennsylvania, state treasurer. The four new states—Washington, Montana, and the two Dakotas—will all elect governors, and state officers, and congressional and legislative representatives. The Republicans are fairly sure of winning most of the congressmen from the new states.

POOR old JEFF DAVIS is quarreling with his publishers because his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy," has proved unprofitable; and he is mean enough to hint that the HARPERS, who published it, are not treating him fairly. He is too egotistical to see that his prosy, biased work has no value in the eyes of any loyal Northern man, while his ungenerous and unfair criticisms on leading Confederate generals rendered it unpopular in the South.

THE Republican candidate for Congress in the Third Louisiana district, to fill the vacancy there existing, is H. C. MINOR, a native-born Louisianian, of high standing, and a large sugar planter. He abandoned the Democratic party some six years ago because of its free trade tendencies, as he is a staunch protectionist. The district has, on a fair vote, from 6,000 to 8,000 Republican majority, and Mr. MINOR will be elected unless the Bourbons, by force and fraud, prevent a fair election.

THE present state campaign in Ohio reminds us of the famous one between FOSTER and EWING in 1878. FOSTER went quietly to work, effectively and unostentatiously, and by the time EWING had been nominated and was ready to fire off speeches supporting the Greenback heresy, FOSTER had him defeated. FORAKER is doing the same good office for CAMPBELL this year. By the time the latter is nominated his defeat will be assured.

IN referring to the comparatively small number of persons appointed to office under this administration whose personal characters have been criticised, the New York *Tribune* reverts to the fact that in its famous list, printed last year, it gave the names of 137 downright criminals who had been appointed to office under CLEVELAND, not to mention 22 other men who had been guilty of political crimes.

THERE is more sense than nonsense in the following supposedly humorous paragraph in the Chicago *Tribune:*

> Canada (in great wrath, to John Bull—"Why don't you bring your ironclads over here and teach these impudent Yankees a lesson?"
>
> John Bull—"Sit down, child, sit down. I can't afford to quarrel with them. Got too much money invested in their blawsted country!"

THE Boston *Traveller* mentions, as worthy of note: "Not a dollar of the city's money was spent for wines during the President's visit."

THE claim of the Democrats that they will carry Ohio this fall is tantamount to the assertion that the voters of this state have not good sense.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Princess Louise's trousseau cost about $20,000.

Thomas Harrison, the venerable "boy preacher," is holding a revival at Merrick, L. I.

The English sparrow at home is being discovered painted yellow and being sold as a canary.

They have politics in Japan now, under the constitution, and one of the parties is called the Jitito.

The shaw of Persia considers the Duchess of Marlborough the handsomest women in England.

One of the richest men in Boston is Nathaniel Thayer, whose estates amounts to $15,000,000.

Four million pounds a day will be the capacity of Claus Spreckels' new Philadelphia sugar refinery.

It is reaffirmed from Europe that Christine Nilsson has become deaf. Her deafness comes from rheumatism.

Miss Daisy Hampton, daughter of Gen. Wade Hampton, is getting an education as a nurse in a New York hospital.

A man died in Green Bay recently, and within a week eight men presented bills to his widow for which she produced receipts.

Only five per cent of all the children in the United States attend any kind of a school after they have passed their fourteenth year.

A Maine judge has held that a priest has a right to exclude from church any one who refuses to pay a fee of ten cents ordered by the bishop.

President Carnot, of France, is a literary man by inheritance and habit. He has written a good deal of poetry which has never appeared in print.

Professor Huxley has almost wholly recovered his health, but finds that he cannot do quite as much work as he could before his recent breakdown.

It is rumored that the queen has at last yielded to her physicians and will take a long sea trip, perhaps to India, or possibly to Canada and the United States.

Sir Edward Watkin, who wants to cut a tunnel under the British channel, has bought the top of Mount Snowdon. What he will do with it no one knows.

Robert Garrett's last letter home contained an allusion to Jay Gould, the nature of which showed that he is still smarting from Gould's victory in the telegraph fight.

An old church in Cahokia, Ill., that was built in 1684 of cedar logs, was torn down a few days ago to make way for a more modern building.

A rustic bridge just completed in Houston county, Ga., contained fifty-seven different kinds of wood and vines, and all were grown in the county.

The late Gov. E. D. Morgan, of New York, whom everybody said was worth $20,000,000, actually left at his death only about $3,000,000.

Boston proposes to erect statues of heroic size in bronze to the memory of Admiral Farragut and Gens. Grant and Sheridan, the last mentioned to be equestrian.

"It is better to live fifty years with one woman than one year with fifty women," sapiently observed the Shah, in speaking of Mr. Gladstone's golden wedding.

A sweet potato trust has been formed in Baltimore. The year's crop is said to be large. Western prices have been too low for Baltimore, this vegetable's chief market.

Natural gas has been discovered in Sonoma county, Cal., and in view of this cheap fuel the people of San Francisco see that city developing into a great manufacturing center.

The order of railway conductors has decided to build a national home somewhere in Iowa, the prize going to the town offering the best inducements. The edifice is to cost $250,000.

The gentlemen who used to spend the warm days at the South Fork reservoir at Johnstown, Pa., have purchased a big tract of land near Petoskey, Mich., and will build a club house.

Carl Schurz has gone to Europe on another business trip. He has made considerable money of late, and goes over this time to bring back more German capital for investment.

Edgar F. Lincoln, of Topeka, Kas., has taken out more patents during the last two years than any man in the country. His inventions cover all fields and he has patented almost everything, from an improved electric light to a celluloid toothpick.

An Easton (Pa.) official went fishing with a friend, upset the boat, and proceeded to run his suit through a clothes wringer to dry it. As the pants went through there was a bump and a crash, and the fragments of his gold watch fell at the operator's feet.

Colonel A. E. Jones, of Cincinnati, who was murdered by his negro coachman, was an uncle of Robert J. Burdette, the humorist. He was a brother of Mr. Burdette's mother, and when the famous funny man was named, in the early days of long ago, it was Robert Jones—the middle name in honor of his uncle

Governor Eagles, of Arkansas, will raise 10,000 bushels of corn on his Lonoke county plantation this year, besides a big crop of cotton. If more of the Southern Governors followed his example and raised more corn and less of the other thing, the South would be better off.

The county of Custer, in Montana, is the largest county in the United States. It contains 13,569,920 acres, and is 150 miles long and 125 miles wide. It is a place of historic interest, containing, as it does, the site of the great battle of the Little Big Horn, where Custer and his force were massacred.

Justice Hannen, of the Parnell commission, is described by an American correspondent as learned and able. He "looks his part to perfection, is a model of patience and good temper, and has a vein of caustic humor to draw on which is invaluable for the repression of turbulence or conceit."

Senator Sherman has a finely stocked library of standard books, but he practices the theory of Gladstone, "Never read a book till it is a year old." He buys all valuable and rare books on finance, and informs himself of their contents. He knows the history of prices, and has a theory of his own about what creates values.

The American Telegraph and Telephone company, or the Long-Distance company, as it is commonly called, is extending it lines, and by next fall Baltimore will be in communication with New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington. The peculiar apparatus used makes voices between any of these points clear and easily heard.

The statue of Horace Greeley to be erected in City Hall Park, New York, will be eighteen feet high in standard bronze upon a granite pedestal. The figure will be represented seated in a large arm chair, one foot resting on a hassock, the left arm placed negligently upon the left leg, while the right arm holds an open newspaper. The statue will be ready for unveiling in 1892.

BROWN-SEQUARD'S "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

The great topic of public interest just now is the paper of Dr. BROWN-SEQUARD, of Paris, published in the *Comptes Rendus* of June 21, in which he detailed experiments made upon himself and others for the restoration of vital strength. The process is simple. Certain glands, found only in male animals—those of the sheep, guinea-pig, rabbit and dog being used—are removed, ground into a paste in a mortar, a certain proportion of distilled water added, and then filtered. A drachm of the filtrate is injected beneath the skin by means of a hypodermic syringe, it being speedily absorbed by the circulation. There follows a marked increase in vital strength, a rejuvenation of the system, so to speak.

The so-called "elixir" has been experimented with by many physicians in America within the past week or ten days. In numerous cases there is great improvement. Rheumatism, heart trouble and enfeebled mentality have all yielded to the new remedy; but its most marked effect seems to be upon debilitated persons, especially where the nervous system has been overtaxed. Some physicians have obtained but negative results, while others have been highly successful. This may, it is suggested, be due to different manipulation, some being more skillful than others. It is too early, of course, to determine whether the good effects are lasting or not; time alone can determine that.

Of course it is not to be understood that this remedy will ward off death. It may arrest the effects of overwork, mental or physical, and relieve many diseases by furnishing new, vigorous plastic material for the renewal of the worn-out particles of the body, and strengthening the various organs. This it may do; but it can not restore youth, nor enable us to set at defiance the grim destroyer. There is a wide difference of opinion among medical men upon the subject—some scouting it as foolish, others inclined to believe in it, because of the high standing of Dr. BROWN-SEQUARD. He is the most distinguished living physiologist, and has for years stood at the head of his profession in France—facts which entitle his discovery to a respectful hearing and a fair test, at least, before condemning it.

WASHINGTON territory proposes to start properly in life as a state. It has adopted as a part of its constitution a clause prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

'OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XIX.

SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

HENRY C. WORK.

Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen!
Fling to the winds your needless fears!
He who unfurled your beauteous banner,
Says it shall wave a thousand years!

Chorus.—"A thousand years!" My own Columbia!
'Tis the glad day so long foretold!
'Tis the glad morn, whose early twilight
Washington saw, in times of old!

What if the clouds, one little moment,
Hide the blue sky where morn appears—
When the bright sun, that tints them crimson,
Rises to shine a thousand years?

Tell the great world these blessed tidings!
Yes, and be sure the bondman hears!
Tell the oppressed of every nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years!

Envious foes, beyond the ocean,
Little we heed your threatening sneers;
Little will they—our children's children—
When you are gone a thousand years!

Rebels at home, go hide your faces!
Weep for your crimes with bitter tears!
You could not find the blessed daylight,
Though you should strive a thousand years!

Back to your dens, ye secret traitors!
Down to your own degraded spheres!
Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
Shortens your lives a thousand years!

Haste thee along, thou glorious noonday!
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!
Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons
Each of his days a thousand years!

THE CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS.

As they marched through the town, with their banners so gay,
I ran to the window to hear the band play;
I peeped through the blinds very cautiously then,
Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at the men!
Oh! I heard the drums beat, and the music so sweet,
But my eyes at the time caught a much greater treat—
The troop was the finest that ever I did see,
And the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

When we met at the ball, I, of course, thought it right
To pretend that we never had met till that night;
But he knew me at once, I perceived by his glance,
And I hung down my head when he asked me to dance;
Oh! he sat by by side at the end of the set,
And the sweet words he said I never shall forget;
My heart was enlisted and could not get free,
As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me!

But he marched from the town and I saw him no more,
Yet I think of him still and the whiskers he wore;
I dream all the night, and I talk all the day,
Of the love of a Captain who has gone far away;
I remember with superabundant delight,
When we met in the street and danced all the night;
And I keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee,
As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me!

ALONG THE KANSAS LINE.

As sung by J. C. Helms, of Denver, Col.

A soldier from Missouri, in early manhood's prime,
Lay with the dead and dying in a Mississippi clime;
'Twas on the field of Corinth his life was ebbing fast,
His comrades, faint and weary, in crowds were hurrying past.

A comrade stooped beside him, and raised his drooping head,
And then, in faltering accents, the wounded soldier said:
"Farewell, my darling comrade, a long and last adieu,
Though shortly you may follow me, I'll ne'er return to you.

"With me this war is over, my marching at an end,
And still a dying message by you I fain would send—
Oh, bear it to those kindred, those distant friends of mine—
For I've both friends and kindred along the Kansas line.

"I have an aged mother—you know that mother well—
Oh, bear to her these tidings how I in battle fell;
Tell her that I remember, in anguish her advice,
To stay at home in quiet, and not join the rebel Price.

"And had I then but heeded the good advice she gave,
I need not now be hastening to fill a rebel's grave;
But I heeded other counsel, and left that home of mine—
That home of peace and comfort along the Kansas line.

"You know my brothers also; tell them the mournful tale—
And when in death I'm sleeping they will my fate bewail;
They know the things that drove me away from that home,
And the phantom light that lured me through Dixie's land to roam.

"Tell to those wealthy neighbors, who preached secession loud,
And counseled me and others to swell the rebel crowd,
That though they now are loyal, their own dear lives to save,
'Twas them that sent me surely to fill a rebel's grave.

"Although I have forgotten them, I'd have them not forget
That but for them I might have been at home with mother yet;
And although I lie far distant, this mangled form of mine
Will haunt their dreaming slumbers along the Kansas line.

"There is a dark-eyed beauty, I need not call her name,
Who swerved me from my duty, and fanned the rebel flame;
Her words I well remember—'no hand with mine unites—
Unless I find it boldly defending Southern rights.'

"Those Southern rights, alas! my friends, I know not what they were,
But you and others following the fleeting phantom's glare,
I sacrificed my judgment at beauty's magic shrine,
And joined the rebel regiment along the Kansas line.

"And ere this war is over—so foolishly begun—
Many a thousand youths, misguided, will do as I have done;
And many a thousand doating mothers will be bereft like mine,
And many a home made desolate along the Kansas line.

"Our land is dark with mourning, all draped in weeds of woe,
And wailing notes of sorrow are heard from high and low;
And many's the home made desolate, with fire and sword combined,
To made a howling wilderness along the Kansas line."

And now his reason failing, the soldier ceased to speak;
While on the field of battle, where Greek had met the Greek,
His life was made an offering unto the gods of war,
Whose victims bled by thousands, alas! alas! what for?

SOME ROYAL BEDS.

Two Princesses Who Like Their Sheets to Be Without Creases.

Clarence House, the residence of the Duchess of Edinburgh, is one of the most comfortable houses in London, and is famous for its good beds, for the only daughter of Alexander II. of Russia is, like many Muscovite ladies, very particular about her beds, and will tolerate in her house none but the very best. Even when a mere child, and long before her marriage, she was so particular about this very important item in domestic comfort that, to insure the sheets being tightly stretched over the mattress, she used to have them sewn down, for even the slightest crease or wrinkle would entirely destroy the repose of this imperial spoilt child for the night.

Her Royal Highness used to be greatly chaffed about this weakness by members of our royal family when first she came to this country, but the Queen, who is also very particular about her beds, stuck up for her, and although now the sheets are no longer sewn down to the mattress, they are composed of the most exquisitely fine linen that can be procured, and stretched like a tight-rope over the most perfect mattresses that can be manufactured in Paris, in which capital the making of mattresses has been brought up to the level of a fine art.

Would Avoid Him.

Alice (at 2 a. m. in the parlor)—Oh, George, I hear papa coming! Run!

George (smiling)—He wont come in here.

Alice—How do you know?

George—I lent him twenty dollars this morning.

"ELIXIR OF LIFE."

BROWN-SEQUARD'S DISCOVERY.

Trials Made With It on This Side of the Atlantic—Its Wonderful Rejuvenating Powers.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Several of the local medical lights have been contemplating experiments with Brown-Sequard's discovery, and some have gone so far as to make arrangements for trials at an early day.

Among the physicians who took up the new discovery with a determination to test its truth was Dr. Robert Longfellow. He is one of the most progressive of the younger physicians, and ranks among the leading of the local practitioners. "I don't know whether there is anything in the theory or not," he remarked to an *Enquirer* reporter, "but it will take very little trouble to find out."

It was 3:25 p. m. yesterday when Dr. Longfellow, accompanied by an *Enquirer* reporter, reached George Silmer's slaughter house, on the southeast corner of John and Findlay streets. The butchers were busy at work slaughtering sheep, and had just prepared several for market. The portions which the doctor desired had been separated from the animals and lay on a table. They were still warm, the sheep having been killed within ten minutes. Selecting three of the largest specimens the doctor placed them in a big, air-tight jar which he had brought along with him. They were dressed as if for cooking.

At 3:45 p. m., or half an hour exactly after the animals had been killed, the jar, with the contents, was given to Prof. Lewis Werner, who, with Prof. Carl Langenback, has a chemical laboratory connected with the drug store, corner of Ninth and Race, directly opposite Dr. Longfellow's office. Prof. Werner took the specimens, and after cutting them into small pieces and shreds, placed them in a large mortar. They were then pounded for half an hour with a pestle, or submitted to what is technically termed "trituration." After the pieces of flesh had been thoroughly macerated, the triturated mass, with the resulting juice therefrom, was placed in a cloth and submitted to cold pressure. No water or other fluid was added, and the mass was kept at an ordinary temperature. Neither was the animal juice filtered, the fear that the germs or bacilli might not pass through the paper. It was the doctor's idea, to insure a satisfactory test, to secure the retention of all the supposed properties to the fluid. For this reason it was neither exposed to heat nor filtered through paper. The mass spoken of was wrapped in muslin with fine meshes, and then put under high pressure. The result was 3 ounces of pure animal juice.

The man who has the credit of first subjecting himself to a test of the "elixir" is Thomas Alburn. He is an Englishman by birth, but has been in this country for 30 years. A long time ago he experienced a severe attack of erysipelas in the right leg. Since then he has suffered much pain and stiffness in the limb—so much so that he has been very lame in the foot and hardly able to walk. His illness also left marks of the disease on his constitution, so that he has been feeble and able to do only the lightest work about the house. He is about 55 years old, of rather small stature, and perfectly bald, except a fringe of very red hair above each ear.

Dr. Longfellow had invited some scientific friends interested in the new theory to be present, and it was in their presence that the experiments were conducted. Alburn, who lives on Central avenue, near Fifteenth street, was placed in a chair in the doctor's rear office, and his right arm bared to the shoulder. Filling his hypodermic syringe, which contains a dram, with the fluid, the doctor plunged the needle into the skin above the elbow, and pushed it along under the cuticle. The entire contents of the syringe were then injected.

Alburn said he felt no pain beyond a slight tingling, such as would come from a puncture with a pin. The subject's right leg was then bared, and the needle, after the syringe had been refilled with the "elixir," was inserted under the skin just above the knee, where Alburn complained of the most stiffness. Another dram of the fluid was thus injected into his system.

When Alburn arose and put on his coat, he said, in response to the doctor's inquiry, that the only effect he felt was a slight tingling sensation in the right leg. He was directed to again take the car and return home, keep quiet, and not exert himself. If he experienced any change in the evening he should report at the doctor's office.

THE SECOND PATIENT

was Fielden Weir, an old colored man, who lives at 126 Court street. He is now nearly 70 years old. For twenty years or more he has suffered from rheumatism, the disease having drawn up his right leg so that he could not touch his heel to the ground. The muscles of his right arm were also contracted. A year ago he was bitten in the abdomen by a dog, and this greatly complicated his ailments and increased his sufferings. Much of the time he has been confined to the house. For six months, and until five weeks ago, he has been able to move about slowly, and only with the aid of crutches. These he discarded a month ago, and since then has been compelled to use a cane. Yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock, he hobbled over to Dr. Longfellow's office, having consented to submit to the experiment with the hope that it might possibly afford him some relief.

Weir was a tall, powerful man in his prime. In his later years he has been bent over with age and disease. His long beard is gray. Before the war he was a slave on a farm in Kentucky, where he remained until his former master died, three years ago. Then he came to Cincinnati with his wife and 8-year old son.

Dr. Longfellow gave him three injections, each of a dram of the liquid. The first was in the muscles of the left leg just below the knee, the second in the right arm and the third in the right leg near the ankle. Weir sat around for two or three minutes, but said he experienced little or no effect. He was also told to return at 7:30 o'clock and report.

RESULTS.

Shortly after 7 o'clock that evening, there was a light, brisk step at the front door and the bell rang. The first patient, the man Alburn, entered. His face was wreathed with smiles as he began to describe his experience. Before he reached home, he said, he commenced to feel better. There was a funny feeling all over his body, especially in his limbs. The stiffness in his legs began to leave him, and by the time he had reached home had entirely disappeared. He walked about as lively and with as much ease as he had twenty years ago. The great change in his condition had made a sensation in the neighborhood where he lived, and the people were all talking about it. He had walked down from Fifteenth and Central avenue. It had been a year since he had walked so far. He had never within his memory felt so good.

The undoubtedly sincere manner in which Alburn talked made a great impression on the doctor and his friends, and somewhat prepared them for the astonishing report from the old colored man.

Weir, who arrived in a few minutes, literally skipped up the steps leading to the doctor's office, as if he wanted to show off his friskiness. He had discarded his cane, and seemed overflowing with joy. While he was returning home, he said, he began to feel the medicine working in him. It felt like tickling. Before he reached the house he could straighten his right leg and put his heel to the ground, which he had not been able to do for years. To show how limber and changed he was from the decrepit, drawn-up old fellow of the afternoon, Weir danced about the room and struck out with both arms like a pugilist.

"Imagination has nothing to do with this, has it?" inquired the doctor, still incredulous.

"Imagination? Look at this," said Weir, and suiting the action to the word he straightened himself and repeatedly kicked up with one leg after the other, at the same time moving his arms and body in all directions.

From Weir's description there must have been an affecting scene at the old man's house when they saw the wonderful change that had been wrought in him. His wife kissed him and cried upon his neck. Friends and neighbors came in and the rejuvenated old fellow held a regular levee.

"I haven't felt like this," he told them, as his wife hung around his neck, "since I was a young man."

After detailing his experience, Weir left the doctor's office to call on his relatives and tell them the good news. He felt so young, he said, that he couldn't keep still.

Half Rate Excursions.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway offers exceptional opportunities for an inspection of the cheap lands and growing business centers of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wyoming, North and South Dakota, Colorado, and the far West and Northwest, by a series of Harvest Excursions, for which tickets will be sold at half rates, or one fare for the round trip. Excursions leave Chicago August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. For full particulars address E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Ill.

MEN'S FASHIONS.

The Latest Summer Fancies in Masculine Apparel.

The Tuxedo coat is growing in popularity. At all the summer resorts it is being worn during the evening to a greater extent than the swallowtail, and a large portion of the club men who are yet in town favor the donning of this seasonable dress garment during the evening at the club, cafe and theater.

The strict rules of outing attire preclude the wearing of the sash with a starched shirt.

With evening dress, of course, the sash may be worn. With the sack dress coat colors are permissible, but a black Cumberbund is considered the best form when the swallowtail is donned.

Waist belts are sometimes worn under the sashes to give an additional assurance and to secure a looser and less binding effect of the sash.

The wearing of suspenders when the sash is assumed is tabooed as illustrating a lack of confidence verging on the humoresque.

The line of the fall styles of neckwear will be generally quiter, so far as color and pattern is concerned, than the scarfings at present the vogue.

The size of the scarfs, however, will be in nowise diminished. The huge puff scarfs will be more popular than in the early spring.

The extra wide Ascot will enjoy the popularity presaged by the success it has had this season by the light-weight textures.

There seems to be a growing feeling in favor of the tieable scarfs over the various styles of made-up goods. The date of this new inclination on the part of the fashionable seems to have taken hold from the time, about 12 months since, when the full-dress catch and buckle bow was banished by swelldom.

That there will be any number of Teck and puff scarfs sold, however, when the bewildering number of novel and beautiful styles which will be put on the market is considered, goes without saying.

The increased size of the scarfs would indicate that the vest openings will be no higher, as was intimated some time since by leading fashionable tailors.

From the number of rare patterns of fancy waistcoatings shown by the importers of fine goods, there is an apparent faith in certain authoritative quarters that the gorgeous waistcoat will be a cool-weather garment.

The signs would indicate that the dark backgrounds in scarfing will predominate to a greater extent than last season.

A certain number of white and pearl backgrounds picked out with small figures will find favor with some of the extreme swells, but the loud pink shades which came in with the decorative craze of the summer season will not be in demand in the heavier textures utilized for men's neck dressings in the fall and winter.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

LENGTH OF MAN'S VISION.

It Extends from Ten Miles to the Stars

"How far can a man see?" was the no extremely definite inquire made by a reporter yesterday, of a physician who i something of a specialist in matters pertaining to the eye.

"To the stars," was the equally indefinite answer.

The line of inquiry in regard to the scope of vision was suggested by the fact that no two persons will agree as to the limitations of human vision; of half a dozen persons on the tower of the Wilder building no two will agree. One will claim that the limit is ten miles and others will insist that they can see 60 miles.

The physician appealed to said forty miles would probably be the limit from the standpoint of the tower of the Wilder building, to a person with normal vision. That would be the line of the horizon. A long-sighted person could see no farther, but could see objects on the horizon plainer. A near-sighted person would, of course, be correspondingly limited.

Another gentleman who was present said that he had stood on the heights ten miles north of Bowmansville, Canada, on a clear day, and distinguished the outlines of the south shore of Lake Ontario, and at night from the same position had seen the revolving lights at Oak Orchard. The heights referred to are 400 feet above level of the water of the lake.

The use of telescope had verified the fact that the shore outline had been seen with the naked eye. The same gentleman said that he had found that on the ocean the hull of a vessel disappeared at a distance of about ten miles, if the observer stood on the deck of another vessel, and the masts disappeared at about thirty or thirty-five miles.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Weight and Yield of Eggs.

Geese, 4 to the pound, 20 per annum.
Polish, 9 to the pound, 150 per annum.
Bantams, 16 to the pound, 60 per annum.
Houdons, 8 to the pound, 150 per annum.
La Fleche, 7 to the pound, 130 per annum.
Crevecœurs, 7 to the pound, 150 per annum.
Hamburgs, 9 to the pound, 175 per annum.
Game fowls, 9 to the pound, 130 per annum.
Dominiques, 9 to the pound, 130 per annum.
Guinea fowls, 11 to the pound, 60 per annum.
Turkeys, 5 to the pound, 30 to 60 per annum.
Ducks, 5 to 6 to the pound, 30 to 60 per annum.
Black Spanish, 7 to the pound, 150 per annum.
Leghorns, 9 to the pound, 150 to 200 per annum.
Plymouth Rocks, 8 to the pound, 100 per annum.
Dark Brahmas, 8 to the pound, and about 70 per annum.
Black, white and buff Cochins, 8 to the pound, 100 or less per annum.

The eggs of the modern improved broods of fowls have gained one-third in weight as compared with eggs formerly had.

Light brahmas and partridge cochins' eggs, 7 to the pound. They lay 80 to 100 per annum, or even more, according to treatment and keeping.

Noted Suicides in History.

The following are some of the more noted suicides of which mention is made in history. These do not savor much of insanity, but rather of stoic philosophy:

Cato stabbed himself rather than live under the despotic reign of Cæsar; Themistocles poisoned himself rather than lead the Persians against his countrymen; Zeno, when 98, hanged himself because he had put his fingers out of joint, and Hannibal and Mithridates poisoned themselves to escape being taken prisoners. When we search Scripture we find that Saul, rather than fall into the hands of the Philistines, commanded his armor bearer to hold his sword that he might plunge upon it; Samson, for the sake of being revenged upon his enemies, pulled down the house in which they were reveling and "died with them," and Judas Iscariot, after selling the Savior for thirty pieces of silver, was overcome by remorse "and went and hanged himself."—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

His Little Joke.

Detective Robert Quackenbush is a fatherly man with pronounced views on the sin and wickedness of betting on horse races. Yesterday in Morrow's barber shop he approached a patient in one of the chairs with the inquiry:

"What would you think of a man who would bury two children in the morning and go off to the races in the afternoon?"

"Such a man," was the reply, "is a loafer, lacking the commonest instincts of humanity."

Instead of being satisfied with the answer, the detective retorted: "He is no loafer. He is one of the nicest gentlemen in New York, and one of the best undertakers."

Bob was invited to take a ball of bay rum.—*New York Sun.*

Right She Was, Too.

Ida Stevens is a four-year-old kid, and as cute as she can be. The other day she went with her mother to the Atlantic building to see Dr. Lawrence. It was her first experience with an elevator, and after her visit some one asked her if she had gone up stairs to see the doctor. "Oh, no," she replied, "we just went into a little room and took it up with us and called on him."—*Washington Critic.*

To Make His Courting Stick.

"What can I do," asked she, "to make my lover stick to his promises?"

"I don't know, my dear," said her playful adviser, "unless you try court plaster."—*Chicago Globe.*

Enough Said.

"Was I the subject of your conversation?"

"No; you were the object of it."—*Detroit News.*

"WHERE GLOVES COME FROM.

The Animals and Skins Used in Their Manufacture.

Almost every one wears gloves. The rich wear kid gloves for a day, as they do collars and cuffs, and the poor wear them to weddings, and on other great occasions. Though people never stop to think of it, kid gloves are made from kids—that is from gambolling young goats. The little goat that kicks up its heels on the Harlem hills is, potentially, the bearer of many pairs of white kid gloves.

People who look with a jaundiced eye at trade, and have become helpless doubters, lose confidence in gloves and say: "Oh, rat skins," or, may be, "dog skins." Indeed, they are more likely to be eel skins than the skins of kids.

These doubting Thomases among customers are mistaken, for goats are more numerous in Europe than they are in Harlem even. The Alps of Switzerland furnish rocks and climbing facilities for hundreds of thousands of goats.

Goats multiply rapidly. The hardy peasants live on the milk and cheese which they yield and on their meat, and, besides, they sell the skins of the young kids for tobacco money.

The finest kid gloves come from France. The kids from which they are harvested are those which are born in the Alps and come down from the montain pasture into Southern France in the autumn with the flocks, whose return is charmingly described by Alphonse Daudet. The kid is turned into goat chops when he is five or six weeks old, and is then a much choicer dish than spring lamb.

The village butcher kills and dresses the kid for the peasant and accepts the hide for his pay. Then they dress the skins, an art in which they are expert.

Less than half a dozen rich dealers in Europe, who, by mutual understanding, have an unincorporated trust, buy all the kid skins as cheap as they can get them, and, when they have cornered the market, sell them for as high a price as they will fetch.

In order that the European dealers may not get rich too suddenly, American dealers send over buyers who purchase the skins directly from the goatherds. Thus the foreign kid glove trust is thwarted.

A few skeptical people have a wild and fantastic idea that kid gloves are made out of dog-skins. Well, dog-skin gloves aren't made out of dog skins. So, if there are not enough dog skins to make the dog-skin gloves, how could any be spared for the kid gloves?

It is said that in a thousand pairs of so-called dog-skin gloves about a dozen pairs are really made out of dog-skin. The reason is that the hide of an ordinary dog is so thick and coarse that it baffles dressing and cannot be given a fine finish.

Rat skins cannot be used for kid gloves, because rats, unlike young goats, are very scarce. If anybody wanted to buy rat skins the supply would not be equal to the demand. On the other hand, if rat skins were a drug in the market they would be useless, because no one can make gloves out of them.

Nearly all so called dog-skin gloves are made of sheep and lamb skin. A few gloves are made of horse skin, and these cost more than kid gloves.

All the horse skins used come from Russia. The leather is a clear and beautiful white and makes the finest men's gloves. The Russians have a peculiar breed of horses and very fine leather is made from their hides.

South America exports many tanned skins of sheep, lambs and kids. The process of tanning is imperfect, however, and many of the skins are spoiled or inferior in quality.

Lamb-skin gloves are often sold for kid, and good lamb-skin is said to be superior to poor kid. The supply of kid skins is abundant and increases every year. The price of them has recently advanced 20 per cent, but this is merely temporarily and is due to a corner in the covering of the buoyant and lively young goat.—*N. Y. World.*

THE GARFIELDS OF MENTOR.

They Live a Comparatively Secluded Life and Object to Newspaper Mention.

Mrs. Garfield, the late President's widow, thoroughly detests newspaper notoriety, and she would go to any extreme rather than have her name in the paper. Newspaper readers still remember the stumbling blocks that were thrown in the paths of reporters at the time of the double wedding in her family, and when two months ago Mollie's baby boy was born, every effort was made to keep the matter a secret. The affair only leaked out about a week ago, and the Garfield family is not at all favorably impressed with the accounts the event has received in the newspapers. Mollie Garfield-Brown now resides with her mother at Mentor, and so does her husband, J. Stanley Brown, her late father's private secretary. Two stories are current about Mr. Brown's future. One that he is going to Washington to enter a law partnership, and the other that he is about to go West on an expedition with the United States geological survey, but the latter is probably true. The baby is said to be doing nicely, and Mrs. Garfield is very proud of her grandson.

Mrs. Garfield did intend at one time to make Cleveland her home, going so far as to purchase a magnificent residence on Prospect street, near Case avenue, for $50,000. The house has been and is now offered for sale at a reduction of $10,000, with no takers. Mrs. Garfield, after removal to Mentor, had the old homestead thoroughly remodeled in modern style, and she intends to end her days there.

Garfield & Garfield is the name of the law firm doing quite a thriving business in a neat little office in Cleveland. They are the ex-President's sons, and indications are that they will carve out a career for themselves. Harry was married the same day as his sister Mollie, and he lives in a handsome residence on Windsor avenue, while James is still single. The latter lives with his mother at Mentor, going and coming to and from his place of business daily on the Lake Shore train.

Grandma Garfield is at rest in a casket near the remains of the son she loved so well, and after the dedication of the monument both of their remains will be removed to the memorial in Lake View.—*Pittsburg Post.*

HE GOT A MEAL, ANYHOW.

A Truthful Western Yarn that Won't Stand Careful Analysis.

The retired millionaire was narrating to the grasping money-lender a tale of how he had that day found himself penniless in San Francisco and had debated within his being how to beat a restaurant or work a free-lunch counter without surrendering one iota of his claim to the money-grubbing gentility and a dollar-limit sort of refinement, says the San Francisco *Examiner.*

His experience was not particularly thrilling, for he had simply gone into a well-to-do saloon and eaten his fill at the bountiful lunch-table; then he had walked out with none to say nay. But his experience recalled to the mind of his listener the merry way in which one of the boys of the dear old days had filled his paunch without depleting his exchequer.

"I well remember the fellow," said the money lender. "He had been an officer in the Confederate army, and turned up here after the war with the appetite of a gentleman and the revenues of a tramp. He managed to keep up a shabby-genteel appearance, but had it not been for his lively wit he would frequently have gone to bed hungry. One evening his nostrils were charmed and his already sharp appetite given finer edge by the savory odors from the kitchen of one of the swellest of down town restaurants. He hadn't a pistole in his pocket, but he had a pistol. He stood at the door of the restaurant a moment, irresolute. Then he entered and ordered the best dinner the house could afford, with wines of the rarest vintage. When he had finished his black coffee and laved his fingers he nonchalantly leaned back in his chair, drew his pistol, turned the barrel into his mouth and fired. He fell back, gasping. Of course the house was instantly in an uproar. The waiters and guests rushed to the suicide, took him from the room and had him conveyed to the receiving hospital as quickly as possible. Once well within the hospital he jumped up nimbly, spat out the bullet, waved the surgeons a pleasant good-day, patted his well-filled paunch and smilingly bowed himself out."

"How did he do it?"

"I'm blessed if I know."

Outside Eden.

"What makes you so cold, Eve?" inquired Adam, solicitously.

"I rather think," she replied, "that it's due to the late fall."—*Hotel Mail.*

Never Known to Fail.

A correspondent wants to know how to remove paint. The best way is to sit down on it and then get up and walk away.

—"I can heartily say to any young man who is wanting good employment, work for Johnson & Co., follow their instructions, and you will succeed." So writes an agent of B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and that's the way all of their men talk.

The Empty Chair.

There stands at the head of the table
Alone an empty chair;
Alas! there is one face missing
From the family gathered there.

The baby is there, the mother,
And brothers and sisters three;
They sigh—they who should be happy—
For the father, oh, where is he?

Where is the happy father?
Has he passed from this world of care?
Has he gone to the great hereafter,
And left the empty chair?

Ah! no; he is upstairs, crazy,
And tearing his beard and hair—
For he sat down on the molasses
That baby put on his chair.
—*Lawrence American.*

CURRENT COMMENT.

Beyond Salt or Sugar.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Salt won't save either the salt trust itself or the sugar trust, or any other of the tribe, unless such, and such only, as are founded on fair, honorable, equitable principles of trade. No trust founded on the "crushing-out" policy or "freezing-out" policy can live in this country.

The Ohio Democracy.

The Atlanta *Constitution* remarks, with a somewhat mixed use of metaphorical language, that "the Democratic party of Ohio ought either to show its claws or keep its mouth shut!" To which the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* answers: "Be patient with the Buckeye Bourbons. They are in grave doubts as to which set of claws they shall use in the coming campaign. Their free-trade claws have been clipped so close as to be almost useless in a fight, and they have not tried protection for so long that they don't know how to get into a fight with such arms."

Woman's Fickle Fancy.

Girls always finds it hard to choose—
Fancy their Reason overspreads—
She likes a wild one when she woos,
A tame one when she weds.
—*N. Y. Eve. Sun.*

Fiat Justitia—Save the Seals.

Detroit Journal.

"Fiat justitia ruat cœlum." "Let justice be done though it ruin the sealing," is the way the Canadian boys now translate the ancient proverb.

The Single-Tax Idea.

Burlington Hawkeye.

Some surprise has been occasioned by the apparent seriousness with which the single tax idea has been considered in the constitutional convention in North Dakota, and some of the advocates of that idea have been prompted to point to the fact as evidence that the scheme would be beneficial to farmers. The territory is so largely agricultural, and the farmers make up so considerable a part in the convention, that at first thought this inference would seem in a measure justified. But the true solution of the problem undoubtedly is pointed out by the New York *Commercial Advertiser* in the remark that on the farms of Dakota the value of the land is, in many instances, less than the value of the buildings, live stock and machinery. So in Montana the land and buildings were worth, in 1880, $3,200,000, while the live stock and machinery were valued at $5,500,000. The single tax in such a country would mean that the farmer would be exempt upon two-thirds of his property and taxed upon less than one-third.

Roosevelt's Duty Defined.

Theodore Roosevelt says he will work for the improvement of the civil service until the next national election is only a year away, and then he will put in twelve months for the Republican party. Whereupon the Minneapolis *Tribune* remarks that he could best accomplish his object by working hard for the Republican party right along.

Why Doth the Fall Obtrude?

Chicago Times.

Notwithstanding Dr. Hammond's testimony to the efficacy of Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir in sustaining and prolonging life, the medicine is denounced as a humbug by many of the ablest undertakers of the country.

Of the Mystic Crewe.

Washington Capital.

Though the secrets of magic have all passed away,
And witches and broomsticks no longer hold sway;
Yet the queerest of things oft occur after dark—
Men go out on a bat and return on a lark.

A Timely Word.

The Indianapolis *Journal* reminds the people that the Sioux reservation is not open to settlers until after Congress has ratified the action of the commission. Warned by experience in the Oklahoma case, it is probable that the government will make different rules to govern the admission of settlers into this region. It will be more difficult to keep settlers out of this new territory than Oklahoma, and it will be a problem how to control the matter so that every honest would-be purchaser of a homestead may have a fair chance of securing what he wants.

The Spoils System Must Go.

Chattanooga Times.

Like all other trusts the office trust must go. No party dare unconditionally repeal the Pendleton law. It may not have come to stay, but when it has served its term of usefulness it will be superseded by one more far-reaching, stringent, and better enforced.

To Secure Better Public Service.

The Des Moines *Register* is clearly correct when it declares that "party success should be put before personal ambition. When the good of the party is made the main thing, and men's candidacies for office are squared by this rule, the party will have greater victories and the public will have better service than can be obtained in any other way."

Crush the Trusts!

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The sugar trust has made about $40,000,000 in profits in the year and three-quarters of its existence. The trust ought to be satisfied with this big gain and dissolve. If it doesn't dissolve before Congress meets, action will be taken to crush it.

Good Men Getting Back.

The Boston *Advertiser* remarks that "putting incompetent men out of office and replacing them by reliable former employes seems to have worked well, so far as Boston's service is concerned." The same is true of the mail service in all parts of the country. It takes years of training to make a first-class postal clerk, and unless they are good, the mails are delayed and letters go astray.

North Dakota Politics.

Bismarck Special to Minneapolis Tribune.

Since party lines have been drawn in the various counties the farmers and the Scandinavians have been the most devoted Republicans. They insist upon clean politics in the primaries as well as in the larger conventions, and when this principle has been observed they are ready to yield to the wishes of the majority in the selection of candidates. People have begun to talk of a Republican majority of 20,000.

Free Trade Produces Pauperism.

Fair Trade, an English publication, quotes the following from a speech made by John Morley to the amalgamated society of engineers at Newcastle, about the beginning of May last:

> It is an awful fact—it is really not short of awful—that in this country, with all its wealth, all its vast resources, all its power, 45 per cent—that is to say, nearly one-half—of the persons who reach the age of 60 are or have been paupers. I say that it is a most tremendous fact, and I cannot conceive any subject more worthy the attention of the legislature, more worthy the attention of us all.

Mr. Morley's reputation for veracity is very high in his own country, consequently we may accept his statement as not being overcolored. It shows a condition of affairs in Great Britain which gives the lie to the professions of the free traders, who would have the world believe that the workingman is prosperous in England. No country half of whose population at one time or another endures the miseries of pauperism can put forth such a claim and successfully maintain it.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL, AND GET THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS.

Hottest and Coldest.

"What is the hottest weather ever known in the United States?" The highest temperature recorded by the United States Signal service was at Phoenix and Fort McDowell, Ariz., in June, 1883. The thermometer marked 119 degrees. However, unofficial observers report temperature as high as 128 degrees and 122 degrees at Mammoth Tank and Humboldt, Cal. The coldest weather recorded by the service was 69 degrees below zero, at Poplar River, Mont. But this is a warm place compared with Werchojansk, Siberia, the coldest inhabited spot on the face of the globe. The thermometer there has been as low as 90 degrees below zero.

She Wanted a Veteran.

Old Mrs. Smiley.—Next time I get took down sick, my dear, I wish ye wouldn't have that there young sprig of a doctor come to attend me. I don't go much on young doctors, no how.

Mr. Smiley—Well, Maria, who would you like to have me call?

Mrs. S.—I've kinder took a notion to the docter around the corner. I dunno much about him; but I see he's got a sign out "Veterinary Surgeon," and I think he must be a man of experience.—*America.*

An Expert Petition.

A little boy of 6, when saying his prayers at night, entreated a blessing on his aunt, who was dangerously ill, and gravely concluded with these words: "My aunt lives in the Calle de Alcala, No. 33, on the second floor to the left."—*Madrid El Liberal.*

Publishers' Column.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare, No. 1 of House Interest series.

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CHRIST TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

A New Picture

See announcement in another column. Every subscriber of The Blade who has a copy of Christ Before Pilate or Christ on Calvary, should send 25 cents for our new engraving, Christ Teaching in the Temple.

The Blade,
Toledo, Ohio.

WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

We have a few more copies of the above engraving on hand. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

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A NEW PICTURE.

Washington Entering New York and the Presidents of the United States.

Printed on heavy plate paper, size 22x28, representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolution, just after the embarkation of the British troops for home. It is a spirited engraving, portraying the greatest event of our Revolution next to the Declaration of Independence. The centennial of this event will be celebrated in New York on the 30th of the present month. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

This picture sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address

The Blade, Toledo, O.

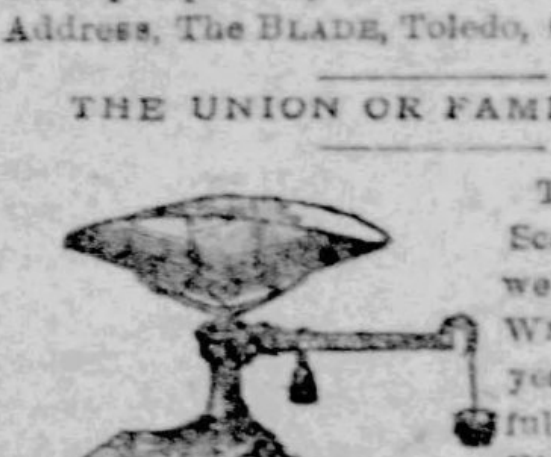
ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The Blade, Toledo, O.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with The Weekly Blade one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The Blade has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the Blade, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

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In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the Blade should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the Blade, at the following prices:

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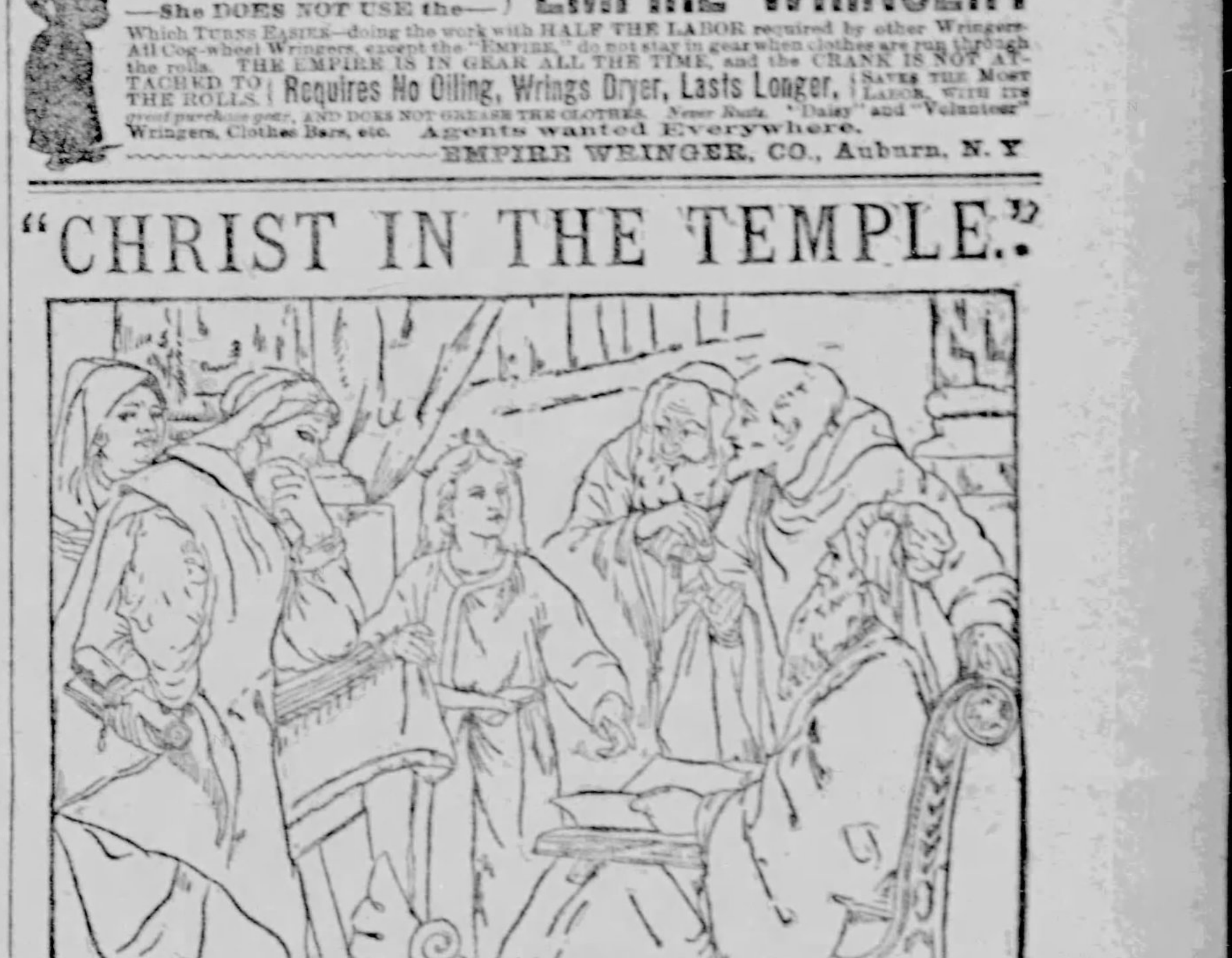
"CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE."

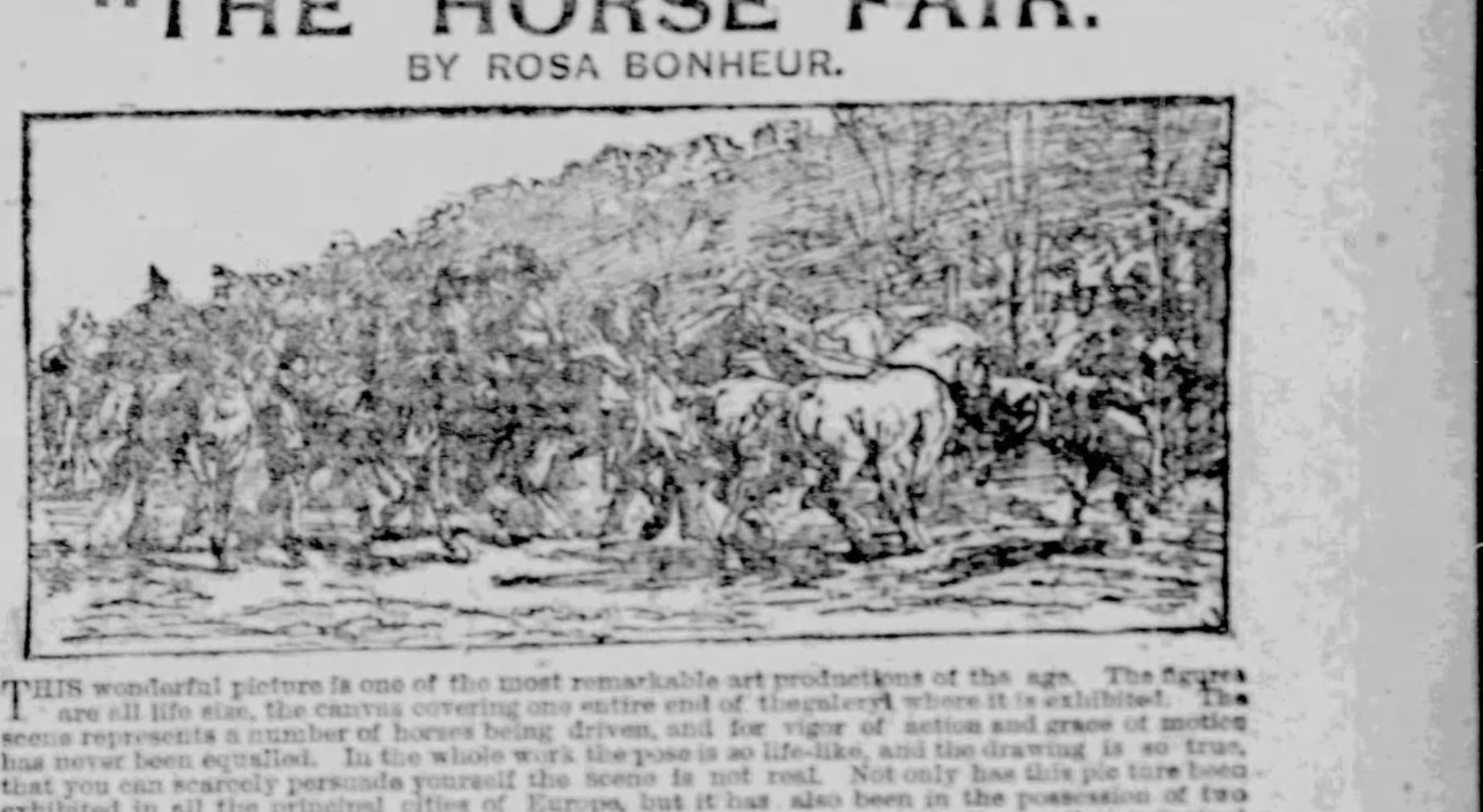


The original painting, by Hoffman, of Christ teaching in the Temple, now hanging in the Gallery at Dresden, has produced a more profound emotion in the religious and artistic world, than any picture in the modern gallery of fine arts. It is to the modern school what the Sistine Madonna was to the old. The reproduction is an etching from steel plate, engraved by an expert in the art, and printed on the best plate paper, size 22x28. It has all the beautiful softness and exquisite harmony of tone and value which have placed etchings at the head of all other artistic reproductions. "No one who has ever seen this picture can forget the earnest, melancholy eyes and exalted expression of infinite loveliness and purity of the inspired boy as he stood surrounded by the grave and gray rabbis intently listening to every word that fell from his lips. We all know the story of his journey up to Jerusalem, when he was twelve years old; how he tarried there, and Joseph and Mary knew not of it but supposed he was returning to Nazareth with his kinsfolk and acquaintances; but they found him in the Temple in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers." The painter has chosen this scene and portrayed it with such vividness of expression, such original and profound conception of the subject, that all nations and creeds attest their intelligent appreciation by the enormous demands for copies of this great work.

Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, O

"THE HORSE FAIR."

BY ROSA BONHEUR.



THIS wonderful picture is one of the most remarkable art productions of the age. The figures are all life size, the canvas covering one entire end of the gallery where it is exhibited. The scene represents a number of horses being driven, and for vigor of action and grace of motion has never been equalled. In the whole work the pose is so life-like, and the drawing is so true, that you can scarcely persuade yourself the scene is not real. Not only has this picture been exhibited in all the principal cities of Europe, but it has also been in the possession of two noted American millionaires. For years A. T. Stewart cherished it as the principal picture in his gallery, and upon the sale of his collection it was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt for $60,000 and presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it is daily surrounded by groups of admirers. We are now handling a magnificent reproduction of this picture, printed on heavy plate paper, 34 inches long by 20 wide, which embraces not only all the beauty of a fine steel engraving, but enriches and intensifies the effect by combining a number of other tones and tints so as to give the finest result yet attained by any known process. As a noted critic has said of it, you may gaze at this picture a hundred times a day and each time see some new beauty to please you, and some unexpected point of strength to excite your admiration.

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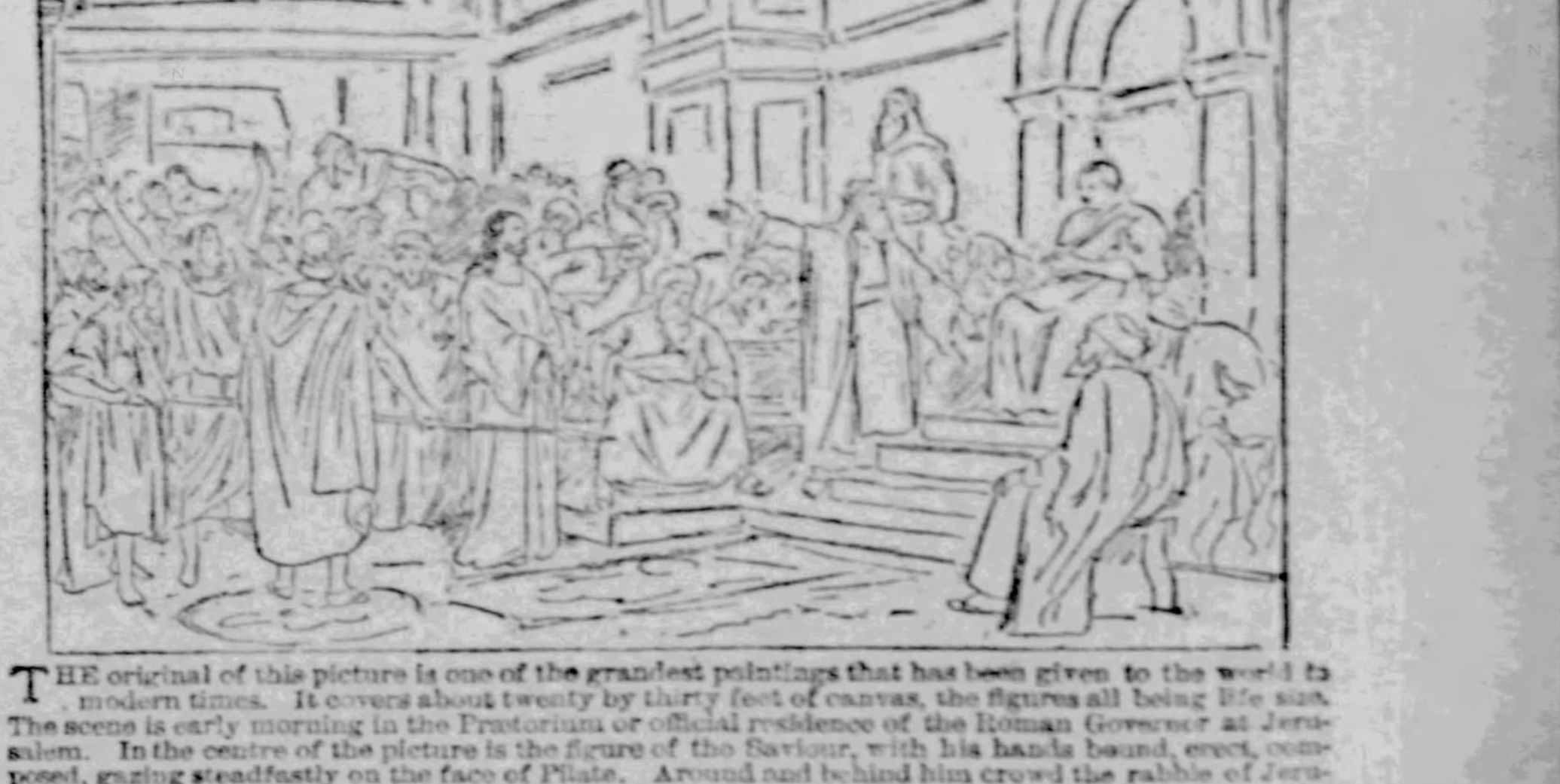
THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

By MUNKACSY.



THE original of this picture is one of the grandest paintings that has been given to the world in modern times. It covers about twenty by thirty feet of canvas, the figures all being life size. The scene is early morning in the Prætorium or official residence of the Roman Governor at Jerusalem. In the centre of the picture is the figure of the Saviour, with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate. Around and behind him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others apparently bent merely on killing time. Pontius Pilate sits as the representative of Cæsar on the judgment throne. He is meditating and is greatly perplexed. On the right of Pilate stands Caiaphas, the chief accuser of Christ. The figure pressing forward in the crowd with uplifted arms is a ruffian of the lowest type. He is shouting "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" On the left of Pilate sit two elders watching the proceedings with deep interest. Between Christ and Caiaphas, sitting on a bench, is a rich banker looking on with contemptuous curiosity. Perched on a high stool by the side of the judgment seat and resting his head against the wall is a scribe who views the scene with an air of weary indifference. A knot of old men is seated in an angle of the room to the left of the banker. They are apparently arguing Christ's claim that he is the promised Messiah. Conspicuously raised above the heads of the crowd is seen a young mother with a beautiful face, holding a child in her arms, and looking at Jesus with tenderness and compassion. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the different emotions that animate each individual.

This picture has been on exhibition in the principal cities of Europe and America. It has been viewed by millions of people, and has created more sensation throughout the entire civilized world than any other painting ever produced. In the city of New York it was on exhibition several months, and was seen by hundreds of thousands of people. It was sold to John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, for $120,000 in cash.

Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

ONE DAY'S CLIMBING.

From the Valley Up to the Mountain's Top.

SOME experiences there are in life, some scenes upon which the eyes have rested, that make the most intense impression, and the memory of them is never dimmed. Such is the one that has recently been brought vividly before my mind's eye of which I here try to give you a faint transcript.

Climb, climb, climb! We had started early in the morning, when the shadow of the granite hills still lay deep over the valley. Gazing upward one had a curious sensation, of looking from the bottom of a deep well, up to a sky that wore that purple hue which it often has in a mountainous country, but which I never saw in the lowlands. I have noted it in other places, but it seemed to me more pronounced at the Yosemite valley, and this particular morning I could almost fancy that the deep azure skies of which the poets sing were a product, as to color, of their imagination.

My excitement was much like that I felt in days of lang syne when I had an unexpected holiday and the whole long day lay before in which to crowd a world of pleasure. I always had the wildest anticipations of what I should see and do before the sun set that night, and it was all the more delightful because there was an aroma of mystery about it—I never knew what might happen, what might come to me. Perhaps the fabled ship with glittering treasures would come in—I was always sure it was sailing over the waters towards me, and then what a glorious time there would be looking over its precious freight. Ah! how many of these same beautiful ships, with full sails spread, go down beneath the deep waters and are never heard of, while the anxious watcher gazes out under the darkening skies, waiting and hoping until the night darkens, and only the eye of Faith can see the shining skies beyond!

AN ECONOMICAL INVESTMENT.

A holiday was always an economical investment for me so far as breakfast was concerned, for I was lifted far above the cravings of appetite. Not that I was so ethereal as to live without eating, for I generally made up for the failure afterward, but the keen anticipation of pleasure took away other sensations. It was so on the morning I speak of. With the wierd eye of the mountain top looking down at us as if rebuking the temerity which prompted us to try to reach it, food had no temptation, especially after I looked forth and saw the steeds that were to bear us, saddled and bridled at the door, and the guide, "grand, gloomy and peculiar," who awaited our coming.

The "prancing steeds" turned out to be mules and bronchos chosen for mountain climbing, because they are so sure footed. They exhibited so little of a disposition to assert themselves, that even that one of the party—a woman, too,—who had not been upon horseback for 40 years—had no hesitation about the security of this means of locomotion.

WE START AWAY.

The sun was just peeping over the mountain tops as the word for starting was given, and the party trotted away from the hotel. And what a magnficent sight our eyes rested upon. To our left rose the giant Totokonula, better known as "El Capitan," a great block of granite thrusting itself forward into the valley, bold and bare, a stupendous pile which can be seen 50 or 60 miles away. It seemed to me a good type of a class of people who always put themselves forward by sheer force of will, but are without any claim whatever to paramount consideration.

To our right, and a little back of us, was the far-famed Bridal Veil Fall, called by the Indians "Pohono," who was said to be "an evil spirit, whose breath is a blighting and fatal wind, and consequently to be dreaded and shunned."

I wondered then and I wonder now why the first settlers in the valley did not retain the Indian names, and thus perpetuate the memory of the earliest known inhabitants. Every meadow, cliff and water-fall had its significant appellation, but almost all have passed away. The valley itself was not "Yosemite" but "Ahwahnee," the syllables of which run into each other like the notes of some soft melody.

WHERE WE WERE BOUND.

We were bound for Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome. It did not take us long to reach the beginning of the trail up which we were to climb out of the valley to the mountain heights. And what a climb it was! Turning, twisting, and turning again upon the very edge of a mighty precipice, upon our right perpendicular walls of solid rock, upon our left a sheer, dizzy descent downwards, at first not so great as to amaze the eye, but growing deeper and deeper as we went on, until, at last, we looked down thousands of feet upon the length and breadth of the beautiful valley, with the Merced river, shining like a silver thread between its green banks, wandering on until it was lost to view between the mountains that seemed to close together, and shut out the world utterly.

There were places where one would fain have paused to drink in this sight of the wonderful, but our inexorable guide moved steadily on and we were fain to follow. One felt that he owned us just as the porter of a palace car does, that our fate was in his hands, and there was no appeal from his decrees. Once only did he allow us to stop and that was when we reached Union Point, a little over two miles from our starting place, where one of the grandest views of the valley is obtained. It seems here as if the walls were absolutely vertical, and one feels as though the valley had been cut in the granite by a race of giants.

Then the signal was given and up, up we climbed again, by a little narrow pathway that seemed a mere thread between us and eternity. Slowly, but with sure steps the animals which ~~are~~ us moved forward until we came to Glacier Point, the objective place of this climb for many tourists. A wonderful picture it was that there unrolled before us, and we stood with bated breath, drinking in the glory of the scene. I see it now in all the beauty of that summer day, so unutterably grand with its contrast of giant heights and depths that erstwhile lay in shadowy obscurity, but then at noonday smiled in the golden sunshine. Two or three of us, however, were not yet satisfied, for Sentinal Dome lifted its head beyond and there was a trail thither by which we might gain its summit, only a little over a mile away.

At last we stood upon the very top, and oh, the glory of what we saw! It was a bare rock of granite upon which we rested, with nothing to take the eye away from the surroundings. We looked upon peak after peak of snow capped mountains stretching away towards the south until the vision could no longer outline them. Mount Hoffman reared its giant head not far away, and looking us in the face was the stupendous Half Dome, keeping guard over the beautiful valley at its feet. And there it lay over 4,000 feet below where we were standing, but yet 7,000 above the sea level, as calm and peaceful as if it were not the product of some mighty convulsion of nature. Turning the gaze westward, and a long line of blue told where the ocean rolled in all its majesty so many miles away.

MEMORY'S PICTURE.

If I were trying to tell you of the geographical features of the view, I should say that what is known as the Merced group forms the most conspicuous object from Sentinel Dome, and name the points visible, but to my memory to-day comes most distinctly the impressions and thoughts which rushed over me as I stood there and gazed around me. It was as if one were alone with the Infinite to whom the innermost secrets of the heart were laid bare. The heights and depths, the distances that stretch on and on till they seemed to lose themselves in the far away; the stillness profound that held one in its grasp as if it were full of throbbing life; the deep, deep sky that the eye sought to pierce but could not; the sense of absolute isolation—all these combined to bring one face to face with the inner, real self as no experience "in the madding crowd" could do. It made one conscious of the littleness of the individual life as we usually regard it, and yet the grandeur of humanity as an immortal creation, and it brought an intense longing to penetrate the mystery of one's own being. That half hour upon the top was a revelation to me that I shall never forget.

I think the grandeur of the scene had its effect upon the imperturable guide, for his ready reminder of "time's up" was wanting. Of our own accord and in silence we turned away and began our return journey, which was, alas! a "climb" no longer.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

A NEW material which is used a great deal for curtains and portieres, is a coarse worsted drapery known as a Bagdad. It is made of five strips sewed together, each one of them one foot wide by eleven long. They are of different colors and are covered with coarse hand embroidery, and in the higher priced ones there are occasional tufts of Llama hair dyed some bright color. Antique Bagdads cost from $20 to $30 a curtain, but the modern ones can be bought for $6.

TO DO HEMSTITCHING.—In the HOUSEHOLD, of a recent issue of THE BLADE, in answer to a "Reader," who asked how to do hemstitch as handkerchiefs are hemmed, I will send three ways. The first is the prettiest and most difficult to learn:

1. Turn down the hem the width you wish, commence at its edge and draw out about ten threads. Place the work over the first finger of the left hand as if to hem. Place the needle under the first six threads next to the hem and bring it through, then put it through the first half of what you had first or with three threads on either side of the needle, and catch the hem this time. Then put the needle next the center, under the last three that was caught at the top and three more. Bring it through underneath the six and bring it through the same place the second time. Then place the needle under the last three caught at the bottom and three more, then through the middle between the two threads and catch the hem. Repeat.

The second is like what you buy. Turn down the hem, draw 4 or 6 threads, place the needle under three threads and repeat, the second time catch the hem.

The third way you hem after you do the hem-stitch. Draw 6 or 8 threads, place this straight before you, count six threads, shove the needle through under three next to you, shove the needle from you, then reach over the top of the remaining thread, turn the needle on over and bring it back through under the side, then commence on the next six.—MYRTLE.

A PRETTY WORK BASKET.—A new way to use tin fruit cans is to make work baskets or catch-alls. Three or six cans can be arranged into a triangle, or seven into a circle. If seven is the number chosen, cover six of them with any desired material. Cut the material into pieces long enough to go around a can and allow seams, and one and one-half inches longer than the can is deep. Sew up the seam, press, slip in the can, and run in a thread, and draw the edges under at the bottom. Paste down the edges at the top, inside of the can. Cut a lining for the can, seam up, turn down the top, and either paste into place or neatly over-hand the two edges together. Cut a round piece of card to fit the bottom of the can, cover like the lining, and fasten into place with paste. The seventh one needs only to be lined, but the lining must be a trifle full, and must be parted over on the ouside of the can. It is a good plan to stuff the center can very full and put a piece of material over it for a pincushion. Have it well rounded up. Sew the edges of the cans together where they meet. Cut a piece of heavy pastboard the size and shape of the bottom of the cans. Cover with cambric and overhand it and the cans together. Sew a fancy cord over the seam at the top and bottom, or trim with box-pleated ribbon or fancy gimp or braid. By cutting the lining twice as deep as the can and turning it over and running it to the top of the outside covering, and then running a shir in, they can be made into work bags.

Condensed milk cans are cute made this way: Use three—one for a pincushion, one filled with hair and covered with net for hairpins, and the third lined for a jewel box makes a very pretty set. Where one does not care to go to the trouble or expense of the above, the cans can be painted or papered and have holes at the top and be tied together, while the bottoms are pasted to a piece of heavy paper or pasteboard. Before using any of them carefully melt off the tops. If a large size can be cut into strips an inch wide down to within an inch of the bottom and be bent over and outward into graceful curves a very pretty hanging basket is the result. A smaller can or pot can be placed inside of it to hold the plant. It may be painted, gilded or left plain. Large round syrup cans make quite large ones.—MONTANA MAY.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

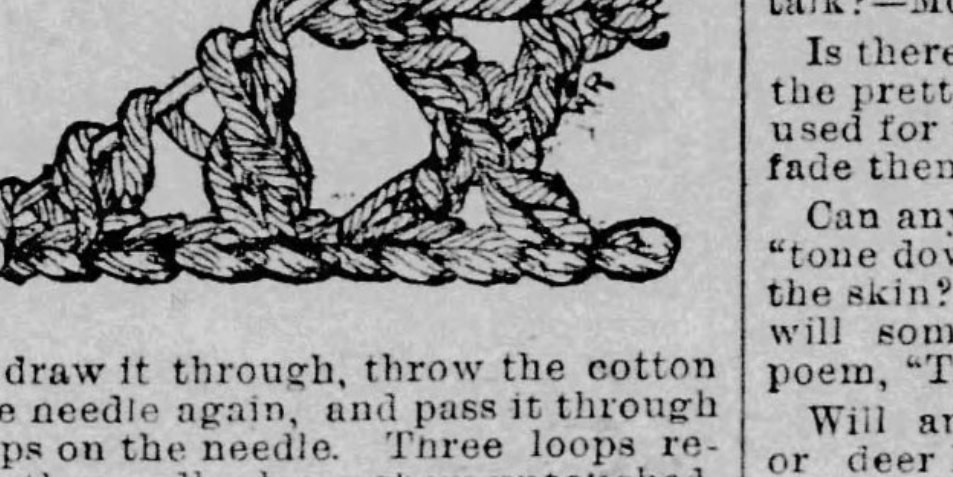
Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Throw the cotton over the needle, miss the two next stitches of the foundation, and draw the cotton through the third one. Five loops are now on the needle. Throw the cotton over the needle and draw it through two loops at the same time, until only one loop remains on the needle. Crochet two chain stitches (or 1, 2 or 3, according as you wish the trebles nearer to, or farther from each other; then you will also have to miss as many stitches on the foundation). Make one d. c., passing the hook through the two middle loops of the last finished treble.

LONG PURSE.—Materials: Half ounce knitting silk, and four No. 17 needles. Cast on 40 stitches. The most convenient way to distribute them is to put 14 on the first needle, 12 on the second, and 14 on the third. Knit once around plain 1st round—p 10—tw 2—p 2—tw 2—p 2—tw 2; repeat. 2d round—like first. 3d round—k 10—tw 2—p 2—tw 2—p 2—tw 2; repeat. 4th round—like third. 5th and 6th rounds—like first. 7th and 8th rounds—like third. 9th and 10th rounds—like first. 11th and 12th rounds—like third. 13th and 14th rounds—tw 2—p 2—tw 2—p 2—tw 2—p 10; repeat. 15th and 16th rounds—tw 2—p 2—tw 2—p 2—tw 2—k 10; repeat. 17th and 18th rounds—like thirteenth. 19th and 20th rounds—like fourteenth. 21st and 22d rounds—like thirteenth. 23d and 24th rounds—like fourteenth. Repeat these 24 rounds twice more, making 72 rounds in all, then knit once round plain. In the next round knit the first two stitches plain, then always over, knit two together, to the end, knitting the last two plain. Instead of going on around, purl back over the three needles. Knit back and fourth in this was until you have a piece about two inches and a half long. Then instead of purling back, knit all the way around once more plain. Resume the pattern and knit it three times. Bind off, draw the ends together and finish with a bead tassel. This purse looks very small before using, but the stitch is so extremely elastic that it will be found quite large enough for practical purposes. Happy is she who can fill it. For a non-elastic pattern, knit with four needles; from 50 to 60 stitches should be cast on, and the purse should measure ten or twelve inches in length. An easier way is to cast on from 100 to 150 stitches, and knit a flat piece about nine inches long. Bind off and sew it up, leaving a slit in the middle. One color of silk may be used throughout, or it may be knit in stripes of different colors. Black, with narrow stripes of gold, is very pretty. Tw means twist stitch and is made by inserting the needle in the back of the stitch to be knitted and then knit it as usual.

CROSSED TREBLE STITCH.—Make a chain. Throw the cotton over the needle twice, pass the hook through the loop into which the first half of the crossed treble stitch has to be crocheted, throw the cotton over the needle, draw it through, throw the cotton over the needle again, and pass it through two loops on the needle. Three loops remain on the needle; leave them untouched.



CORRESPONDENCE.

DRESSING BABIES.—"Babies' Friend," I agree with you about dressing babies. I always make the wrappers and slips open all the way down the back, as it is much easier to dress a baby when they are open this way, instead of in front. The latter way is liable to wrench the little arms in getting them in. In regard to the question of using cotton or wool next to babies, I think it is cruel to use the latter, as their flesh cannot help being irritated by coming in contact with the softest of wool. They are far more comfortable with shirts of thin gauze or silk, put on underneath the saxony shirts. As it is sometimes difficult to get the gauze shirts small enough, they can either be made out of the best portions of partly worn vests, or one can buy a large sized lady's gauze vest for 25 or 30 cents, which will make three little ones. I used parts of worn out silk underwear. Neither do I believe in using bands more than a month at longest. Where one does their own washing it is a great economy in work to make the dresses rather short, and to do away with tucks and puffs. A baby to my notion is just as sweet and lovable in a plain slip with only a narrow edging at the wrists and upon the bottom, as it would be in a dress which is a mass of tucks and laces, for the tired mother to iron. Have seen a great many dresses made of fine muslin, but Victoria lawn, crossbarred or striped nansook, are far preferable and do not yellow. Do not "stand up" trimming at the neck, but if you must put it on, lay it down so as not to hurt the little neck.

One skirt is a plenty. Don't bundle the poor little mites up so they cannot use their limbs. Just imagine the agony they endure in summer where they wear flannel shirts and skirts, thick napkins, bands and long dresses, and in addition are rolled up in a big shawl. The mother dresses herself as cool as possible and wonders why baby is so fretful. Above all things don't forget to give the baby cold water at least three times per day. It alone will often quiet a fretful baby. I wish you who advocate flannels and bundling up babies could see my big, rosy healthy child. He cut his teeth in warm weather and I fed him upon iced milk and gave him all the cold water he wanted, and he cut them all without once being cross or ill. MONTANA MAY.

ABOUT FLOWERS.—Every year the leading florists offer something new in plants to the cultivator. Sometimes these so-called novelties prove worthy of general cultivation, while as often they prove worthless, for plants that are a grand success in the florists' greenhouse are often a failure as window plants.

Geraniums are favorite window plants, they are of such easy culture. Fuchsias are next in the list as general favorites. There has been a great improvement in these plants, and the Storm King, now so widely advertised, is one of the finest plants I ever owned—little plants not over six inches high producing flowers of normous size, while the buds are quite as pretty as the flowers, looking like coral balls among the green leaves. It is always in bloom, in fact I have had plants that bloomed themselves to death. Another splendid fuchsia is the Avalanche, also a double sort, very large purple, and a good bloomer. Every one who cultivates window plants should have these two fuchsias, as they are worthy of a place in every collection of plants, however large and choice. My flower garden has been a mass of bloom since the first snowdrop pushed its head up in early April, before the snow was all gone, and before the hardy bulbs were done blooming the perennials were in bloom; and now that they are nearly gone, the annuals are at their best, making a succession of flowers from early spring until late fall, when Jack Frost will come to dsstroy.—FRANCES B——, West Branch, Ogemaw Co., Mich.

LITTLE THINGS.—A friend, one who has passed through much trouble, once wrote to me: "For the great trials of life strength is sent us, but it is the little troubles that wear us out, that robs life of its sweetness."

For a time I doubted this, but careful observation has taught me its truth. A great sorrow comes to us, and upheld by God-given grace, we bravely face the future. We do not forget, nor do we care to mourn, but the magnitude of our trouble renders fretting impossible. Many of us carry aching hearts all the way until we pass through the portals of the gate beyond.

Still strength does come, and rest and peace also, if we trust in the giver of all good things.

These little worries! How they do fret and hurt. John forgot to mail the letter you gave him yesterday. It really was no matter but you think it would have been the same if it had been of great importance. Grace expects friends to tea. One of the three cakes she makes is a failure and though her tea table is crowded with dainties, yet there is a shade on the face of the hostess. Oh! there is none of us sc strong, but these things annoy us. I failed to enjoy the sermon last Sunday morning because I discovered a hole in my new silk umbrella and so goes the world.

I speak not of the trouble caused by the things that never happen, but sisters how many of you find your patience exhausted and your strength overtaxed by little things?—HOPE DARING.

A SHORT PLEA FOR THE NOVELS.—Read good books, and if you are so inclined, yes, read a novel, but let it be an instructive one, and get all the good you can possibly out of it, separate it out as the fanning mills do the refuse from the grain. There has been so much said against this class of reading, that I think there will be some who will not agree with me, but who has not read Adam Bede and felt an admiration for the simple and abiding faith of Dinah Morris, the "Methody," who stood up in the cart, under the spreading tree, and talked of the Savior to the simple, unlettered working people—some who did not seem to attend to their religious duties as often as they ought to have done. The time even seemed fitting: the sun was just setting behind the western hills of England. Who has not honored strong-hearted Jo, in "Little Women," for her struggles against that dreadful giant, ill-temper, that she thought was subdued, but would break out at times. And Uncle Tom, in that masterly work of Mrs. Stowe's, which did so much for slavery. Is there not something grand in the faith that held fast to the end? Marion Harland wrote a serial years ago called "She Hath Done What She Could." The title was taken from the words of our Savior in Mark 14:8, and it was well worth reading by any one not bigoted or prejudiced against this class of reading in general. As a general thing I think Americans should be patriotic enough to uphold and encourage American writers.—M.

FROM "FANNY FIELD."—Mrs. Dell, of Dakota; "A Friend," LeRoy, N. Y.; "S. H.'s Wife," L. P. L., King's Daughters, St. Henry's, O.; "A Friend," Selbyport, Md.; the friend whose letter was mailed at Asheville, and the friend or friends who sent two dimes from Wisconsin, one and all accept my heartfelt thanks for money sent to help the poor old lady for whom I asked help in THE BLADE of April 4. All other contributions received have been acknowledged by mail. Since my last letter to THE BLADE was written I have received $8.85 from BLADE readers. Previously acknowledged, $13.85. Total from BLADE readers, $22.70. I hope there are still many others who will each help a little. And when you send in your "mites" won't you please give your names and full address, so that we can acknowledge your kindness by mail?—MRS. R. K. SIEG, New Salem, Mass.

THE SHUT-IN BAND.—Almost a year ago, I wrote you for the address of the Shut-in Band, having seen it given in your paper. You sent it. I wrote at once for a copy of *The Invalid's Visitor*, and it proved such a source of pleasure, help and comfort that I feel I must write you and see if others of your readers do not wish to join the Band.

I have been an invalid fourteen years, and it was just what I wanted. I have received much attention by letters, papers, etc., and have done much work myself, brightening, I hope, many weary hearts and having a reflex influence on my own. I do not feel able to go into particulars, but if any one will write to Mrs. K. S. Burr, Williamson, N. Y., she will send a copy of the *Visitor*. It says to be a sufferer, shut out from the world, constitutes a candidate for membership. Fee 50 cents. The associate members are not invalids, but for Jesus's sake assist in the work. Their fee is $1, one-half going to furnish the paper to the destitute. Hoping some of your readers may be induced to join us, I sign myself one of the Band "In His Name."—H.

INQUIRIES.

Will some experienced person please tell me through THE BLADE how to take care of parrots and teach them to talk, and of what age they must be before they will talk?—MOSS ROSE.

Is there any way of washing or cleaning the pretty colored Turkish towels so much used for tidies, etc.? A way that will not fade them.—C.

Can any one tell me what will remove or "tone down" the oily, shiny, appearance of the skin? Please don't say powder. Also, will some one tell me where to find the poem, "The Bell of Zenora?"—KIT.

Will any one who can send buffalo, elk, or deer horns let me know through the HOUSEHOLD? I would like to get some. Will pay postage.—PEGGY.

We have a number af Sunday school lesson leaves for children, and some Sunday school papers, which we will send to any Sunday school needing them who will prepay postage.—LITTLE HELPERS, box 101, Corydon, Pa.

Do any of our BLADE readers know of any remedy for bunions on the feet of long standing? Any way of removal by surgery or otherwise? An early reply would greatly oblige—A SUBSCRIBER.

As "Montana May" has told the boys how to do when they go to see the girls, she might tell the girls how to do when the boys come to see them. Please tell how to do when one comes to go out with you.—GREENIE.

Having used kerosine to oil my hair for about ten years, I was told that it was injurious to the scalp. Would some of the readers tell me what they think about it before it is too late? In some cases I have known the hair to drop out, but for me it does not. Would equal parts of kerosene and bay rum make a good hair oil?—WINONA.

Will some one please give me directions for a pretty nightdress holder? Answer either through THE BLADE or address Lock Box, 101, Trenton, Ills.—BUTTERCUP.

You will oblige a reader of THE BLADE very much by telling how to make strawberry drink.—W. T. GEILLER.

Will some of the sisters let me know through the HOUSEHOLD, if they can send me specimens or relics of any kind? I will gladly pay all postage. Would like pressed leaves or flowers, shells or pebbles, Indian relics or relics of the war. I have heard these could be found in the Southern states.—ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Montana May: I have just read your first paper on painting, and have looked forward to its coming a long time. I am one of the many who can paint just a little, and would like to do more. I don't want to begin without a good foundation, and wish to learn drawing. I can shade very well but cannot sketch, and cannot get a teacher where I live. Would you advise a course of drawing in the Chautauqua Society of Fine Arts?

The HOUSEHOLD has many good members but I always look for your face first. If Miss Bouton will print this, I shall feel that I am stealing a march on you in the shape of a personal letter.—MINNIE WADSWORTH, Santa Fe, Kas.

I am making a crazy quilt, and would be very much pleased if some of the young people would send me some pieces of silk or satin with their name on them. Also would like to correspond with some of the girls from 15 ro 18 years old.—LILLIE CUMMINGS, Ganges, Allegan Co., Mich.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Veruna Ventura," the arithmetic you mention is as good as any, and if you can not get along without a teacher with that, you will not be likely to with any other. The thing is to be thoroughly grounded in the principles and then facility comes with practice.

It would be very difficult to tell you how long a time it would take you to fit yourself for a teacher. A year or two of hard study with a good teacher should enable you to take a common school.

A few lessons in bookkeeping and careful practice would enable you to go on with that. If you took pains your handwriting would improve in appearance. It is very plain and easy to read now.—ED.

"Little Mountain Maid," I think if you try curling your tips with a sharp penknife, it will answer the purpose very well. Simply draw the feathers gently between the thumb and knife and they curl very nicely.—BUTTERCUP.

Mrs. J. M. Nicodemus wished to know how to make elder flower water. Put a quantity of elder flowers in a jug, pour boiling water on them, let the mixture stand 24 hours, and steam through muslin. Wash the face every morning with the decoction. It is also good for sunburn and to beautify the skin.—LULA E. FREELAND, Dalton City, Ill.

SUMMER CARE OF PLANTS.—I should like to tell those who live in climates where we have hot, dry winds, how to keep plants intended for winter blooming through the summer. Make a frame like the sides and ends of a box, that is, a box without bottom, large enough to suit. Place the frame against the house on the north side and about three inches of coal ashes in the bottom. As soon as the plants get a good start from spring slips, pot them in good soil and plunge them in the ashes. The ashes retain all necessary moisture and insure good drainage. Keep the buds pinched, and in the winter you will have a profusion of blossoms.—DEVERE.

I wish to tell the sisters of THE BLADE how I put up fruit without canning. I never tried anything but plums, but see no reason why other fruit should not keep the same way. I stem fruit same as for canning, and put it in crocks with plenty of juice, cut muslin to fit in nicely, and cover with melted tallow. I think they have a better taste than canned.—COUNTRY HOUSEKEEPER.

If Mrs. C. L. F. will send five postage stamps to pay postage on them, I will send her ten small cactus plants. There will be too kinds of them. There is another larger kind, but it will take ten cents extra to pay postage on five of them. They are all free bloomers. The flat kinds have bright golden yellow blossoms, and the round, ball-shaped ones have yellow, red or pink ones. The money barely pays the expenses of sending them, but they are so beautiful I wish every lady could have some of them. There is one bunch here as large around as a wash tub, that had 337 full-blown blossoms on it yesterday; and over a hundred buds.—MRS. BEN. TALBOTT, Stockton, Rooks county, Kansas.

"Dipsomania" is a mania for brinking.

To "Inquirer," the new edition of "Fancy Work" will be ready October 1. It will describe many articles of the latest styles in fancy work.—ED.

B. A.: "Health snd Beauty" can be had by sending $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O. You will find recipe asked for in that.—ED.

RECIPES.

RHUBARB OR IMITATION OF CHERRY PIES.—Take the tenderest stems of rhubarb; do not boil it or peel it, so the juice will be red. Then get a handful of cherry leaves, put water over them and let boil a little. Put the rhubarb in the pie; then take as much of the juice of the leaves as you would put water in the pie. Sweeten and bake, and you will have cherry pies, for you cannot tell the difference in the taste.—A BLADE READER FROM OLDTOWN.

ORANGE CAKE FOR "BRIAR ROSE."—Two cupfuls sugar, 4 eggs, leaving out the whites of 2; ½ cupful of butter, 1 cupful of water, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 3 cupfuls of flour, piece of grated rind and pulp of one orange. Use remaining whites for frosting the top. Now, "Miss Briar," if you want to ornament this cake by frosting the top, then make old gold frosting with the remaining yelk, in which dip rose branches or any pretty spray. When properly covered with frosting, dry a little and lay in form of a wreath upon the top of your cake. The effect is novel.—MRS. ZEL HANER, Pittsford, Mich.

JAMS.—Cook the fruit until tender, mash with wooden spoon or silver spoon, then add 1 lb. of sugar to each of fruit. Cook until it becomes thick enough. Stir constantly while cooking.

PRESERVES.—Take as many pounds of sugar as you have of fruit, pour enough water to make a thick syrup, drop the fruit in and cook very fast, until thick enough. Always use granulated sugar and cook in gallon crocks.—A COUNTRY COUSIN.

PICKLES.—Tell "Mrs. S. E. Jordan," Harrold, South Dakota, if she will try the following recipe for pickles, she will be perfectly satisfied with the result: I tablespoonful salt to every gallon of pickles. Cover with boiling water. Repeat for six mornings, always adding a teaspoonful salt. On the seventh morning cover with boiling vinegar; on the eighth morning drain them good and cover with cold vinegar, then add spices to suit the taste. Add several pieces horse radish. I think that helps to keep them. Cover the top of jar with grape leaves.—A COUNTRY COUSIN.

Send other recipes. Will be glad to have them.—ED.

BOSTON SPONGE CORN CAKES.—One cupful of flour, ½ cupful of corn meal, ½ teaspoonful of salt, ½ teaspoonful of soda, ½ cupful of sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of melted butter, 1 cupful of sour milk; stir melted butter and sugar together first; bake in gem pans or brick loaf pan.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

KITTANING, PA.
Saidie D Bowser
PALERMO, N. Y.
Mary E Chaffee
NEW LEBANON, PA.
Anna Rupert
Julia Bennett
Emma Varvus
Florence Varvus
Bonnie Jewel
Addison Varvus
FARLINVILLE, KAS.
R H Ayers
W T Gott
W W Ayers
Scott Thompson
C H Hesser
Willie McCart
S M Boots
Victoria Hesser
Myra Hesser
Manda Finfrock
Josie Patterson
Louella Thompson
Cora Hesser
G E Finfrock

HOFFMAN, MINN.
Joel Blomquist
ERDAHL, MINN.
G Gilbertson
ASHBY, MINN.
Mark Burns
Clara Nelson
Rudolph Larson
LONGMONT, COLO.
Freddie Hunter
Maude E Hunter
POMME DE TERRE, MINN.
Joseph Monson
Anna Monson
Ida Monson
Willie Monson
Bertha Monson
Joseph Pen ock
Eva Prouty
Oscar H Johnson
Frank Schaeffer
Lillian Burns
William Stanley
Henry Brown
Thomas Borlang

Names this week, 43. Total 27,371.

The above embraces all names received up to August 9.

THE VOYAGE TO SLUMBERLAND.

BY J. P. BOCOCK.

She sails away on the sea of dreams,
This little skipper with eyes of brown,
As the firefly's torch in the twilight gleams,
And the garish sun goes down;
Her bark float over the grimy town
To Slumberland and its silver sea;
The spotless folds of her summer gown
Are no whit fairer than she.

There are angel birds in the warm, still air,
And the skipper laughs with her eyes of brown,
As they sing to her old songs, sweet and rare,
While her bark billows up and down;
They sing of a prince of high renown,
And a princess ever so young and fair;
But where is the princess had ever a crown
Like the crown of her soft brown hair?

Cometh a storm over the silver sea,
That ebbs on the dreamer's land,
And the angel birds fade out to the lee
Of this singular summer strand;
Is there a harbor by angels planned,
From all storms, whatever they be,
From the wicked fairies of Summerland
And the waves in its silver sea?

Up, like a flash, comes the little brown head,
And the brown eyes only see
A billowy blanket of silk outspread
On an ocean of dimity;
But it's fearlessly the skipper will flee,
With a soft little barefoot tread,
By the chart she learned on her bended knee,
To the haven of mother's bed.

—*Boston Globe.*

"LITTLE BOY BLUE."

A FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time, in a little rustic house, lived a happy boy. His father was a shepherd, and was greatly esteemed by the whole village. His mother spun, wove and dyed wool. She had made him a pretty little blue jacket, which he always wore, and all the neighbors called him "Little Boy Blue." In the daytime he helped his father drive the sheep to pasture, and in the evening he played with his sister, who was younger than he, and whom he loved very dearly, and he was so kind and gentle that every one was delighted to see him.

But, one cold winter, his father died, and a short time after the mother died also. The two children remained alone in the world. They had an uncle, who was captain of a sailing vessel, and he offered to take Little Boy Blue with him on his ship.

"Will you also take my sister Azula?" asked the child.

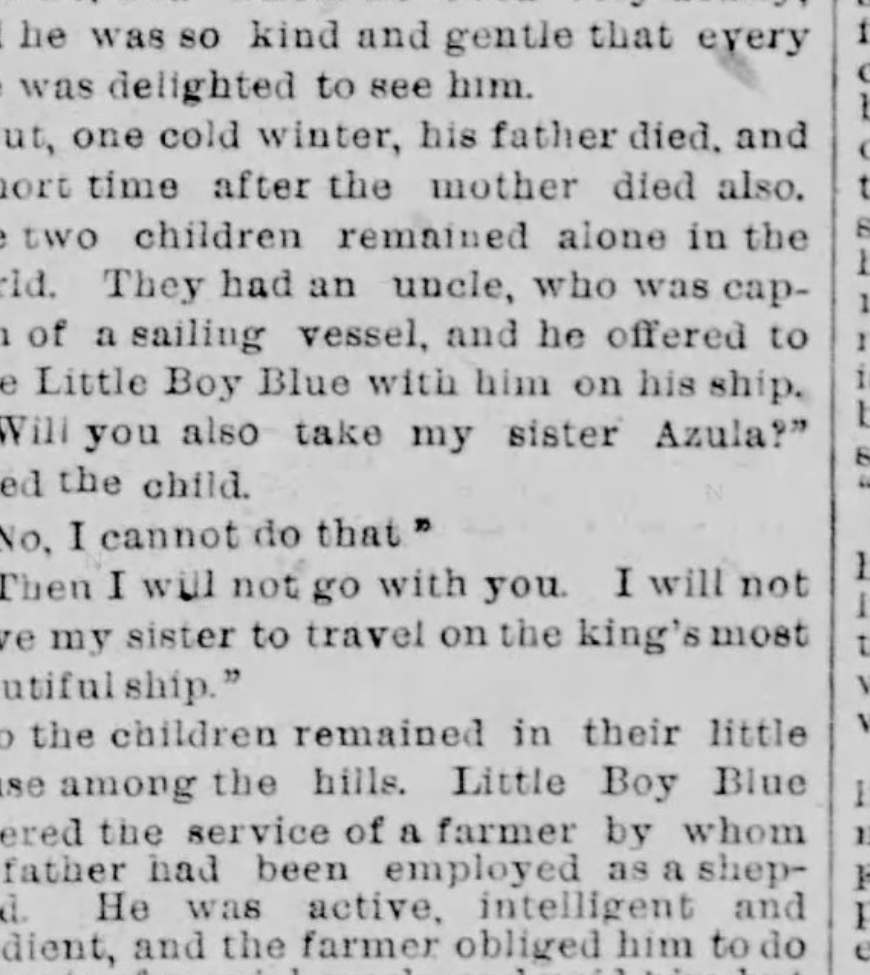
"No, I cannot do that."

"Then I will not go with you. I will not leave my sister to travel on the king's most beautiful ship."

So the children remained in their little house among the hills. Little Boy Blue entered the service of a farmer by whom his father had been employed as a shepherd. He was active, intelligent and obedient, and the farmer obliged him to do all sorts of menial work, and paid him but very little. That little, however, was sufficient to provide food for his sister and himself, so he was content.

One day his dear Azula fell sick. He could not care for her during the day, but as soon as his work was ended he hastened to her and watched by her bedside all night. He took no repose until she felt better, and he was about worn out.

One morning his master found him under a haystack, fast asleep. The brave little fellow had tried to work, but he was so wearied by his many sleepless nights, that his eyes had closed in spite of himself. The cruel farmer pitilessly discharged him, saying that he wanted no idlers on his farm.



WEARIED BY HIS SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

The poor boy, almost heart broken, returned to his sister and told her what had happened. Without employment, without resources, how could they live?

Sweet Azula tried to console him, telling him not to be discouraged; that, as every one knew his good qualities, he would easily find a master kinder than the one who had so brutally dismissed him.

The next day Little Boy Blue went off to seek employment. He modestly presented himself at the houses of several farmers, but his requests were all refused. One had too many servants; another thought he was too young; a third asked him suspiciously why his master had turned him off.

For several days Little Boy Blue persisted in his efforts, but every evening he returned home sad at heart, having found nothing.

"Have patience, dear brother," said Azula, tenderly. "I am sure that you will succeed, and, in the meantime, as I am quite well again, I am going to set to work. Our dear mother taught me to spin. I will spin, and I can easily make all that is necessary."

She was not so certain of her success, sweet little Azula. Fortunately, she had a little money with which to provide for the daily needs of the little household. But at the commencement of winter it was all gone, and Little Boy Blue had found nothing to do.

One day, as he was returning from a farm house where he had once more vainly applied for a situation, he sat down upon a stone by the roadside. He was so sad that he burst into tears.

Suddenly he heard a soft voice, which said to him:

"Come, come Little Boy Blue; the king of the elves wishes you to take care of his sheep."

Little Boy Blue replied: "Thank you, thank you! My sister is all alone at home; I must return to her."

The silvery voice replied:

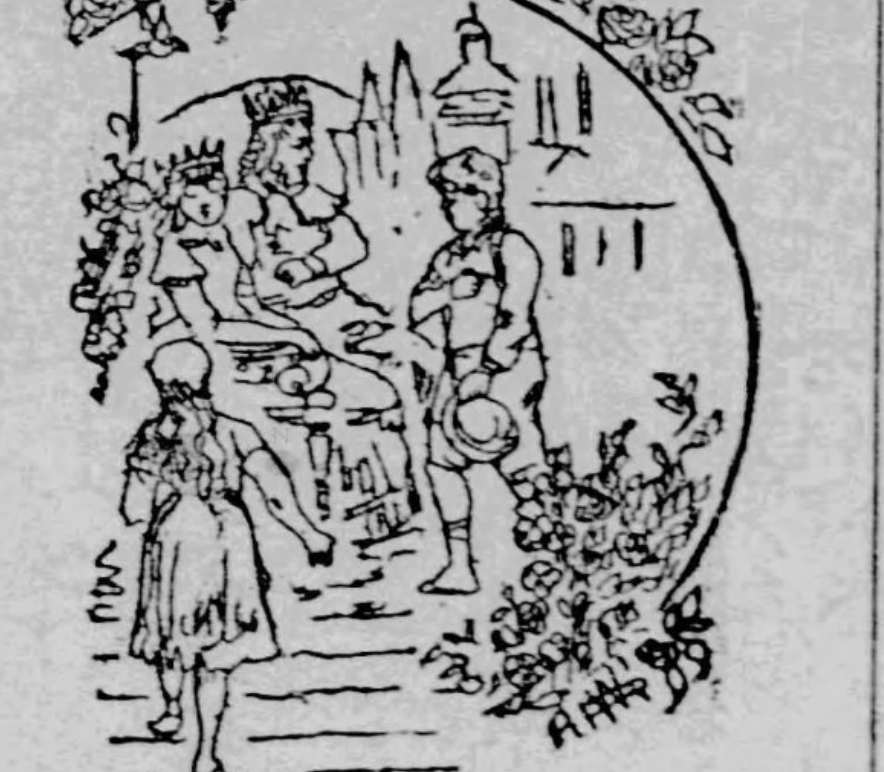
"Go and get your sister and bring her with you to the kingdom of the elves."

At these words the boy rose, ran to the little house and cried joyously: "I have found a place, dear sister, in the kingdom of the elves; will you go there with me?"

Azula was ready to go wherever her brother wished to take her, and the two set forth hand in hand. They climbed a hill and descended into the plain where Little Boy Blue had heard the voice of his invisible friend. The friend was there awaiting them. He led them down into a valley and then through a narrow gorge, where the ground was covered with a soft moss, and on both sides were climbing plants and long branches of ferns.

Farther on the path grew still narrower, and the light of heaven disappeared in the increasing gloom. But the two silvery wings of their little guide lighted up the place, and the two children followed, and finally entered a grotto, so completely concealed that no human eye could ever have discovered it. Beyond this grotto they stopped, dumb with amazement. What a spectacle! A dazzling light, perfumed woods, fields covered with flowers, lakes blue as the heaven itself.

It was fairyland; it was the kingdom of the elves. Near a silvery stream was a flock of sheep as white as snow, and on a throne of moss, under a canopy of roses, sat the king and the queen of the elves. Little Boy Blue and his sister uttered shouts of joy and clapped their hands on seeing all these beautiful things. Their guide invited them to follow him, and led them before the royal throne. Little Boy Blue took off his hat and made a low bow.



BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN.

The king said to him: "Little Boy Blue, I know that you work faithfully and that you have a dear little sister. Will you remain here and tend my sheep? You shall be well fed and well dressed, and no one will be unkind to you."

"Oh! thank you," cried Little Boy Blue, "I accept with pleasure."

Then the queen, turning to Azula, said: "And what do you know how to do, my beautiful child?"

"I know how to spin."

The queen ordered a distaff and a spinning wheel to be brought, and Azula at once gave a striking proof of her ability. Little Boy Blue was appointed first shepherd to the king and his sister first spinner to the queen.

The elves applauded these appointments, and the two gentle orphans, contented to be together and to do their duty, lived long and happily in fairyland.—*Boston Globe.*

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE.

One night a well-known citizen of a western city who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down town for a night of carousal with some of his old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way, for "papa" to tell her some bed-time stories; but habit was stronger than love for child and wife, and he eluded her tender questions by the deceits and excuses which are the convenient refuge of the intemperate, and so went on his way.

When he was some blocks distant from his home, he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money; even though he knew his family needed it, and his wife economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits. So he hurried back and crept softly past the window of his little home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses.

But as he looked through the window something stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within, for the night was chill. It lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effect the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayer, her fair head bowed; and as the rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spellbound, to the words which he himself had so often uttered at his mother's knee—"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His thoughts ran back to his boyhood hours; and as he compressed his bearded lips he could see in memory the face of that mother, long since gone to her rest, who taught his own infant lips prayers which he had long ago forgotten to utter.

The child went on and completed her little verse, and then, as prompted by the mother, continued, "God bless mamma, papa, and my own self"—then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober."

He could not hear the mother as she said this; but the child followed in a clear, inspired voice;

"God—bless—papa—and—please—send—him—home—sober, Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly; but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon. But that night, when little Mary was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepiest and most contented of voices:

Mamma, God answers 'most as quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"—*Selected—Nebraska Mute Journal.*

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

One summer morning Elizabeth sat on the doorstep, reading. But she looked up often to see the birds fly about.

By and by she heard a shrill chirping. "Poor little bird," she thought, "where can it be? Is it hurt? She went out in the yard and looked about her.

There, under a tree, was a baby-bird that had fallen out of its nest. Elizabeth took it up gently. As it lay in her hand, it looked like a soft ball. It chirped as loud as it could, and then fluttered.

"Poor birdie," said Elizabeth, "I will try and take you home." And she looked up into the tree. She could see the nest the fledgling had tumbled out of, but she was not tall enough to reach it, so she stood on a knot in the trunk of the tree, and put the nestling in its home.

She saw the father and mother-bird in the tree, and said to herself that they would take care of the little one. Then she went back to her reading.

Pretty soon she heard the chirping again. This time she knew where to look, and there was the baby-bird on the ground, crying and fluttering as before.

"Papa and mamma Robin ought to take care of you, birdling," she said. But she stepped on the knotted tree trunk, and put back the bird a second time.

Then she sat down on the doorstep, and watched to see what the parent birds would do. They flew here and there about the nest, and sang a few notes that Elizabeth knew must be bird-talk. She wondered if they were trying to find a better place for their baby.

But as she was thinking how much care they were taking of it, out tumbled the little one a third time. "You stupid old Robin!" she cried. "Do you expect some one to be putting back your birdie for you all day? Why don't you keep it in the nest?"

She picked up the birdie, and was about to put it back a third time, when, as she held it, a strange thing happened; for down flew the robin and gave her a sharp peck on the forehead.

Elizabeth stood still. She didn't know what to make of this. But soon she began to laugh, and then she put the baby bird gently on the ground, and went away. She at last understood what papa Robin meant so say to her by his peck. This is it: "Don't interfere when I'm teaching my child to fly. You are very big, and perhaps you know a great deal; but you don't seem to know that it's not right to keep birds in the nest all summer. They would never find out what their wings are for.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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A Trifling Matter.

Wife—Did you find out what ailed the clock last night after I told you it wouldn't run?

Husband—No; I sat up till nearly midnight, and took it all to pieces, and I saw nothing wrong with it.

Wife—Well, I've thought what is the matter with it. I forgot to wind it.—*Omaha World.*

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The Sunday School

The Anointing of David.

LESSON VIII., SUNDAY, AUGUST, 25, 1889.

Golden Text—Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—I Sam. 16-17.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Sam. 16:1-13.

1. And the Lord said unto Samuel, How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel? fill thine horn with oil, and go, I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite; for I have provided me a king among his sons.

2. And Samuel said, How can I go? If Saul hear it, he will kill me. And the Lord said, Take a heifer with thee, and say, I am come to sacrifice to the Lord.

3. And call Jesse to the sacrifice, and I will show thee what thou shalt do; and thou shalt anoint unto me him whom I name unto thee.

4. And Samuel did that which the Lord spake, and came to Bethlehem. And the elders of the town trembled at his coming, and said, Comest thou peaceably?

5. And he said, Peaceably: I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord: sanctify yourselves, and come with me to the sacrifice. And he sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice.

6. And it came to pass, when they were come, that he looked on Eliab, and said, Surely the Lord's annointed is before him.

7. But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.

8. Then Jesse called Abinadab, and made him pass before Samuel. And he said, Neither hath the Lord chosen this.

9. Then Jesse made Shammah to pass by. And he said, Neither hath the Lord chosen this.

10. Again, Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel. And Samuel said unto Jesse, The Lord hath not chosen these.

11. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him, for we will not sit down till he come hither.

12. And he sent, and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him, for this is he.

13. Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward. So Samuel rose up and went to Ramah.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The Lord said unto Samuel, How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from being king over Israel? (v. 1). When Saul failed as God's servant, things looked dark to Samuel. After all the care in picking out Saul to be king, and after all the good start made by Saul as king, to have him prove unfit for the place, was discouraging. Even Samuel, with all his faith and experience, didn't see how that thing was to be remedied. And Samuel's trouble has been a common one down to our day. When a great statesman has died; when a foremost man in business circles has proved unsuccessful; when a leader in the religious world has become a moral wreck; when, indeed, one in any sphere, to whom we have looked up, or on whom we had leaned, has failed us as an ideal, or as a support—the feeling is a natural one that the evil is irremediable, not only to us, but to all the interests dear to us. Our inclination is to give way to hopeless sorrow, if not to despair. When the good old father of Samuel J. Mills ("the father of foreign missions in America") heard that his noble son had died off the coast of Africa, his quaintly expressed regret was: "There, the fat's all in the fire again!" And a great many others have had a like feeling with lesser or greater cause; for that is one of our ways of seeing difficulties with our short-sightedness.

I have provided. We cannot see ahead, but God can. God has looked ahead, and planned ahead, and provided ahead. The path that seems to us all beset with insurmountable difficulties is, to God, plain and passable to its very end. This is as true of one path of duty as of another. God never yet directed one of his creatures along a path of duty without making provisions, in advance, for every possible emergency throughout the entire length of that pathway. This truth in itself ought to be a sure comfort to us, in every time of doubt about our future, and in every time of perplexity as to the possibility of our surmounting the difficulties which seem insurmountable. The Lord says, Go on, along that path. We look at the difficulties which face us, and ask, How can we go? The Lord's response is, Go; for I have provided the way. Arise, let us be going.

Samuel said, How can I go? If Saul hear it, he will kill me (v. 2). It often seems to us as if God's directions couldn't be obeyed. There are insurmountable difficulties in the way. We can see those difficulties, and while we wouldn't really say that God doesn't see them, they somehow seem to have been overlooked in God's directions. There are difficulties in the way of discharging a duty that God seems to have assigned to us; difficulties in the way of controlling and training our children; difficulties in the way of doing business honestly and truthfully at every point; difficulties in the way of proving faithful toward our Christian brethren, and toward those who are in the outside world; difficulties in the way of walking by sight instead of by faith. God already says, Go in that path; but, in the face of these difficulties, how can we go?

I will show the what thou shalt do (v. 3). The Lord might have told Samuel in advance just what he would have him to do; just which of the sons of Jesse was to be made Saul's successor; but the Lord did not do that. The Lord told Samuel to move down along the path of duty, and he promised to show him step by step what he was to do in that path. And every child of God can be sure that God will show him what he shall do in the path of duty, if only he will press on in spite of seeming barriers or bewilderments. When a swelling Jordan rolls between his children and the Land of Promise, the Lord tells his children to push right down into the water, trusting him to find them a dry, or a damp, path over the river-bed. It is not for us to say, show us the dry path, and we will walk in it; for the Lord's method with us is: When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee. Go forward, and I will show thee the way.

Surely the Lord's anointed is before him (v. 6). Samuel probably counted himself a pretty good judge of human nature. Most of us are reasonably confident just at that point. And Samuel, doubtless, had good reason (as the world goes) for being impressed with the personal presence of that imposing eldest son of Jesse. The son's appearance was evidently in his favor; and appearances go a great way toward securing a favorable judgment from anybody. To begin with, we have nothing but appearances to help us in our judging. And when a politician makes a good show of fairness in his promises and explainings; when a business man seems so enterprising and so successful; when a new preacher draws a full house and swells the pew rentals,—there is a great temptation for the impressed or interested lookers-on to to say, in all sincerity, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before him;" for man's way of judging man is by looking on the outward appearance. It is not easy for any of us to arrive at any other method of judging.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart (v. 7). If we could look on the heart, we could judge more intelligently, even if we could not always judge more fairly, than at present. And if we could read hearts, we should think better of some persons, and worse of others, than we do now. There are those whom we depreciate because of our failure to know their inner spirit and purposes. They would rise greatly in our estimation if we could see them just as they are. And there are others of whom we now think highly, from whom we should start back appalled, if their inner life were exposed to our gaze. But heart-reading is beyond our attainment. With our present limitations we shall have to be influenced, in our judgings, more or less by appearances. And the knowledge that our judgings, at the best, must be imperfect, ought to give us both caution and charity. Moreover, it ought to make us thankful that the judging of our fellows is with God, who can read their hearts, and not with us, who are unable to go below appearances. What a comfort it is that we can trust God to choose for us our friends and our helpers and our rulers, or to guide us in our choice of them, if we will commit to him our way in all such choosing!—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

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Did His Best.

Henry—So you asked old Growler for his daughter last night, did you, Fred? And how did you come out?

Fred—It was a window, I believe, Henry. That was the best I could do, though.—*New York Sun.*

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SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

WORLD'S CONVENTION AT LONDON.

An Interesting Talk on the Matter With a Returning Delegate.

Toledo Daily Blade, Augdst 10.

Mr. Marion Lawrance, of Toledo, who was sent as a state delegate to the World's Sunday School convention, held at London the first week in July, has returned to his home, and is more thoroughly enthusiastic in Sunday school work than ever. He was found by a BLADE reporter busily engaged at his office on August 10 making up for lost time, but cheerfully took a few minutes to talk interestingly on the work of the convention.

"In the first place," said he, "it must be remembered that this was the first World's Sunday school convention, and was partly in the nature of an experiment. It was very successful, and will be continued in the future.

"The Americans excelled all the rest in enthusiasm; out of the 1,000 delegates altogether, 400 were Americans. There were 243 of us who went over together on one steamer, the Bothnia. It frequently happened that there were as many Americans present at the sessions of the convention as there were English people. The English and other foreign nations are far behind us in Sunday school work. Class feeling and marked class distinctions interfere with their complete success in the work.

"Their Sunday schools amount to what we would call poor schools and missions, they call them ragged schools. The upper classes, or the aristocracy and commoners; teach the lowest class. The best class of children do not go to Sunday schools, but are very commendable in one thing, they accompany their parents to church every Sunday. Their ragged schools are doing excellent work, and deserve every praise. In Stockport, a hundred miles from London, they have the largest Sunday school in the world. Their average attendance is about 5,000.

"Another point in which those over there are not so advanced as our workers, is in the temperance question. All the better people there keep their well-stocked sideboards and cellars, and constantly have wines on their table, just as used to be thought necessary in this country fifty years ago. There, now, as it was here then, it is a social necessity, and people who themselves never drink, would not think of having a friend to dinner without offering him wine. At a luncheon given for the executive officials connected with the convention, it was deemed necessary for Mr. Belsey, a Londoner who presided, to apologize because, in deference to their American brethren, no wine was placed on the table. The *Sunday School Chronicle*, an English paper which corresponds to our own *Sunday School Times*, in commenting on the temperance question and the pronounced views of American Christian workers, just failed to realize the situation when it said editorially 'in America wine would scarcely ever be seen on the table where Christian workers assembled.'

"You can get an idea of the work that was done at the convention by looking over this programme. There were delegates present from England, Canada, Australia, India, China, the West Indies, and nearly all the European countries. The English-speaking races predominated, in fact, in point of numbers, the convention was nearly one of the English races. All the exercises were conducted in the English language. The convention lasted, beginning with a gorgeous reception Monday evening, July 1, at the Mansion house by the Lord Mayor to the foreign delegates, all through the week with morning and afternoon sessions and evening services, ending Friday evening.

"On Saturday there was a pleasant gathering of the delegates in the grounds of Dallis Hill, Willesden, at a garden party given by invitation of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. There were a thousand of the delegates present, the last occasion of their assembling together.

"The subjects discussed at the convention were classified under heads and subheads, and the papers that were read were all really able efforts, and to all of them much time and thought had been given. Under the head of 'Organized Sunday School Work,' the condition of things in each of the countries represented was carefully considered, Mr. B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, chairman of the International Sunday School Executive committee presenting a view of the work in the United States. The international lesson plan, and the bible in connection with the Sunday school received their share of attention. Rev. Warren Randolph, D.D., of Providence, R. I., the secretary of the international lesson committee, and Rev. John Hall, D. D., of New York city, were among the ablest speakers on these subjects.

"In considering the management of Sunday schools, Miss Annie S. Harlow, of Lowell, Mass., and Mrs. Wheeler, of Portland, Oregon, discussed the subject in its relation to primary classes, and Prof. Bradley, of Evanston, Ill., (The Christan Endeavor societies.) Rev. A. J. Schauffler, the famous city missionary of Brooklyn was another of the speakers under this branch of the work, his subject being 'The Teacher and His Class.'

"These subjects exhausted Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday and on the fourth day of the convention the reasons for extension of the work were considered and the whole work of the convention reviewed.

"A marked impetus was given to interest in Sunday school work by this convention, and I thoroughly believe that it will prove the beginning of a rapid onward movement throughout the whole world. The enthusiasm, zeal and progressive methods of the Americans were catching. The other nations were quick to acknowledge our superiority, and will be equally as quick to follow in our lead, and derive benefit from our ideas. The benefits were not, by any means, one-sided.

"Oh, yes, there will undoubtedly be a repetition of the convetion, but the place and time are undecided. The choice for place lies between Chicago and London. Although the Americans are entitled to the convention here, they will not press their claims, as probably more good could be done, and a larger attendance secured in London. You see, we are more enthusiastic, and will go farther to attend the convention than will the foreigners.

"You know the Fourth of July came upon one of the days of the convention. There was great enthusiasm aroused at the morning session. The English and American secretaries waved their respective national flags, while the vast throng present united in singing the two national hymns, 'God save the Queen,' and 'America.' In the evening the American delegates indulged in a celebration in the basement of Rev. Jos. Parker's church. Lord Kinnaird, M. P., of Scotland, and F. F. Belsey, esq., of London, president of the convention made addresses. The sight was an unusual one—two Englishmen making Fourth of July speeches at an American celebration in London. Dr. John Hall, of New York, was another speaker on that occasion."

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Talmage's Sermon.

HELENA, M. T., Aug. 11.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached here to-day to a vast congregation. Taking for his text, "Who slew all these?" II Kings x, 10, he preached a powerful discourse on "Drunkenness the Nation's Curse." He said:

I see a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in and I find the gory heads of seventy slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side the gate. In the morning the king comes out and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side he cries out, with a ringing emphasis, "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a more fearful massacre. There is no use of my taking your time in trying to give you statistics about the devastation and ruin, and the death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean anything. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that fifty thousand more men are slain seems to make no positive impression on the public mind. Suffice it is to say that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes, the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighborhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out, "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the licensure, the women who give strong drink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who have rum on the sideboard, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—they slew all these!

The Sorrows and the Doom of the Drunkard.

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and the doom of the drunkard, so that you to whom I speak may not come to the torment.

Some one says, "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone, but when I have in my pocket now four requests saying, "Pray for my husband, pray for my son, pray for my brother, pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way to heaven, I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back very much by the merriment people make over those slain by strong drink. I used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now; for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, men laughed, women sneered; but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go up stairs. I heard him shouting, hooting and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry, that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time, when I see a man walking through the street, reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunkard. Alas for his home!

His Good Name Melts Away.

The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. "God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name except through his own act. All the hatred of men and all the assaults of devils can not destroy a man's good name, if he really maintains his integrity. If a man is industrious and pure and Christian, God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years, his integrity is never lost and his good name is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for a clerk? what church wants him for a member? who will trust him? what dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community: "He drinks; he drinks." That blasts him. When a man loses his reputation for sobriety, he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. You are now achieving your own livelihood, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of immoral places, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.

He Respects Himself No More.

Another loss which the inebriate suffers is that of self-respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye, unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing disgrace and ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try. I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under the evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial and very generous and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say: "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say: "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After awhile he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet after that he said: "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was: "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if a man goes, he cannot stop!

The Terrible Craving for Drink.

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia, whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel he is a captive. He says, "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy.

I go further, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink, only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days? Oh, yes; they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now, what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that, when he thinks of his dishonored vows and the dishonored sacrament; when he thinks of what he might have been and what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah, there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all, if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no such place as hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

Their Heath Goes Too.

I go on, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of physical health. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country, and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effect of alcohol on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch, swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain flies on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now, be still. Stop making all this noise." But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again: "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them: "Stab me. Smother me. Strangle me. Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

His Home is Ruined.

Again: the inebriate suffers through the loss of his home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way, no one but God knows.

Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it. Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities to-day, little children, barefooted, uncombed and unkempt, want on every patch of their faded dress, and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh, rum! thou foe of God, thou destroyer of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abhor thee!

Worst of All His Soul is Lost.

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the inebriate suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents, with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity, where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fire will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs which the young man just now slung on the saw-dusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch bowl of an an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement it would make there! Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it, let the drop be very small if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink, let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum! aha! that is rum!" and it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world, I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness; I think it will be the absence of strong drink. Oh! "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last, it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder."

A Word to the Victims.

But I want, in conclusion, to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had that fault already. I want to say to those who are the victims of strong drink that, while I declared that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that, while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God by his grace can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but, somehow, since we gave our hearts to Christ, he has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God he will help you, by his grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark that, if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves, and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As ye open the door of your wine closet to-day, may that decanter flash out upon you, "Beware!" and when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top, in white letters let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, to-day, in the fear of God, and in the love for your soul, told you, with all affection, and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear, this moment, Intemperance, with drunkard's bones, drumming on the head of the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip, and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God, that rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulcher?

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Cough in Horse.

J. M. W., Wheeling, W. Va: All coughs are the result of some irritant. Cold air passing over a tender, inflamed, or congested throat, acts as an irritant; lung and heart affections cause cough; bots, worms, teething, etc., are irritants that make a horse cough. You will therefore see that different coughs require different medicine. The trouble with your horse seems to be in the throat. The following is, consequently, a proper remedy: Solution of potash, 1 drachm; linseed oil, raw, 2 oz.; molasses, 1 oz. Give in a pint of warm milk once a day for a week. It would be well for you to dip a piece of flannel in strong mustard and water, lay this between pieces of muslin, and apply it to the throat, wrapping the neck with light flannel.

Ring Bone.

G. T. N., Maples, Tennessee: We cannot say certainly whether or not your horse has ringbone, although you describe the disease as it appears in about the second month of its growth. After three months time the growth is complete and irreducible. To treat, wrap the part effected for two days with cloths saturated with vinegar, keeping wet. Then take of biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm, lard 1 oz., rub a little of this in well; wash off each evening with warm water and reapply. Keep this up for a week, and then heal with unsalted lard. If this does not cure, the firing iron will be necessary, and afterward a blister. Ringbones should be taken in their early stages to be certain of reducing them. After treatment the animal should have a month's rest.

Hogs Weak in Hind Legs.

T. N. M., Preemption, Illinois: Your hogs are evidently suffering from rheumatism. This is the result, in most cases, of damp sties, warm, ill-ventilated sties, exposure to storms, over-feeding with rich food, and various other causes. Thorough-bred pigs or hogs are more subject to rheumatism than others, as they are of finer texture. The remedy in such cases is to have dry, comfortable quarters, especially that part of the pen in which the animals sleep, and to administer, in slops, Rochelle salts. Give for two days, in soft feed, an ounce a day to a 100-pound hog, and less or more according to size. This will, as a usual thing, put the animal on a fair way toward recovery.

Crack in Cow's Udder.

Mrs. L. S. W., Marion county, Ohio: Cancer is not indicated in the case of which you speak. Take of chloride of zinc, 1 dr; water, 1 pt; wash out the crack in your cow's udder with warm water and castile soap. This may be done with a feather or small mop made of soft muslin. Then apply the zinc and water with a feather, and if necessary the crack may be closed up with sticking plaster. If the crack is quite small the sticking plaster may not be necessary. Wash the part twice a day. Keep the cow's system in good condition. A bran mash two or three times a week would be a good thing if her bowels exhibit anything like constipation.

Chiggers.

J. M. B., Woodlawn, Missouri: The best way to get rid of chiggers in a hen-house is to take of carbolic acid 1 oz., water 1 gallon. Clean the house thoroughly, then sprinkle the floor and other parts with the above, stirring well as it is applied. Take a cloth, dip it in kerosene and wipe the perches all around, especially in under them. Whitewash the inside of the house, Put fresh lard on the heads of the fowls, and also a little under the wings. Do not put it on thickly. The chigger insect has become quite a nuisance in some localities. They do not hesitate to try their teeth on people as well as fowls.

Calf That Drules.

J. T. R., Ogallala, Nebraska: You do not say how old your calf is. From that which you write, we judge it to be not more than four months old. The indications are that the trouble is of croupy nature. As the calf does not thrive, we advise you to take of raw linseed oil three ounces; divide into two parts. Give one part in the morning and another in the evening. After this has operated, give the calf half a pint of lime water in which there is stirred a teaspoonful of turpentine, once a day for about four days. Lime water is made by quickly stirring four ounces of freshly burned lime in a gallon of water, letting it settle and pouring off the clear solution.

Cough in Cows.

C. M. B., Kentland, Ind.: Cows at times contract coughs when feeding in a low-lying place, such as you speak of, as decaying vegetable matter enters the nostrils and penetrates to the mucous membrane. We think the best thing you can do will be to give the following once a day for about a week in a pint of gruel or linseed tea: Powdered digitalis, ½ dr.; powdered ipecac, ½ dr.; nitrate of potash, 2 drs.; sulphur, 2 drs—the above for one dose. Rub her throat and breast with mustard stirred up in boiling water. If the edge of the bayou is low and swampy, it would be well for you to keep her away from it till she gets well.

How to Gather, Cure and Prepare Onions for Market.

O. R. H., Burlingame, Kansas: When the greenness is gone out of the tops of onions, it is time to harvest them. Take them up on a bright, clear day, and spread them in rows—but on top of each other. Turn them every day or two and in about a week they are ready for storage. Cut the tops off, and place them on shelves, slatted, to the depth of about eight inches. The slats, about an inch apart, admit necessary air. The shelves may be one above another. They may also be spread out on a floor, protected from heat by a covering of straw. When packed in barrels for shipment bore holes in the sides to admit air, and let the moisture escape. If onions get frozen, they should not be touched until the frost leaves them. They stand a moderate amount of cold.

Cough in Mare After Attack of Distemper.

F. B., Sparta, Ill.: Give the mare about 12 ozs. of raw linseed oil. After this give the following, which is the well known recipe of Mr. Finlay Dun: Fowler's solution of arsenic, 1 oz.; chlorate of potash, 1 oz.; extract of belladonna, 1 dr. Administer this much once every other day with water or gruel until four doses are taken. See that the mare's bowels always act freely. If at any time constipation manifests itself give bran mashes, and she will soon have natural passages. You should be careful to keep her out of draughts of air while heated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Alliance Again.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In your issue of August 1 "A. D.," of Labette county, Kan., takes "C. L. G.," of Rock Springs, Mo., vigorously to task for denouncing the Farmers' Alliance. In regard to the subject I will say, as far as can be learned, the Alliance is not a political institution at present, but has a decided tendency in that direction. Of course being an outsider I have no means of obtaining information concerning the intricate workings of the order, but judging from the conversation of prominent members, and from a speech made recently by the state organizer of Indiana, it seems plain that they eventually aim at a political solution of the problem. Now, it is the opinion of the writer that the proper mode of dealing with trusts and combinations is through legislation, the enactment of good and wholesome laws, and the strict enforcement of the same. But the Alliance takes an entirely different view of the matter. Their object seems to be to bring about a reduction in prices of all articles by an organized fight against the local dealer, by appointing a local agent to conduct the business for them, who will deal direct with the manufacturer and save the farmer from 50 to 100 per cent, which, according to their figuring, the local dealer puts in his own pockets. Now, the absurity of such a thing needs no comment. It was my pleasure, recently, to listen to a representation of the existing condition of things, made by a prominent member of the order, who was endeavoring to organize a lodge in my vicinity. Some of the statements were amusing, to say the least. I will give you a sample. In the course of his argument he made the statement that the local dealer made eighty per cent profit out of every dollar's worth of goods sold, especially groceries. Now some of you farmers, who have a head for mathematics, figure on that. Please take for instance a barrel of flour at $6 per barrel. The merchant makes $4 80 profit, leaving $1 20 for flour, barrel and freight. With wheat at 70 cents per bushel, it can at once be seen that the argument will not bear close investigation. What seems more strange, is the fact that farmers, men of good, sound judgment, apparently, will believe such stuff without investigating. I had never met one yet who could or would furnish anything to substantiate his arguments. They make the most extravagant assertions against the hardware dealer, and claim that the farmer has been getting himself in a worse condition gradually, since 1873, when the fact is, everything in the implement line is from one-third to one-half cheaper, and other articles in proportion. Taking it on the whole, it seems that the farmer is not so down-trodden and oppressed as some seem to think, and the Alliance movement is antagonistic to competition, and a fight in one sense of the word against the laboring man.—JOHN W. WOGUE, Bruceville, Ind.

Culture of Red Raspberry and Strawberry.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I want to answer the request of George W. Hess, Springville, N. Y., for information about the culture of the red raspberry and strawberry, as contained in THE BLADE. The Cuthbert is as good a red raspberry as you can get, all things considered. It is hardy, vigorous and productive. Set your plants in the spring if you have them; if not, in the fall. Plant not deeper than two inches, and be careful not to break the tender shoots or buds just above the root. The wood that grows this year will do the bearing next year, and as soon as fruit is gathered, should be cut off and burned. Allow from two to four plants to the hill, and nip off when 2½ feet high, to make them stocky and vigorous. Keep suckers cut down, but be careful not to dig too deep about the roots, or they will sucker abundantly, thus drawing strength from the parent stock. If set in the fall, mulch lightly during winter to prevent heaving. Cultivate clean. Set plants in rows five feet apart, three feet between hills. Clean the weeds out of your strawberries, and thin some of the old plants out if too thick. Mowing is not necessary, as the heavy foliage acts as a mulch during winter. Keep runners cut off next spring, unless you want plants. If so, loosen the soil so they can take root and next summer you can make a new bed from them and spade the old under.—J. K. POWELL, Pemberville, Ohio. [Mr. Powell shows the proper spirit in imparting information. It will not benefit Mr. Hess alone, but many others. If many other readers would take hold as he has, it would be greatly beneficial. This department has greatly increased in interest during the past year, on account of a number of farmers, stock raisers and fruit growers, aiding the editor by sending communications on various subjects. We hope to see a large increase in the number of writers for THE BLADE FARM. Let us hear from you.—ED.]

Quack Grass.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will any of the readers of THE BLADE be kind enough to tell me through the Farm Department how to destroy quack grass?—WILLIAM ANDERSON, Elwell, Mich.

Wire Fence.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I would say to J. H. M. that the wire will not break on trees. My father has a wire fence that has several trees for posts, It has been put up two years and is as sound as when put up. —FRANK BAIRD, Sparta, Ills.

To Get Rid of Warts.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—If any of THE BLADE readers wish to rid their hands of warts let them apply a strong solution of alum water several times a day.—H. N. W.

Good Crops.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Crops here are of the best, and big yield. New grain is coming into market freely, and though the price is rather low, sells readily, with an upward tendency. Immigration is quite heavy, and all new towns are doing well. All kinds of fruit is the best crop known for years.—A. B. RHODES, Lucas, Russell county, Kansas.

The New Cattle or Horn Fly.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture furnishes the following regarding the new cattle fly:

Many notes have appeared in the papers during last summer and the present summer concerning a new pest which is worrying cattle in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Northern Virginia. It is a small fly half the size of a house fly which settles in great numbers around the base of the horns and other portions of the body where it cannot be reached by either the tail or the head of the animal. It sucks a moderate amount of blood, reduces the condition of the cattle and lessens the yield of milk from one-third to one-half. This new pest has been investigated the present summer by the department of Agriculture through the acting entomologist, Mr. L. O. Howard, who has succeeded in tracing the entire life history of the pest. He finds that the fly lays its eggs usually at night, in freshly dropped cow-dung and that for the development from the egg through the maggot stage to the perfect fly again, a space of only twelve days is necessary. This rapidity of reproduction accounts for the wonderful numbers in which these flies appear, and it follows with reasonable certainty that the insect will pass the winter in the quiescent stage at the bottom of dungs dropped late in the fall (the approximate date to be determined later.) The preventive is obviously to lime the dung in the fall in places where the cattle preferably stand at night. At the present time the applications may be made to milch cows and valuable animals which will keep the flies away. The applications may be (1) fish-oil and pine tar, with a little sulphur added; (2) tobacco dust, when the skin is not broken; (3) tallow and a small amount of carbolic acid. The latter application will also have a healing effect where sores have formed.

State and Local Fairs for 1889.

The *Prairie Farmer* has a full list of all fairs to be held this fall. The following list is given for BLADE readers:

STATE FAIRS, EXPOSITIONS, ETC.

Alabama, Birmingham	Oct. 21-Nov. 2
Alabama, Eastern, Eufaula	Oct. 31-Nov. 6
Alabama, South, Greeneville	
American Dairy Show, Chicago	Nov. 12-21
American Fat Stock Show, Chicago	Nov. 12-21
American Poultry Show, Chicago	Nov. 12-21
American Institute, New York	Oct. 2-Nov. 30
American Horse Show, Chicago	Oct. 30-Nov. 9
Arizona, Phoenix	Oct. 16-19
Bay State, (Mass.), Boston	Oct. 7-12
Buffalo International, Buffalo, N. Y.	Sept. 3-13
California, Sacramento	Sept. 9-21
Canada Industral Ass'n, Toronto	Sept. 9-21
Central Canada Fair, Ottawa	Sept. 9-14
Colorado, Pueblo	Oct. 3-9
Connecticut, Meriden	Sept. 17-20
Dakota, North, Grand Forks	Sept. 17-21
Dakota, South, Aberdeen	Sept. 23-27
Delaware, Dover	Sept. 30-Oct. 5
Detroit Fair and Exposition, Detroit	Sept. 17-27
Florida International and Semi-tropical Ex., Ocala	Jan. 1-April 1, 1890.
Georgia, Macon	Oct. 23-Nov. 1
Great Central, Hamilton, Ont.	Sept. 23-27
Illinois, Peoria	Sept. 23-27
Indiana, Indianapolis	Sept. 23-28
Inter-State Fair, Elmira, N. Y.	Sept. 17-20
Inter-State Indus. Ex., Chicago	Sept. 4-Oct. 19
Iowa, DesMoines	Aug. 30-Sept. 6
J. S. L. A. Ass'n, Trenton, N. J.	Sept. 23-Oct. 4
Kansas, Topeka	Sept. 16-21
Kentucky, Lexington	Aug. 27-31
Louisiana, Shreveport	Oct. 8-14
Maine, Lewiston	Sept. 10-13
Maryland, Pimlico	Sept. 9-14
Massachusetts Horticultural, Boston	Sept. 17-20
Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, Cal	Aug. 27-Oct. 21
Michigan, Lansing	Sep. 9-13
Michigan, Western, Grand Rapids	Sept. 23-27
Minnesota, Hamline	Sept. 6-14
Minnesota, Southern, Rochester	Sept. 2-7
Missouri, Sedalia	Aug. 20-24
Montana Ag'l, Min'l & Mechan. Ass'n, Helena	Aug. 26-31
Nebraska, Lincoln	Sept. 6-13
Nevada, Reno	Sept. 30-Oct. 5
New England, Worcester, Mass.	Sept. 3-6
New Era Exposition, St. Joseph, Mo.	Sept. 3-Oct. 5
New Hampshire Grange, Tilton	Sept. 10-12
New Jersey, Waverly	Sept. 16-20
New Mexico, Albuquerque	Sept. 30-Oct 4
New York, Albany	Sept. 12-18
North Carolina, Raleigh	Oct. 14-21
North Pacific Indus. Ass'n, Portland, Ore.	Sept. 26 to Oct. 26
Ohio, Columbus	Sept. 2-6
Omaha, Omaha, Neb.	Sept. 2-6
Ontario Central Agricultural & L. S. Ass'n., Perry	Oct. 2-4
Ontario Provincial, London, Ont.	Sept. 9-14
Oregon, Salem	Sept. 16-21
Pennsylvania, Reading	Sept. 17-20
Pennsylvania, Western, Washington	Sept. 17-20
Piedmont Exposition, Alabama	Oct. 22-Nov. 10
Rhode Island, Providence	Sept. 23-27
St. Louis, St. Louis	Oct. 7-12
Sioux City Corn Palace	Sept. 23-Oct. 5
South Carolina, Columbia	Nov. 11-15
Southern Exposition, Montgomery, Ala.	Nov. 5-15
Tennessee, Nashville	Sept. 16-21
Texas International, San Antonio	Nov. 4-16
Texas State Fair & Dallas Exposition, Dallas	Oct. 15-27
Tri-State Fair, Toledo, O.	Sept. 9-13
Utah, Salt Lake City	Oct. 1-9
Vermont, Burlington	Sept. 3-6
Washington & Idaho Fair Ass'n., Spokane Falls	Sept. 24-28
West Virginia, Wheeling	Sept. 9-13
Wisconsin, Milwaukee	Sept. 16-20
Wisconsin Industrial, Racine	Sept. 3-16
Wyoming, Cheyenne	Sept. 17-20
New Hampshire, Manchester	Aug. 27-30

OHIO COUNTY FAIRS.

Allen, Lima	Sept. 10-13
Ashtabula, Jefferson	Sept. 24-27
Athens, Athens	Aug. 28-30
Auglaize, Wapakoneta	Oct. 1-4
Belmont, St. Clairsville	Sept. 3-5
Brown, Georgetown	Oct. 1-4
Butler, Hamilton	Oct. 7-11
Carroll, Carrollton	Sept. 1-4
Champaign, Urbana	Aug. 20-23
Clarke, Springfield	Aug. 27-30
Clermont, Owensville	Sept. 3-6
Clinton, Wilmington	Sept. 10-13
Coshocton, Coshocton	Oct. 8-11
Cugahoga, Chagrin Falls	Sept. 3-6
Defiance, Defiance	Sept. 3-6
Delaware, Delaware	Aug. 27-30
Erie, Sandusky	Sept. 17-20
Fairfield, Lancaster	Oct. 8-12
Fayette, Washington C. H.	Aug. 27-30
Fulton, Ottokee	Sept. 24-27
Greene, Xenia	Sept. 10-13
Guernsey, Washington	Sept. 24-27
Hamilton, Carthage	Aug. 20-24
Hancock, Findlay	Sept. 25-28
Hardin, Kenton	Sept. 10-13
Harrison, Cadiz	Oct. 1-3
Highland, Hillsboro	Aug. 6-9
Hocking, Logan	Oct. 2-5
Holes, Millersburg	Sept. 24-27
Huron, Norwalk	Sept. 10-13
Jefferson, Smithfield	Sept. 25-27
Lake, Painesville	Sept. 17-20
Lawrence, Ironton	Sept. 25-27
Licking, Newark	Oct. 1-4
Logan, Bellefontaine	Oct. 1-4
Lorain, Elyria	Sept. 24-27
Marion, Marion	Oct. 1-4
Mercer, Celina	Sept. 24-27
Miami, Troy	Sept. 30-Oct. 1-4
Monroe, Woodsfield	Sept. 3-5
Morgan, McConnelsville	Sept. 9-12
Morrow, Mt. Gilead	Oct. 1-4
Noble, Sarahsville	Sept. 25-27
Paulding, Paulding	Sept. 17-20
Perry, New Lexington	Sept. 11-13
Perry Co., Northern, Somerset	Oct. 15-17
Preble, Eaton	Sept. 2-6
Portage, Ravenna	Sept. 24-26
Putnam, Ottawa	Oct. 1-5
Richland, Mansfield	Aug. 27-30
Ross, Chillicothe	Aug. 13-16
Sandusky, Fremont	Oct. 1-5
Shelby, Sidney	Sept. 24-27
Summit, Akron	Oct. 1-4
Trumbull, Warren	Aug. 28-30
Tuscarawas, Canal Dover	Oct. 1-4
Union, Marysville	Sept. 24-27
Van Wert, Van Wert	Sept. 10-13
Washington, Marietta	Sept 18-20
Wayne, Wooster	Oct. 1-4
Wood, Bowling Green	Oct. 1-5
Wood, Tontogany	Sept. 24-28
Wyandot, Upper Sandusky	Sept. 17-20

INDIANA—COUNTY FAIRS.

Boone, Lebanon	Aug. 19-23
Clark, Charlestown	Sept. 2-6
Clinton, Frankfort	Aug. 26-30
Davies, Washington	Sept. 23-28
Dearborn, Lawrenceburg	Aug. 20-25
Decatur, Greensburg	Aug. 27-31
Dubois, Huntingburg	Sept. 16-21
Elkhart, Goshen	Sept. 24-27
Fulton, Rochester	Sept. 4-7
Gibson, Princeton	Sept. 9-14
Grant, Marion	Aug. 27-30
Green, Linton	Sept. 2-6
Hamilton, Noblesville	Aug. 26-30
Hancock, Greenfield	Aug. 20-23
Harrison, Corydon	Sept. 9-13
Huntington, Huntington	Sept. 17-21
Jackson, Brownstown	Sept. 23-27
Jay, Portland	Oct. 1-4
Jefferson, Wert Station	Sept. 3-5
Jennings, North Vernon	Aug. 6-10
Johnson, Franklin	Sept. 17-21
Knox, Vincennes	Sept. 30-Oct. 5
Lake, Crown Point	Oct. 1-4
Laporte, Laporte	Sept. 10-17
Lawrence, Bedford	Sept. 10-15
Madison, Anderson	Sept. 2-6
Monroe, Bloomington	Sept. 16-20
Montgomery, Crawfordsville	Sept. 9-13
Newton, Morocco	Sept. 10-14
Noble, Ligonier	Oct. 8-11
Owen, Spencer	Sept. 9-14
Parke, Rockville	Aug. 19-24
Perry, Rome	Sept. 30-Oct. 5
Pike, Petersburg	Sept. 2-6
Porter, Valparaiso	Sept. 24-27
Posey, New Harmony	Sept. 16-20
Randolph, Winchester	Sept. 3-6
Ripley, Osgood	Aug. 12-16
Rush, Rushville	Sept. 10-13
Shelby, Shelbyville	Sept. 3-7
Spencer, Rockport	Sept. 23-28
Spencer, Chrisney	Sept. 30-Oct. 5
Steuben, Angola	Sept. 24-27
Sullivan, Sullivan	Sept. 9-14
Tippecanoe, Lafayette	Sept. 2-6
Tipton, Tipton	Aug. 13-17
Vermillion, Eugene	Sept. 2-6
Vigo, Terre Haute	Aug. 26-30
Wabash, Wabash	Sept. 24-27
Warren, West Lebanon	Aug. 19-24
Warrick, Boonville	Oct. 7-12
Washington, Salem	Sept. 4-7

INDEPENDENT AND DISTRICT FAIRS.

Acton Fair association, Acton	Sept. 10-14
Arcadia District, Arcadia	Aug. 19-23
Bloomfield, Bloomfield	Sept. 16-21
Bridgeton Union, Bridgeton	Aug 5-11
Carmel District, Carmel	Aug. 21-23
Eastern Ind. Agr., Kendallville	Sept. 30-Oct. 4
Fairmount Union, Fairmount	Sept. 16-20
Fountain, Warren & Ver., Covington	Sept. 16-20
Francesville Agr., Francesville	Oct. 1-4
Henry, Madison & Del., Middletown	Aug. 6-9
Kentland Fair Ass'n, Kentland	Sept. 3-6
Knightstown District, Knightstown	Aug. 27-31
Lawrence District, Lawrence	Sept. 3-6
Loogootee District, Loogootee	Aug. 27-31
Miami & Fulton, Macy	Sept. 11-14
Montpelier Tri-county, Montpelier	Aug. 13-17
N. Carlisle & Far. U. Fair, New Carlisle	Sept. 4-6
New Ross Agr., New Ross	Aug. 12-16
Northeastern Indiana, Waterloo	Oct. 6-10
North Ind. & So. Mich., South Bend	Sept. 10-20
N. I. & S. M. Ex. Ass'n, Warsaw	Sept. 16-20
N. Manchester Tri-County, N. Manchester	Sept. 30-Oct. 3
North Salem A. & H., North Salem	Sept. 2-6
Orleans Agricultural, Orleans	Sept. 25-28
Poplar Grove, A. H. & M., Poplar Grove	Oct. 1-5
Remington Fair Ass'n, Remington	Aug. 27-30
Rush & Shelby, Manilla	Aug. 13-16
Switzerland & Ohio, East Enterprise	Sept. 10-13
Sheridan district, Sheridan	Sept. 1-7
Southern Ind. Dist., Mt. Vernon	Sept. 23-28
Urmeyville Agr., Urmeyville	Oct. 1-4
Vermillion Jt. Stk., Newport	Sept. 30-Oct. 5
Warren Tri-County, Warren	Sept. 3-7
Washington & Clark, Pekin	Sept. 17-20
Wayne, Henry & Ran., Dalton	Sept. 10-13
Xenia district, Xenia	Aug. 20-23

MICHIGAN—COUNTY FAIRS.

Bay, Bay City	Sept. 17-19
Barry, Hastings	Oct. 1-4
Branch, Coldwater	Sept. 23-27
Calhoun, Marshall	Oct. 1-5
Clare, Harrison	Sept. 24-27
Clinton, St. Johns	Oct. 1-5
Eaton, Charlotte	Oct. 1-4
Genesee, Flint	Oct. 1-4
Gladwin, Gladwin	Sept. 23-27
Grand Traverse, Traverse City	Sept. 17-20
Hillsdale, Hillsdale	Oct. 1-4
Ingham, Mason	Sept. 25-27
Isabella, Mt. Pleasant	Sept. 25-28
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo	Oct. 1-4
Kent, Grand Rapids	Sept. 23-27
Lapeer, Lapeer	Sept. 30-Oct. 2
Lenawee, Adrian	Sept. 23-27
Macomb, Mt. Clemens	Oct. 2-4
Mason, Ludington	Sept. 17-20
Mecosta, Big Rapids	Sept. 17-19
Midland, Midland	Oct. 1-3
Montcalm, Stanton	Sept. 3-6
Muskegon (Hort.) Muskegon	Sept. 18-20
Oakland, Pontiac	Oct. 1-4
Oceana, Hart	Oct. 1-4
Ogemaw, West Branch	Sept. 24-26
Otsego, Gaylord	Sept. 25-26
Ottawa and West Kent, Berlin	Oct. 1-4
Roscommon, Roscommon	Sept. 17-19
Saginaw, Saginaw	Sept. 23-27
Washtenaw, Ann Arbor	Sept. 24-27
Wayne, Detroit	Sept. 17-27

INDEPENDENT AND DISTRICT FAIRS.

Brighton Market, Brighton	Oct. 1-4
Cedar Springs, Cedar Springs	Sept. 17-20
Eatern Mich. Ag'l Soc'y, Ypsilanti	Sept. 24-27
Fenton Union, Fenton	Oct. 8-11
Hadley Dist., Hadley	Oct. 8-10
Ionia Dist., Ionia	Sept. 17-20
Morenci, Morenci	Sept. 17-20
Milford Union, Milford	Oct. 8-11
No. Mich. Ag'l and Indus. Soc. Cadillac	Oct 1-3
Northeastern Ag'l Soc., Saginaw	Sept. 23-27
Petersburg, Petersburg	Sept. 30-Oct 3
Southwestern Mich. Ag'l Soc., Three Rivers	Sept. 24-27
Stockbridge Union, Stockbridge	Oct. 1-3
Tuscola, Caro	Sept. 17-20
Union Ag'l Soc'y, Litchfield	Oct. 8-11
Western Mich. Ag'l Soc., Grand Rapids	Sept. 23-27

CATTLE PEST.

It Is a Little Fly, but It Gets There Just the Same.

Last summer a new pest was reported in cattle in New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Northern Virginia. The pest has again made its appearance this summer. It is a small fly, half the size of a house fly, which settles in great numbers around the base of the horns, and other portions of the body where it cannot be reached by either tail or head.

It sucks a moderate amount of blood, reduces the condition of the cattle and lessens the yield of milk by from one-third to one-half. This new pest has been investigated by the department of agriculture, through the acting entomologist, L. O. Howard, who has succeeded in tracing the entire life history of the pest. He thinks that the fly lays its eggs usually at night in freshly dropped cow dung, and that for the development from the egg through the maggot stage to the perfect fly again a space of only twelve days is necessary. He says this rapidity of reproduction accounts for the wonderful numbers in which these flies appear, and it follows with reasonable certainty that the insect will pass the winter in the quiescent stage at the bottom of the dungs dropped late in the fall (the approximate date to be determined later). The preventive is obviously to lime the dung in the fall in places where the cattle preferably stand at night. At the present time applications may be made to milch cows and valuable animals which will keep the flies away. The applications may be fish oil and pine tar, with a little sulphur added; tobacco dust, when the skin is not broken; tallow and a small amount of carbolic acid.

SUGAR TRUST.

The Story Revived from the Pacific Slope—A Gigantic Scheme.

Reports are in circulation at San Francisco, that the sugar trust has about completed negotiations with an English-German syndicate, to get the sugar markets of the world under one supreme control. The plan contemplates bonding for a short term all the principle plantations of Cuba, the Philippine Islands, Java, and Mauritius, which would place the main sources of the raw supply under the control of the syndicate.

The surplus stocks of un-refined beet sugars of Germany and France are to be accumulated in store for shipment to America at the proper time. The supply of raw cane sugar will be curtailed by at least 3-5. All surplus unrefined beet sugar will be shipped to America. This would create a deficiency in Germany, France and England, while the American supply would still be short. It is estimated that the sugar trust and the Anglo-German partners would at least pay 25 per cent upon a capital of $100,000,000, which according to the rumor will be necessary to accomplish this gigantic scheme.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, Aug. 10, says: The changes in the business world during the week, though but slight, have all been in the right direction. There is a little better movement of products, some improvement in crop prospects, particularly in cotton, and with more confidence and strength in the stock market, less chance of disturbing withdrawals of specie for Europe. In manufactures all changes are in the direction of improvement, and the reports from interior points indicate a volume of trade exceeding last year's, and on the whole steadily increasing.

Of all cities reporting this week, scarcely one notes dullness in trade, and though business is "rather inactive" at Kansas City, a better demand for money is seen. At Detroit, while general trade is fair, considerable building is in progress, and collections slow in some lines, are good in others. Omaha finds trade good, crops never better and collections fair; Milwaukee notes excellent crop prospects, except for corn, and business good; Chicago rejoices in assurance of abundant crops, and dealings in provisions exceed those of the same week last year, by 50 per cent., in wool by 25 per cent., and in live stock and hides by 10 per cent.

The coke strike has ended and removes apprehension of the closing of many iron works in the Pittsburg district. In pig iron the price has advanced about 50 cents, and manufactured iron is strong. The glass trade is good. The copper producers have agreed to continue present prices. Tin is weaker abroad, but the American demand is larger than ever, and lead is dull at $3.85.

In wool and woolens there is not much change. Sales have been light, and spinners still buy sparingly. The market for cotton goods is more satisfactory, but the market for raw cotton does not yield, though the new crop is now expected to be large, and from two to three weeks early.

In boots and shoes the severity of competition makes profits very narrow. Rubber is weak and declining.

With steady improvements in the reports from the Northwest, wheat has declined about ⅜c on sales of only 8,000,000 bushels here, and corn ½c on sales of 5,000,000 bushels.

Sugar is strictly nominal, with 6½c quoted as above any bid at present obtainable, and the narrative that an international syndicate is getting ready to buy Cuba from Spain and to control all sources of supply of raw sugar may be mentioned as indicating the difficulties which the trust and the Magdeburg syndicate begin to realize.

The stock market has been strong and advancing. A rational explanation is that railroads are doing a large fall business, and will be powerfully pressed to adjust differences, if only for a time. The average price of the more active stocks is about $1.60 per share higher than a week ago, and foreign realizing no longer appears.

The tendency of capital toward industrial combinations may naturally have been checked of late, and this would lessen the disposition to realize on good securities. During the week the treasury has taken in $1,000,000 more than it has paid out, but the merchandise exports from New York for the week were nearly 30 per cent above last year's with an increase of about 20 per cent in imports.

The business failures number 201 as compared with a total of 210 last week, and 216 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 233.

AUGUST CROP REPORT.

A Splendid Showing, Except Spring Wheat, In Cereals and Other Crops.

The August crop report of the department of agriculture makes the condition of corn 94.8; spring wheat, 81.2; spring rye, 95.4; oats, 92.3; barley, 90.6; buckwheat, 95.2; potatoes, 94.3; hay, 94.5; tobacco, 84.4.

Corn has made an improvement during the past month of 4½ points, and is now less than 1 point lower than at the same date last year.

The August return of condition has not reached more than one point higher during the last nine years, and the present return has been equaled but three times during that period. The improvement is quite generally distributed throughout the country, following favorable growing weather and sufficient rainfall. In a few states, especially along the Atlantic coast, it has been somewhat reduced from excess of rain and overflows, while in many other districts where improvement is noted, similar causes have prevented full cultivation and thus lowered what otherwise might have been nearly perfect condition.

In Ohio, Michigan and Indiana the results of early unfavorable meteorological conditions are being overcome and the corn prospect is rapidly improving. The drought which in portions of the northwest threatened the crops has been broken by seasonable rains and the present returns show high condition in that section.

The figures for the principal corn states are: Ohio and Indiana, 89; Illinois, 90; Iowa, 100; Missouri 99; Kansas, 102; Nebraska, 101; Texas, 99; Tennessee, 98; Kentucky, 97. The general average for the seven surplus states is 95 against 90 last month and 46 for 1878.

Spring wheat has suffered a further falling off during the month, the decline amounting to nearly three points. Condition is now nearly three points higher than in 1887 and one above that of 1886.

With these exceptions it is the lowest since the very small crop of 1881. Minnesota records some improvement since last report, but in Dakota there is a further decline from the same causes noted last month. Dakota is the largest spring wheat state, and the very low condition there reduces the general average. In the rest the spring wheat condition is generally good, perhaps above the average for a recent series of years.

Average in the principal states are: Wisconsin, 90; Minnesota, 93; Iowa, 94; Nebraska, 91; Dakota, 57; Washington, 75. The quality of the crop will be better than usual and especially in the extreme northwest.

Rye and barley each decline one point, the falling off being mainly in Nebraska and Dakota.

Condition of oats, while two points lower than reported last month, is higher than August of any year since 1885. In many sections the crop has suffered from heavy winds and rains about harvest time and the next report may show damage from this cause not yet appreciated.

Potatoes have maintained their high condition of a month ago, and now stand one point higher than at this date last year.

FOREIGN CROPS.

What Austria-Hungary Will Furnish For the World to Eat.

The following summary of the crop prospects of Austria-Hungary, has been forwarded to the State department by Consul General Goldschmidt, of Vienna: "Austria proper will have an average crop of about 50,000,000 bushels. Hungary, (at least 33 per cent below average) about 90,000,000 bushels, which will give the Austro-Hungarian monarchy 75 per cent of an average crop.

The official report for 1888 reads as follows: Austria proper, 60,000,000 bu; Hungary, 140,000,000 bu; Austria-Hungary, 200,000,000 bu., a decrease of 60,000,000 bu. this year. Last year's report—Estimated home consumption in Austria-Hungary is 166,000,000 bu. while the approximated yield in 1889 is from 140,000,000 to 150,000,000 bu., hence there will be little or no export of wheat from the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Last year's wheat in elevators and in farmers' hands is estimated at about 25,000,000 bu.

Roumania, which used to supply Austria with her inferior grade of wheat for home consumption while the latter country exported her own beautiful wheat has prohibited export to Austria, so that she must now necessarily consume her own product, which will leave, according to calculations very little or in fact nothing for export. As to other grains the prospects are no better.

Rye, barley and oats yield a weak, average crop; maize is very promising, while leguminous plants, potatoes and turnips are middling good. Apples, pears and plums poor. Wine alone is very promising, although the phyollexa for several years previous reduced the grape harvest of this country considerably and has shown up again this season. The vines present an unusually promising appearance, so that the largest expectations are entertained.

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PRESIDENT HARRISON.

His Safe Arrival in the City of Pork and Beans.

The steamer Pilgrim, with President Harrison, Secretaries Windom and Proctor on board, arrived at Fall River, Mass., on August 7. The distinguished passengers were not aroused at this hour, however, and it was 6 o'clock before they appeared in the saloon, when they were greeted in behalf of the commonwealth and welcomed to Massachusetts by Adjt.-Gen. Dalton.

Some little time was spent in formalities and after breakfast the party disembarked and stepped into the special parlor car. Shortly after 7 o'clock the train amid the cheers of the crowd that had assembled at the wharf pulled out of the depot en route for Boston. The train was the regular second boat train of the Old Colony railroad and was run on scheduled time.

President Harrison and party arrived at Boston at 9:03. As early as 8 o'clock crowds began to gather about the station, and when the train arrived the depot and adjacent streets were packed with humanity. At 8:30 Lieutenant-Governor Brackett and staff, with Mayor Hart, arrived at the station and made their way to the platform, accompanied by Lieut. Colman's Field U. S. engineer corps, who is detailed as a special aide to the President. Immediately on the arrival of the train Lieutenant-Governor Brackett boarded the special car and cordially greeted the President.

The party then left the train and moved along the platform, kept free from the crowd by a cordon of police, to the entrance at Kneeland street, where carriages were in waiting to convey the guests to the Hotel Vendome.

When the President appeared at the entrance, cheer after cheer went up from the crowd, which enthusiasm was continued during the entire route from the depot to the hotel. The President bowed his acknowledgements.

The party were escorted in five carriages by the first battalion of cavalry and a police detail. Many of the buildings and stores along the route were gay with flags, bunting and appropriate mottoes and the sidewalks, windows and streets were thronged with people anxious to get a view of the President.

President Harrison arose much refreshed at Boston, on August 8, and pleasantly received the early greetings of the members of his party and his hosts representing the state and city. At 7 o'clock state breakfast was served in the ebony room of the Vendome, the party in addition to the President being acting Governor Bracket, Adjt. Gen. Dalton, Secretary Windom, Secretary Proctor, Mayor Hart, Walker Blaine, Private Secretary Halford and Col. Mansfield.

Shortly after 8 o'clock twenty men, representing the lancers and half of the first battalion of cavalry, who had been chosen to act as out-riders on the way to the station, rode up. Carriages then drew up, and when the President made his appearance he was greeted with hearty cheers. He was accompanied in the first carriage by Lieutenant-Governor Brackett and Adjutant Dalton.

In the second carriage were Col. Mansfield, Surgeon General Holt and Lieut. Hall. In the third were Col. Wellington, Col. Sampson and Col. Rockwell. Then the out-riders moved in front, flank and rear, and the President left the environment of the Vendome. The streets on the route were thronged with people who cheered the chief executive as he passed, while he pleasantly bowed right and left. The march consumed about thirty minutes.

A crowd of several thousand persons were in waiting at the station and received the President with noisy demonstrations of welcome, which continued as he was escorted through the station to the train. The President lingered a moment on the car platform, but politely ignored the calls for a speech. As the train moved out of the depot amid the boom of cannon and cheers of the crowd, the President appeared on the platform and bowed his farewell until the train disappeared.

At the Know-Nothing crossing just outside the city crowds of people lined the tracks, cheering the President, who, standing hat in hand on the platform of his car, bowed his acknowledgments. The crossing passed, the President entered his car, and substituting a soft traveling hat for his silk one, lounged in his chair, took up a newspaper, and made himself comfortable, but spared time to meet many members of his traveling party, and to say pleasant words to all.

The first great demonstration after the departure from Boston was made at South Lawrence, where the train stopped. There an enormous crowd around the depot cheered as the train stopped; guns thundered a salute; flags waved and the band played lively airs. The people covered the platform and were perched upon all possible places which promised a view.

The President went to the rear of his car as it entered the depot and shook the hands of the hundreds of people in waiting behind the train. Gov. Godell, of New Hampshire, and staff joined the train at this point.

When the police had made a clearing the space of a foot or two, Mayor Mack occupied it and formally welcomed the President to Lawrence, extending cordial greating and introducing him to the people.

The President bowed his response. Again the crowd cheered and with cries of "Long live the President," cheers for him and his cabinet, music by the band and hurrahs by the people, the train moved off. Among the gentlemen who boarded the train at this point, in addition to Governor Goodell and staff, were Senator Blair, Congressmen Hute and Moore, Secretary of State Thomson and Gen. John Eaton.

The next stop was at Haverhill where a big arch of welcome was erected and a large crowd packed the depot and adjacent streets. As the train rolled into the depot, the band played, cannon boomed and the people hurrahed and made a noisy time generally.

As the train stopped the crowd closed in behind it, and Mr. Allen Ordway, clutching the side of the car and standing on a step, handed to the President, who had gone to the rear of the train, a handsome basket of flowers in behalf of the Brother Jonathan club of Republican voters, and made a short speech of presentation.

The President bowed and the crowd cheered. "Please convey to your associates my sincere thanks for their courtesy. It is a very pleasant gift," said the President. Great cheering followed.

As the train moved off the President stood on the platform with his hat off and remained there until the people were out of sight.

Governor Brackett, of Massachusetts, and staff left the train at this point, and when the state line was crossed Governor Goodell, of New Hampshire, and staff became the official escort.

President Harrison walked to the platform of his car as Exeter was sighted. A crowd was gathered in the depot, and there was much cheering. The President, standing in full view of the crowd, with head bared, shook hands with men, women and children who clambered up the steps.

It was a great crowd and there was much pushing and hustling in the effort to take the President's hand. The President went into the car again for the 10 minutes wait, but emerged again before the train started and the crowd broke into cheering again, keeping it up until the train passed out of sight.

SUNDAY AT BAR HARBOR.

The President Listens to a Sermon by Bishop Doane.

President Harrison went to church at North East Harbor Sunday in company with Secretary and Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Harriet Blaine, Walker Blaine and Private Secretary Halford. The service was held in the Episcopal Chapel of St. Mary's by the Sea, a quaint little building about twelve miles from Bar Harbor, with accommodation for 300 or 400.

The church was crowded, and chairs were placed in the porch. Bishop Doane, of Albany, who has a summer residence at that resort, preached the sermon, which was based upon the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt, and in which no mention of politics or direct allusion to the guest of the day was made. After he had begun the Presidential party arrived, and were admitted by a side door, occupying two pews which had been reserved directly in front of the pulpit.

When the service was over the President walked down the center aisle chatting with any one who chose to speak. As he stood on the green in front of the chapel with 400 to 500 people surrounding him he responded to personal greetings by nearly all of them. He lunched at the residence of Mrs. Gardner, daughter of Bishop Doane.

In the afternoon the party drove back to Stanwood by the ocean drive, stopping at Mr. Palmer's cottage for tea, where they met Secretary Tracy, Mrs. Wilmerding, his daughter, Lieutenant and Mrs. Mason and Cowles. The parties from the Dispatch, and these officials and ladies, together with Congressman and Mrs. Boutelle and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Pendleton were among the diners at Mr. Blaine's cottage later in the day.

SIOUX LANDS.

Young-Man-Proud-of-His-Tail Talks on Their Resources.

When Governor Foster arrived at Toledo, he said to a reporter: "There has been a misapprehension as to the number of acres to be opened to the public. The latest information shows that it is 9,000,000 acres instead of 11,000,000, the latter figure being those estimated by the commission last year."

"Are the lands to be offered for sale the garden of the earth that they have been represented to be?" Governor Foster was asked.

"There are some good grazing lands and some good farming lands. Of the whole, I think the best are the grazing lands. It is a good place for raising cattle and sheep, but the latter business would have to be on a large scale."

"How much of the lands can be used for agricultural products?"

"I do not care to say much on that point. I am an agent of the government. The lands will be for sale, and it would not be proper for me to run them down."

"But you would not, by being silent, desire the people to think that you sanctioned any unreliable statements, if such have been made?"

"Well, my impression is that they are not worth much for agricultural purposes. Perhaps one-third of the whole cannot be used for grazing and agriculture, being arid ground, and of the two-thirds remaining the greatest part would be best for grazing.

"The climatic conditions will have to change before agriculture could be a success. For instance, during July the thermometer ran up to 110 deg., and the hot wave scorched everything and blasted the crops. The rainfall is not steady enough and irrigation is necessary. The Missouri river could be used for this—the stream is about three-fourths of a mile wide and can be used for little else. But they can raise fine vegetables out there. For grazing, though, there can be nothing said against the country. The grass is cured standing, and cattle live through the winter by eating the nutritious dried grass in the snow fields. I am thoroughly convinced that the Indians are capable of rapid advancement and that the next generation will show that the old customs of the Indians have passed away."

IOWA RAILROADS.

Governor Larrabee Poking Them Up With a Sharp Stick.

Governor Larrabee, of Iowa, has addressed a letter to the railroad commissioners, asking them to obtain and incorporate in their annual report, information from every railroad doing business in the state as to the following points:

First—The names of all persons who were stockholders June 30, 1889; their place of residence and amount of stock owned by each.

Second—The salary paid to general officers.

Third—The average daily wages paid to employes as station agents, conductors, brakemen, etc.

Fourth—The names of regular attorneys in this state, the salary and other compensation of each; also the names of all other attorneys in the state retained by the road during the last year and the retaining fee per diem, or other compensation or emolument received by each.

Fifth—The number and total mileage of so-called 1,000 and 2,000 mileage tickets issued to persons in this state for other than cash compensation; also, whether the cash value of all mileage tickets is included in its report of gross receipts.

The governor says: "There is reason to believe that it is the practice of some companies not to include the value of such mileage in their reports of total earnings upon which the classification of railroads for the purpose of regulating their tariff is based." The governor in conclusion tells the commissioners that if any roads refuse to give the desired information to report them to him.

A BIG COMBINE.

The Table Glassware Manufacturers Form a Trust.

One of the most gigantic combinations the industrial world of this country has ever seen is being perfected. It is the incorporation of the table glassware manufacturers of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia into an immense trust. The headquarters will be in Pittsburg and the table glass works of the three states will be under one management and control.

The matter has been under consideration for some time, crystallizing, not rapidly, but surely. Unforeseen obstacles arose, and the work of making the combination was one of extreme difficulty. Details are now in perfect shape and the combination is assured.

The economy secured by having one company controlling such an enormous product under a single management, will alone secure a handsome profit, aside from the protection it will afford against inevitable loss from over-production, rate cutting, etc.

The corporation to be formed proposes to purchase the various plants at their appraised value, allowing a liberal compensation for good will and established trade. All factories, large and small, go into this company on equitable basis.

Pearls Found in Wisconsin.

Great excitement prevails at Albany, Wisconsin, on the Sugar river, over the finding of pearls. They are found in clam shells, between the membrane and shell, and are of all sizes, from a pin's head to a large sized pea and of all shades. Some have been sold for as high as $75, and $100 has been refused for others. A shipment estimated to be worth $1,500 was made to Chicago last Monday. The excitement is so great that men, women and children are dragging the river in search of clams.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

NEW SHIPS FOR THE NAVY.

Condition of Vessels in Progress of Construction—Late Appropriations.

A statement has been prepared by Commodore T. N. Wilson, chief of the bureau of construction and repair, for the use of Secretary Tracy, showing the condition of vessels of the navy in progress of construction at the time the new administration entered upon its duties March 4 last. Under the act of March 3, 1885, $1,895,000 was appropriated for the construction of two cruisers and two gunboats. The Newark, cruiser No. 1, and Yorktown, gunboat No. 1, were contracted for with W. Cramp & Son, of Philadelphia, at the prices of $1,248,000 and $455,000 respectively. The former is not to be completed until October 27 next.

The Yorktown was on Aug. 9 placed on the dock in New York to be cleaned and painted for her turning trials at Newport. The Charleston, cruiser No. 2, was built by the Union Iron works, San Francisco, under a contract for $1,017,500. She has had one trial trip. The Petrel, gunboat No. 2, was built by the Columbian Iron works, Baltimore—price $245,000—and will soon undergo a third trial trip.

By the act of August 3, 1886, $2,500,000 was appropriated, and the bureau prepared plans for nine vessels. Contracts for these were les as follows: Baltimore, cruiser No. 3, W. Cramp & Son, $1,325,000, will be completed about November. Vesuvius, dynamite cruiser, Dynamite company, New York, $350,000; its steam trial was satisfactory. Torpedo boat, Herreshoff company, Bristol, R. I., $82,700; in process of construction.

The following vessels are being built at the navy yards named: Maine, armored cruiser, New York; Texas, armored battle ship, and Amphitrite, monitor, Norfolk. The latter's engines were put in by the Harlan & Hollingsworth company, of Wilmington, Del. Monadnock, monitor, Mare Island, Cal.; Terror, monitor, New York. She will be sent to the Boston yard to receive pneumatic gear. The Puritan, monitor, will also be constructed at Norfolk.

Under the act of March 3, 1887, the following contracts were made: Philadelphia, cruiser No. 4, W. Cramp & Sons, $1,350,000, to be completed in October next; San Francisco, Union Iron Works, $1,428,000, also to be completed in October; Concord and Bennington, gunboats Nos. 3 and 4, N. F. Palmer, jr. & Co., New York, $550,000 each, to be completed this month.

Work on them, however, is reported progressing slowly. The Miantonomoh, monitor, is being built at the New York navy yard, and is nearly completed. The construction of the coast and harbor defense vessel has been awarded to the Union iron works, of San Francisco, at a contract price of $1,628,950, and it is to be completed in three years. No name has yet been selected for this vessel.

The sum of $3,760,000 was appropriated September 7, 1888, for one armored cruiser of 7,500 tons, one protected cruiser of 5,300 tons, two protected cruisers of 3,000 tons each, and three protected cruisers of 2,000 tons each, also a practice ship for the naval school, the latter to cost $260,000. Plans for the 2,000 and 3,000 ton vessels are complete, and bids will be opened on the 22d instant for their construction.

The 2,000 ton vessels are limited to a cost of $700,000 each and the 3,000 ton vessels to cost $1,100,000 each. The total of these figures more than exhausts the amount of the appropriation—$3,500,000. The limit of cost fixed by the bureau of the 5,300 ton vessel is $1,800,000, and of the 7,500 tonner $3,500,000. The practice cruiser authorized by this act will be about 800 tons, armored, and carrying a battery of rapid firing guns. Plans for this vessel are well under way, and will soon be completed.

The bureau of construction and repair, the commodore states, is at work on plans for the vessels authorized by the act of March 2, 1889, which appropriated $4,055,000 for construction purposes, besides $140,000 for four steam tugs. Bids for these tugs have just been opened, but the contracts are not let. The principal vessel provided for in this last act is the armored submerged cruising monitor known as the Thomas ship, its general design having been suggested by ex-Congressman Thomas, of Illinois. Plans for it are nearly completed, and it is estimated to cost $1,500,000. Two steel cruisers or gunboats, estimated to cost $350,000 each, will be 1,200 tons each, carrying batteries of rapid fire guns. Plans for these are well under way. There were also provided for in the act of 1889 a harbor ram of the plan designed by Admiral Ammen and a dynamite cruiser of the Vesuvius type.

Nothing has yet been done towards the construction of these vessels. The cruiser is estimated to cost $350,000, but no estimate is made upon the ram. The original four ships of the new navy constructed under acts passed prior to March, 1885, and in accordance to the requirements of the naval boards of 1881, are the Atlanta, Boston, Chicago and Dolphin.

NOBLE FOR JUDGE.

Will He be Made Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

A Washington special to the New York *World* says: "The questionof filling the vacancy in the Supreme court, created by the death of the late Justice Matthews, has been settled. Secretary Noble is the successful man.

"As soon as Congress meets, Mr. Noble, secretary of the Interior, will be nominated as associate justice of the Supreme court, and although many Republicans have already expressed the opinion that he should never have been in the Cabinet, the President is pretty well assured that the Senate will confirm his nomination to the Supreme court.

"Before that time, however, Tanner will be unloaded from the pension office just as Land Commissioner Sparks was dispensed with before Secretary Lamar was transferred from the Interior department to the Supreme bench. Noble, as secretary of the Interior, will be succeeded by Clarkson, the present first assistant Postmaster General. The *World* correspondent has the very best authority for these statements.

"President Harrison hopes to install his friend Attorney General Miller on the Supreme bench later. He hopes that during his presidential term Justices Miller, Bradley and Field will retire, as they are qualified to do so, and that he may then have things fixed so as to put Mr. Miller into one of these holes."

AMERICA IS SLOW.

New Yorkers Point Out Why Europe Gets the South American Trade.

Secretary Blaine wrote to the New York Board of Trade and Transportation some time ago, asking suggestions with regard to the international American congress to be held in Washington on October 20, next. A committee was then appointed to draw out a report, and on August 8, a special meeting was called to take action upon it.

The committee reflected upon the poor showing the United States makes in importation in comparison with other countries. The Argentine Republic imports over $1,000,000 worth per year, said the committee's report, and of this the United States sends but 7¾ per cent. Of the $105,000,000 worth imported by Brazil the United States sends but 8 per cent. The imports of South and Central America are over $450,000,000, and of this the United States sells 11 per cent or $50,000,000.

The United States should claim at least 50 per cent of these, the committee think. Neither do they see any reason why American merchants should send their goods to Brazil via Liverpool, Hamburg, or Havre. They want direct, rapid, and prompt transportation to Central and South America.

The report was adopted and a committee appointed to forward any additions to Mr. Blaine. Another committee was appointed to take part in organizing the world's fair.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made by President Harrison.

President Harrison made the following appointments on Aug. 10:

SAMUEL F. PHILLIPS, of North Carolina, commissioner on the part of the United States under the Venzuelan and United States treaty concerning the adjustment of claims.

CHARLES G. POPE, of Missouri, counsel at Toronto.

RICHARD G. LAY, of the District of Columbia, consul-general at Ottawa.

John Will Have Trouble.

Acting Secretary Batchellor has informed a correspondent that a Chinese student in Germany desiring to come to the United States, for the first time, will not be permitted to land except upon the production of a certificate from the Chinese government or its representative at the port of departure countersigned by a United States consular officer. In case, however, he is a naturalized citizen of Germany he will have to produce a certificate from that government.

TEXAS FEVER.

A New Order From Secretary Rusk on the Subject.

Secretary Rusk has found it necessary to supplement his circular letter of last July, prescribing regulations and rules for disinfection in the transportation of cattle from the Texas fever district, with an additional order, issued on August 13, referring particularly to the special precautions necessary to prevent any possibility of the infection of cattle selected for export.

The additional order was issued to managers and agents of railroad transportation companies of the United States, suppplemental to that of July, in regard to cleaning and disinfecting cars and pens which have been occupied by cattle liable to splenetic fever. The secretary, in his communication, desires to impress upon the railroad companies the importance of taking special precautions to prevent the infection of cattle which have been selected for exportation.

The number of cattle shipped to Europe, the secretary says, has rapidly increased, and the trade is probably more promising than ever before This relieves our markets, he continues, gives new vigor to the cattle industry, and proportionally increases the business of transportation companies. The secretary then says:

"It is, feared by shippers that some of these export cattle may become infected by cars which had carried South cattle before the regulations of July went into effect. A single shipment of animals thus affected might lead other countries to prohibit the entrance of our cattle and consequently ruin this trade, which is now of so much importance to the country.

"Not desiring at present to make a regulation requiring that all stock cars shall be cleaned and disinfected before cattle are loaded into them, I would earnestly request the managers of all transportatioa companies doing business between the interior and the seaboard, to make provision whereby all cars in which cattle for export are to be transported, shall be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected previous to loading, in accordance with the instructions contained in my order of July 3."

Arrangements have been made at New York by which one yard, accessible to all railroad companies, has been set apart exclusively for export cattle. In conclusion, the secretary says he understands that one of the trunk lines between Chicago and New York has already instructed its agents to furnish disinfected cars for the transportation of export cattle, and hopes that the other lines will follow suit.

THE TANNER INVESTIGATION.

The Commissioner's Conduct Shown to be Proper.

The investigation of the affairs of the pension office, while not yet completed, is disclosing just such a state of affairs as I predicted a week ago, and Commissioner Tanner will be exonerated of any wrong doing. The charges of having favored one or two claim agents by rushing their cases through has been effectually disproved by the list of cases made "special" since he took charge of the office, showing that something over three hundred attorneys have been interested in these claims. In over three hundred cases there was no attorney, so in these there could be no allegation of favoritism. As I have already said, Commissioner Tanner has himself had no thought of doing anything more than to expedite the business of his office and to follow out the practice that had obtained there. If he has made mistakes in ordering cases marked "special" it has been because he has been imposed upon by those subordinates who have either sought to make themselves solid with him by following what they believed to be his generous policy, or who have deliberately thrust cases forward upon him for the purpose of getting him into difficulty. There are those there who would do that, and it is understood that they will soon be removed.

Must Pay Full Duty.

The Treasury department has received a letter from a merchant of St. Paul, Minn., asking that the department's decision of May 27 last, in regard to the duty on so-called worsted cloth be not enforced against certain purchases made by him. He explained that the goods in question arrived in this country and were sold by him, prior to their arrival, at prices based upon the former practice of classifying these goods under T. I. 363. Secretary Windom denied his request on the ground that he does not feel authorized to exempt any importations from the exaction of the duty applicable under the law.

FOREIGN.

REVOLT IN HAWAII.

An Unsuccessful Attempt to Overthrow Kalakaua.

The steamer Alameda brings news of a daring, although futile, insurrection that broke out in Honolulu Tuesday, July 30. Two half-breed Hawaiians named Robert W. Wilcox and Robert Boyd, who had been sent at government expense to be educated at an Italian military school, had been plotting insurrection for some time, but rumors that were current were little heeded until the movement culminated in an armed band of about 130 natives marching from Palama to Honolulu, two miles, and securing an entrance to the palace grounds in Honolulu.

All was quiet during the night, although in some of the native houses lights were seen burning at midnight.

About 1 a. m. an unusual number of natives and Chinamen were seen in the streets, as if something very uncommon was about to happen. But while people went to bed as usual, the rebel rioters formed at Palama, and about 3 a. m. Tuesday marched from that suburb to the city, arriving at the Mauka gate of the palace at 4 a. m.

They knocked at this gate and demanded admittance. When, after some parleying, they entered the grounds unopposed, the Palama rioters were joined by other squads from the street and other localities, and at one time the rebels in the palace grounds must have numbered about 250. The King was absent from the palace at the time the alarm was given. The royal party was notified and hastened to the King's boat house, where they remained during the day, guarded by the household troop.

Meanwhile the rebels summoned Lieut. Parker to surrender the palace, but that officer refused to surrender. The general alarm was spread throughout the city, and the Honolulu Rifles were immediately ordered to report to their armories.

There was a great deal of excitement, especially among the Portuguese and Chinese. A number of families fled to the top of the hill, and a few ladies took refuge at the American legation, where a corps of marines from the United States steamer, Adams, was stationed.

A cabinet council was held, and with the three ministers present, were convened the American, British, French and Portuguese commissioners, also Capt. Woodward of the United States steamship Adams. The cabinet decided to demand the surrender of Wilcox. S. M. Damon was appointed to carry out the demand, but his mission proved to be unsuccessful. Several shots had now been exchanged on both sides.

By 11 a. m. the rioters had all taken shelter in a house termed the "Bungalow," situated in the palace grounds, while the Honolulu rifles had secured a splendid position, commanding this. Shots were fired from both sides at intervals. Finally a corps of government volunteers began hurling giant powder bombs at the bungalow.

About this time, 30 or more rioters surrendered, one of whom had been fatally shot. Early in the skirmish, Robert Boys, chief lieutenant of Mr. Wilcox, was severely wounded in two places. It is stated that Wilcox shot two of his men whom he noticed were about to desert. While this bombardment against the bungalow lasted, sharpshooters from the opera house kept up a steady and furious fusilade, until finally after hours of bombardment, the rioters rushed from the building waving a white sheet upon a pole and shouting "Peace," "Surrender." The gates were thrown open and a force of volunteers entered and took the whole of the rioters prisoners. The firing ceased about 7 p. m., and Wilcox was marched to the station house at 7:15 p. m., his comrade prisoners arriving at the lockup a few minutes later.

Among those opposed to the rioters the only serious casualty was a wound in the shoulder, received by Lieut. Parker, and it is supposed it was from a shot fired by Wilcox.

On the side of the rioters there were seven natives killed and twelve wounded, several seriously.

An armed patrol was organized to watch the city during the fight, and afterwards was composed of Honolulu rifles, Blue Jackets and marines from the United States steamship Adams, and citizen volunteers as special constables, besides the whole police force.

There were, however, no attempts at incendiarism. There were several plans said to have been formed by Wilcox in the rash riot that he made. One report was to the effect that he intended to secure the person of King Kalakaua, compel him to abdicate in favor of his sister Princess Lydia Kamakeha Lilinokalani, heir apparent, and demand a new constitution and a new cabinet.

Honolula papers state this was probably the plan proposed either in whole or in a modified form, but matters were kept so very secret that the exact reasons are yet unknown.

THE MAYBRICK CASE.

The Verdict is Guilty—The Prisoner's Statement.

The jury in the case of Mrs. Maybrick, who has been on trial at Liverpool, for the murder of her husband, brought in a verdict of guilty Aug. 7. Mrs. Maybrick was thereupon sentenced to death.

Judge Stephen, in his charge to the jury said there was strong and distressing evidence to show that the prisoner had a motive for ridding herself of her husband. This could be found in her infidelity, which had rendered it necessary for her to enter into the inextricable complications of lying.

He also called particular attention to the phrase "he is sick unto death," contained in her letter to Bryerly. This was terribly important in view of the fact that on the day the letter was written the doctors fully expected that Mr. Maybrick would recover.

It showed there was reason for believing that the prisoner was desirous of being rid of her husband, in order that she might live with her paramour. The judge put the question to the jury whether it was reasonable to believe that a loving wife would yield to her husband's suggestion and put an unknown powder in his food.

The Date of Mrs. Maybrick's Execution Fixed by the Court.

Monday, August 26, has been fixed upon as the day for the execution of Mrs. Maybrick, who was last week convicted of poisoning her husband.

Mrs. Maybrick had another long interview with her mother, who was permitted to remain in her cell for several hours. The condemned woman is much better now than she has been at any time since the death sentence was pronounced. She has been assured by all who have access to her that everything possible is being done to save her from the terrible fate which stares her in the face, and she has, in a great measure, recovered her spirits, and now looks more hopefully into the future. The petitions to the Home secretary in her behalf are assuming immense proportions, hundreds of people in different parts of England having interested themselves to secure signatures. Petitions were circulated in all the dissenting churches in Liverpool yesterday, ministers taking pains to explain to their congregations that the statements that the expenses of the defense had been borne by Brierly, the unfortunate woman's paramour, were untrue.

THE HAYTIAN WAR.

The Two Factions Still Pounding Away at Each Other.

Purser Squire, of the steamer Alvo, of the Atlas line, which arrived from Hayti on August 8, brings Haytian news. The Alvo left St. Marc July 26, and arrived at Port au Prince at 6 p. m. the same day. When the steamer came to anchor the noise of Hippolyte's cannon could be distinctly heard firing at the town.

The attacking force was at the west of the place, about two miles away. With the aid of a powerful glass Purser Squire and the officers distinctly saw Hippolyte on the seacoast.

The United States man-of-war Ossipee lay in the harbor of Port au Prince and near her was anchored an English and a Spanish man-of-war. A tug boat named the Panama, formerly owned in the United States, and of about 120 tons burden, was there too. She carried a few heavy guns and was in Legitime's service. During the afternoon of the 26th of July, the Panama was ordered around to where she could attack Hippolyte's boats, boarding the party on the right flank. As soon as the little tug got within firing distance, she began to blaze away.

She kept it up until darkness set in. The bombarding by Hippolyte's forces was kept up all night. The Alvo left next morning. Legitime had lost many men during the fiercest of the fight.

Hippolyte's losses can be reckoned by the hundreds, it is said. The gattling guns used by Hippolyte worked sad havoc with the outskirts of Port Au Prince.

To Reciprocate.

It is officially announced that Emperor William when departing from Osborne, expressed to the queen his utmost pleasure with his reception in England. He also expressed the hope that the queen, responding to his strong desire, would return his visit by coming to Berlin.

THE NEW STATES.

WASHINGTON.

The New Constitution Gradually Being Built.

The convention has finally disposed of the section establishing a railroad commission. After a bitter fight, the convention concluded by a vote of 47 to 23 to reject the section and leave it out of the constitution. The railroads in Washington territory are now free of any special control.

The committee on public buildings reported on the location of the state capitol to-day, the question to be voted upon at the same time the constitution is submitted. If no city gets a majority of all the votes cast the question will be submitted at the next general election, but only the the three cities getting the largest vote at the first election will be allowed to be candidates a second time.

If again no majority is received, the question will be submitted at a third general election, only two cities being candidates this time. Once located, the capital can only be changed by a two-thirds vote of the people. A section was added to the bill of rights, granting the right to take land for use for irrigating ditches.

The convention, on August 8, passed the article providing that amendment to the constitution must be agreed to by two-thirds of the legislature and a majority of the people to become a law. An all-day debate took place over the clause to exempt church property from taxation and the matter was finally left to the legislature. The committee on education reported that the entire revenue of the school fund shall be applied to the support of the schools. These funds to consist of appropriations and donations by the state of private individuals; of the proceeds of estates reverting to the state by escheat or for future; the proceeds of all property granted for no specific purpose; of funds accumulated in the state treasury not otherwise appropriated, or for the disbursement of which no provision has been made; or money received from the sale of school lands, and of 5 per cent of the proceeds of the sale of public lands lying within the state, which shall be sold as provided in section 13 of the enabling act, after the state is admitted.

The report of the committee on Public Buildings was taken up and passed on August 9. It provides that the question of locating the capital shall be submitted to the people at the same time as the constitution; that if no city has a majority of all the votes cast the three highest cities shall try again at the next general election, and if there is still no majority a third election shall settle the question between the two leading cities. Meantime the capital remains at Olympia.

The committee on civil rights reported. Only fully naturalized citizens and natives can vote. Residence in the state of one year, in the county of three months, and in the precinct of thirty days, is required.

Women suffrage at school elections is allowed and the question is left to the legislature except that at the November election in 1890 it shall be submitted to the people.

The convention, on Aug. 10, finally adopted the legislative report with few amendments. Aliens are forbidden to hold lands unless acquired by inheritance or mortgage. They can, howeverer, own mines or mineral, coal or fire clay lands. The penalty against legislative bribery clause was adopted. All special legislation is forbidden. The employment of children under 14 years in mines is forbidden. Griffiths introduced a special section to the legislative articles, which created amusement.

It passed in the committee of the whole, though it was subsequently defeated in the convention. It stated that each and every one of the members of the convention are hereby declared to be disqualified from holding any office created in the state the salary of which is fixed by the constitution, for the period of one year after the adoption of this article by the convention.

The appointment committee has presented its report but there is great opposition to it already manifested.

August 13 was spent in a fight over woman suffrage, which has been kept out of the constitution, and will not be submitted to the people until next year. When the convention assembled, Mr. Eldridge moved to strike out the word "male" from the first section of the article of an elective right, prescribing who shall have the right of suffrage. Under a suspension of the ten-minute rule, he was allowed to talk for an hour and a half, though it must be said he did not hold the attention of his hearers for more than ten minutes. More than half of the convention went out in twos and threes.

An effort was made to deprive women of the right to vote at school elections, but it was defeated by a vote of 22 ayes to 23 noes.

IDAHO.

The Convention Has Concluded its Work and Gone Home.

The constitutional convention closed on August 7. The constitution is properly signed and ready for presentation to Congress after the ratification election on November 5. The members go home pledged to its support, with the exception of one, named Refley, who refused to sign because the document recognized the Almighty God. He refused to receive pay for his labors. The convention sends greeting to other constitutional conventions, saying Idaho has joined in a constitution abolishing bigamy and polygamy, and separating church and state.

During the session most of the members neglected their business, working here for the general good of the public without hope of pecuniary reward. Few better or more capable assemblies have been seen.

MONTANA.

Her Convention Working Steadily and Successfully.

In the convention on August 7, the article on revenue and taxation was made the special order. Section 4, relating to taxation of irrigation canals, was defeated. The question of the present county officers holding out for full term for which elected, came up for discussion and was referred to the committee on ordinance.

Proposition 31, on corporations, was taken up next. Toole offered an amendment making stockholders liable for debts in corporations in proportion to the percentage of stock they owned. Robinson offered to amend, exonerating stockholders on payment of par value of stock.

The convention on August 8 took up the question of the temporary location of the capital. The galleries and lobbies were filled to suffocation. Motions were made to strike out the clause locating the capital, which failed completely. Speech making then began in earnest. The forenoon was devoted to antagonizing Helena. The afternoon was occupied with voting for various cities in committee of the whole. Butte was defeated by a vote of 28 to 37. Anaconda was also defeated. Bozeman received a vote of 36 yeas and 21 noes. The section was then amended to read "at Bozeman," and the committee rose and recommended its adoption. Amendments were made naming every town in Montana and a recess was had.

The deadlock in the convention over the capital questions continued on August 9. It was apparent that the opposition to Helena from the west side delegations is in earnest. "Anything to beat Helena," is their general cry. The following towns were voted on for the capital, and defeated: Anaconda, Great Falls and Billings. Bozeman won on the last ballot of the morning—36 to 31—and a recess was taken until 2 o'clock. In the afternoon the capital question was resumed. After a heated debate Bozeman was defeated and Missoula was substituted by a vote of 34 to 32. This was again amended by substituting Anaconda for Missoula by a vote of 36 to 30.

A motion to strike out the provision relating to the location of the capital was then carried, and this leaves the capital at Helena for the present.

The committee on suffrage reported to the convention without recommendation, the proposition to submit woman suffrage as a separate proposition. It was moved to lay the report upon the table. The motion was lost and there the question rests. The capital question came up. A motion to submit the location of the capital in the year 1892 to a vote of the people, was amended to read that the temporary capital shall remain at Helena until such election takes place. Thus Helena remains the capital until the election of 1892.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Location of the Various Public Institutions of the State.

The event of Aug. 7 was the report of the committee on public institutions, which seems to meet with the approval of the convention. The following is the report locating permanently all state institutions:

Section 1. The following public institutions of the state are permanently located at the places hereinafter named, each to have the lands specifically granted to it by the United States in the act of Congress approved February 22, 1889, to be disposed of and used in such manner as the legislative assembly may prescribe:

First—The seat of government at the city of Bismarck, in the county of Burleigh.

Second—The state university and school of mines at the city of Grand Forks, in the county of Grand Forks.

Third—The Agricultural college at the city of Fargo in the county of Cass.

Fourth—A state normal school at the city of Valley City in the county of Barnes. The legislative assembly in aportioning the grant of 20,000 acres of land for normal schools, made in the act of Congress referred to, shall grant to the said normal school at Valley City as aforementioned, 50,000 acres, and said lands are hereby appropriated to said institution for that purpose.

Fifth—The deaf and dumb asylum at the city of Devils Lake, in the county of Ramsey.

Sixth—A state reform school at the city of Mandan, in the county of Morton.

Seventh—A state normal school at the town of Mayville, in the county of Traill, and the legislative assembly, in apportioning the grant of lands made by congress, in the act aforesaid, for state normal schools, shall assign 30,000 acres to the institution hereby located at Mayville, and said lands are hereby appropriated for that purpose.

Eighth—A state hospital for the insane and an institution for the feeble-minded in connection therewith at the city of Jamestown, in the county of Stutsman, and the legislative assembly shall appropriate 20,000 acres of grant of lands made by the act of congress aforesaid for "other educational and charitable institutions," to benefit and for the endowment of said institution.

The following named public institutions are hereby permanently located as hereinafter provided, each to have so much of the remaining grant of 170,000 acres of land made by the United States for "other educational and charitable institutions" as is allotted below, viz.:

First—A soldiers' home, when located, or such other charitable institutions as the legislative assembly may determine at Lisbon, in the county of Ransom, with a grant of 40,000 acres of land.

Second—A blind asylum, or such other institution as the legislative assembly may determine, at such place in the county of Pembina as the qualified electors may determine at an election to be held as prescribed by the legislative assembly, with a grant of 30,000 acres.

Third—An industrial school and school for manual training, or such other educational institution the legislative assembly may provide, at the town of Ellendale, in the county of Dickey, with a grant of 40,000 acres.

Fourth—A school of forestry or such other institution as the legislative assembly may determine, at such place in one of the counties of McHenry, Ward, Bottineau, or Rollette, as the electors of said counties may determine by an election for that purpose, to be held as provided by the legislative assembly.

Fifth—A scientific school, or such other educational or charitable institution as the legislative assembly may prescribe, at the city of Wahpeton, county of Richland, with a grant of 40,000 acres, provided that no other institution of a character similar to any one of these located by this article shall be established or maintained without a revision of this constitution.

During the afternoon much time was occupied in the discussion of the articles providing for township organizations, many of the delegates opposing it on the ground that counties should be permitted to adopt or reject the system by a vote of the people.

On August 8, the only business considered was the report of the committee on Public Institutions, locating the capital permanently at Bismarck. There was an effort made by a few in the convention to defeat the motion to adopt the majority report, Bartlett, of Briggs, offering as an amendment that the question be submitted to a vote of the people as a separate proposition.

This amendment was supported in speeches by Purcell, of Richland, Bell, of Walsh, Turner, of Bottineau, Johnson, of Lakota, and several others, but was defeated and the articles locating the institutions permanently was adopted by a vote of 44 to 30.

The convention, on August 9, adopted the report of the committee on legislative apportionment, which gives Pembina county two senators and four representatives; Walsh, two senators and five representatives; Grand Forks, three senators and six representatives; Traill, one senator and four representatives; Cass, three senators and eight representatives; Richland, one and three; Sargent one and two; Ransom, one and two; Barnes, one and two; Steele and Greggs (one district), one and two; Nelson, one and one; Cavalier one and two; Towner, and Roulette one and one; Benson and Pierce one and one; Ramsey one and two; Eddy, Foster and Wells one and two; Stutsman one and two; Lamour one and one; Dickey one and two; Emmons, McIntosh, Logan and Kidder one and two; Burleigh one and two; Baltineau and McHenry one and one; Ward, McLean and all the unorganized counties lying north of the Missouri river, one and one; Morton and Oliver one and one; Mercer, Stark, Billings and all unorganized counties south of the Missouri river, one and one.

The school land section was adopted, and it was proposed to have the question as to whether or not the constitution should be submitted to a vote of the people seven years after its adoption. If the people shall then decide that the constitution should be revised, it will be the duty of the governor to call a convention for that purpose.

The committee on revision and adjustment has completed its work and a complete constitution was submitted to the convention on Aug. 13. It is hardly safe to give a synopsis of the constitution at present, as many amendments are recommended by the committee, and in all probability will be adopted. Among these is the recommendation to strike out the section which provides that no corporation can blacklist to prevent laborers from securing employment. The committee also recommend the striking out of the section providing for township organization, on the ground that it is ambiguous and confusing.

GENERAL NEWS.

IRRIGATION.

The Senate Committee Hearing Opinions of Farmers and Others.

Senators Stewart and Reagan, of the Senate committee on irrigation, arrived at Miles City, Mont., on August 8, accompanied by Maj. Powell, director of the geological survey. A meeting was held, and many of the old settlers gave their opinions as to the need of irrigation here and the results that would follow its general adoption. Among those examined were a number of the past and present officers who had personal knowledge of the section, and many persons who had practical experience and observation of agriculture and irrigation in this and other parts of the country

Several witnesses testified that taking a period of ten years the crop product of the land properly irrigated would be found to be five times as great as that of land that was dependent for moisture on rain fall alone. Commenting on this statement Senator Sherman, chairman of the committee, remarked that he had been subjected to criticism for making the very moderate statement that irrigation doubled the crop product of land.

It was testified that from the mountain to the mouth of the Yellowstone river there are 5,000,000 acres of land that could be irrigated by water from the Yellowstone; that Custer county was already supporting 200,000 head of cattle; that no better grazing or farming land was to be found in the country than that of this section, and that for want of irrigation it was not possible to get from the soil anything like the best results.

Senators Stewart and Reagan, of the United States Senate committee on Irrigation, accompanied by Major Powell, director of the United States Geological Survey, arrived at Bozeman, Mont., on Aug. 9, and at once began their work by examination of a number of irrigating ditches that supply water to farmers in this neighborhood. The flourishing appearance of the crops attested the great value of irrigation to this community, and the senators expressed themselves highly pleased with the first demonstration afforded them while on their trip, of a practical system of irrigation.

Canal Scheme.

A syndicate of capitalists, including a dozen or more millionaire residents of Bismarck, Grand Forks and Jamestown, has been organized to develop a new canal scheme that will reclaim upward of 5,000,000 acres of arid and now useless land in North Dakota. The idea is to construct a canal from the Missouri river at Bismarck, 1,668 feet above the level of the sea, to lake Traverse and Big Stone lake, 900 feet above the level of the sea. The canal would run through a section of country in North and South Dakota that is in great need of irrigation. Lateral canals are to be constructed by the various counties, and hundreds of thousands of acres of arid land reclaimed, while the present cultivated country will be wonderfully enhanced in value.

FEAR AN OUTBREAK.

Indians Incensed at the Greed of the White Squatters.

The announcement that the Red Lake reservation, Minn., would soon be opened for settlement has caused large numbers of people from Wisconsin, Dakota and the adjoining Minnesota counties to squat upon valuable land on the reservation. The Indians have become incensed at the squatters and have been drinking heavily for several days.

Thursday night they held a war dance, and threatened to make a night raid upon the camp unless the whites left the reservation. Thief River Falls is seven miles from a railroad station, and its 250 inhabitants have become so alarmed at the outlook that they have asked that a company of troops be sent here to guard the town and remove the "too previous" settlers. The reservation can't be legally entered for homestead and pre-emption for many months.

BOYER NOMINATED.

Pennsylvania Republicans in State Convention.

Henry K. Boyer, of Philadelphia, was nominated by acclamation for state treasurer by the Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, Aug. 7. Mr. Boyer accepted in a brief speech.

Mr. Kennedy, of Allegheny, offered a resolution naming Hon. W. H. Andrews for chairman of the state committee for another term, beginning January 1, 1890. This resolution was unanimously adopted. The convention then adjourned.

The Saloonists Yield.

What has been termed the saloonists' rebellion was formally ended in the police court at Cincinnati, on August 6, by the granting of amnesty to offenders on the application of their attorneys. The attorneys stated to the court that the defendants were men who had money invested and thought they were justified in trying to make money and they were in some measure excusable. Before the week had passed they knew they were wrong. These men in the presence of their counsel, by a unanimous rising vote had agreed to obey the law hereafter. Now having seen the error of their way, they ask forgiveness and ask the court to meet them half way by postponing the cases now pending against them, not to be revived so long as they obey the law. This the court agreed to do.

Pre-Historic Monster.

A find that will afford study for those interested has been made at St. James, Neb., by D. I. Brewer, proprietor of a flouring mill at that place. While digging for the purpose of making repairs to his mill dam he unearthed the remains of a pre-historic monster that probably roamed the prairies hundreds, if not thousands of years ago. About 38 feet of the spinal column and ribs, together with one shoulder blade and a part of the fore legs, have thus far been brought to light. Sections of the backbone measure fully six inches across. Some are in a fair state of preservation, while others crumble when exposed to the air. It is estimated that the monster must have stood fully fifteen feet high.

Nipsic and Alert.

The steamer Australia, from Honolulu, arriving at San Francisco on Aug. 9, brings news that the United States steamers Nipsic and Alert, from Samoa, were sighted fifteen miles out from Honolulu, August 2, just before the Australia sailed for this port.

OUR WATERWAYS.

The Great Convention in Session in West Superior.

Delegates from several states along the lakes and rivers of the middle part of the United States met in West Superior, Wis., on August 6, to discuss the great commercial interests of the states in which they live. The gathering is called a waterway convention. E. P. Bacon, of Milwaukee, was chosen temporary chairman. He made a brief speech accepting the chairmanship, in which he urged the importance of discussing transportation topics on a broad basis.

Mr. Bacon said what was wanted was not alone transportation on the lakes and rivers, but transportation that would reach across the ocean to carry the great products of the northwest and the west to the foreign marts of trade. He said that the temper of the whole gathering was that the great lake ports should be the western terminal tracks of the ocean freight lines. The Hon. Frank S. Earl, of St. Cloud, was then chosen secretary. Some distinguished visitors were then invited to seats on the platform. Among them were Congressman N. P. Hagan, of Wisconsin; T. P. Mills, speaker of the Wisconsin house, and J. J. Hill, president of the Manitoba road.

Mr. Hill made a brief speech. He spoke of transportation on the Mississippi in early days and said that he believed that next to cultivation to land transportation was the most important of all questions of material growth. Mr. Hill continued at some length urging the need of channels that would allow boats of seventeen feet draught to pass into the inner ports. If that were done he could connect his railroad lines with the European ports.

Ignatius Donnelly was then called upon for a speech. Mr. Donnelly said though he did not exactly agree with Mr. Hill as to the uses of the Mississippi river, he believed a canal would eventually be built to connect the lakes with the river.

Hon. LeRoy Adams, of Buffalo, N. Y., was made permanent chairman; W. F. Street, secretary, and W. F. Phelps, of Duluth, and George F. Merrill, of Ashland, assistant secretaries.

J. G. Keith, of Chicago, presented a comparison of the treatment by the government of the water and rail routes. For the two railroad systems terminating in Duluth the government gave 47,000,000 acres of land worth $95,000,000, while for improving the outlets of Lake Superior the government gave 750,000 acres and a total of $4,203,000. The resolutions were then presented by Edwin Ellis and unanimously adopted. In substance they are as follows:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the great and growing commerce on these waters demand that it is the duty of the United States government to take such steps as may be necessary to make a careful survey of all these waters, and particularly the rivers and connecting waters; and

Resolved, That it is the duty of the United States to bear the expense of providing additional safeguards against accidents.

Resolved, That we demand of congress that a ship canal twenty feet in depth should be undertaken and constructed by the government at as early a day as practicable, through the narrows and rivers connecting the great lakes.

Resolved, That the convention recommend that the harbors be deepened as rapidly as practicable so as to accommodate vessels drawing twenty feet of water.

Resolved, That the chairman appoint a committee of five to prepare a memorial embodying the subject matter of these resolutions for congress.

The following committee was appointed to present the memorial: Dr. Edwin Ellis, Wm. Thurston, C. H. Graves and W. F. Street. After passing resolutions of thanks to the delegates and citizens, the convention adjourned sine die.

ONE BY ONE.

The Indians Beginning to See Through the White Man's Spectacles.

The Northwestern Indian commission entrusted with making treaties execting to open the remaining reservations in Minnesota and Wisconsin have met with unexpected and unqualified success so far, and on August 6 added to the successes at Red Lake and in White Earth reservation the consent of the Gull Lakers, a small band of Chippewas dwelling about the original seat of the Chippewa government at Gull Lake, a dozen miles north of Brainard.

The Indians had been assembled by runners and interpreters awaiting Uncle Sam's august representatives, and on their arrival immediately signed in a body. The commission go on from there north to Leach Lake, and to all the remaining tribes on and about the headwaters of the Mississippi, and the success so far indicate almost certain success with the rest.

The territory secured from these Indians amounts to over 4,000,000 acres of fine farming lands and vast amounts of pine timber, while from the White Earthers were secured privileges of settlement sufficient to give homes there to all the Indians who consent to leave the other reservation.

An Iowa Treasurer Who Can't Make His Figures Agree With the Cash.

An examination of Treasurer Steadman's books, of Vinton, Iowa, shows a shortage of $11,503. The period covered by the investigation is from January 1, 1881, to June 8, 1889. About half of the deficiency is found in the difference between the tax collections and the amounts carried to ledger.

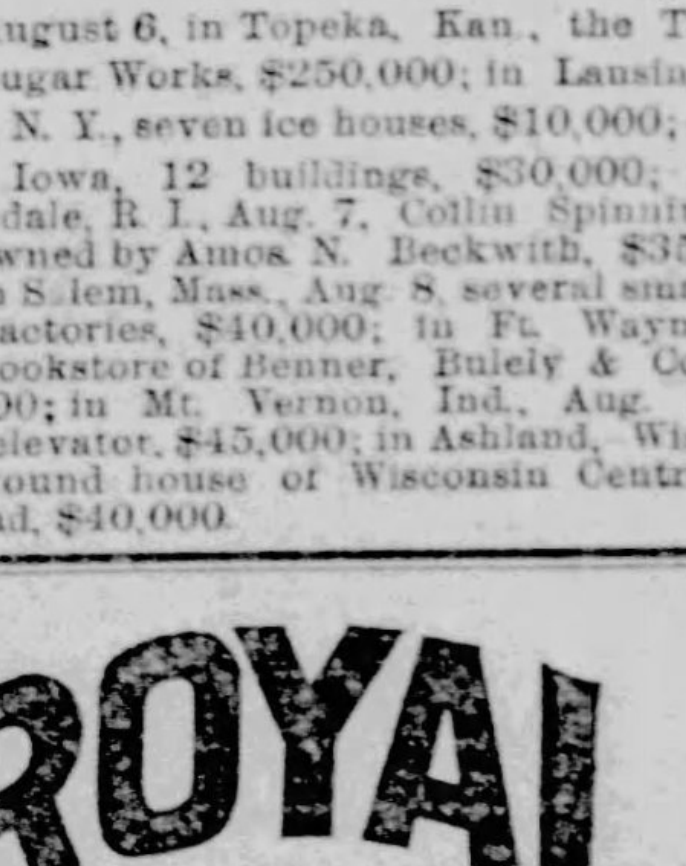
The balance of the shortage is found in the difference between the amount of disbursements as found by the committee and the amount reported by the treasurer. The bondsmen are among the solid citizens of Vinton, but it is claimed that the statute of limitations is against all bonds back of 1886. Treasurer Steadman was retired from his position a few months ago, pending the investigation. He has always stood high with the people of Benton county.

Catholics and the Saloons.

The annual convention of the American Catholic Total Abstinence union was held at Cleveland, Aug. 8 and 9. Rev. J. McCleary, of Kenosha, Wis., was elected president. Resolutions were adopted setting forth that the future of this union and of temperance among Catholic people depends in a great measure on the training of children; expressing sympathy with every wise and lawful movement to suppress drunkenness; approving of "every just exercise of civil authority which aims at the destruction of Satan's well-devised structure—the saloon," and condemning the "practice of using liquor in so-called Catholic clubs, at picnics, excursions, and the like, held or controlled by Catholics, as scandalous, and conducive to intemperance and other deplorable disorders."

Recent Fires.

On August 6, in Topeka, Kan., the Topeka Sugar Works, $250,000; in Lansingburgh, N. Y., seven ice houses, $10,000; in Delhi, Iowa, 12 buildings, $30,000; in Centredale, R. I., Aug. 7, Collin Spinning Mill, owned by Amos N. Beckwith, $35,000; in Salem, Mass., Aug. 8, several small manufactories, $40,000; in Ft. Wayne, Ind., bookstore of Benner, Buiely & Co., $40,000; in Mt. Vernon, Ind., Aug. 9, grain elevator, $45,000; in Ashland, Wis., new round house of Wisconsin Central Railroad, $40,000.



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CHIEF MAYS.

He Thinks the Government's Proposition Will Be Rejected.

Chief Mays has not returned an answer to the proposition of the commission, but it was learned on good authority August 12, what the purport of the reply will be. He will say that it will not avail anything to negotiate further at the present time. The Cherokee constitution forbids the sale of any lands belonging to the nation, and no amendment to the constitution can be made until the general election in August, 1891.

He and his executive cabinet, however, he will say, will bring the proposition of the United States government before the next council, where it will be given due consideration. He will further ask the commissioners to make their proposition more specific, that there may be no misunderstanding of its terms by the next council.

Chief Mays's political opponents are in favor of immediate negotiations, although they were not favorable to the sale of the strip. Mays, however, is emboldened by his triumph in the last election, and will stubbornly refuse to listen to any suggestions antagonistic to his policy. The commission will make arrangements to visit other tribes.

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes will probably be the first visited. They show a disposition to sell that part of their land known as the leased district. The commission, however, is without a quorum in the absence of Gen. Hartranft, who has gone to Europe for his health. The other two commissioners, however, will proceed with their duties, and if not able to effect negotiations will secure the expressions of opinion and examine into the treaties of the various tribes.

THE FLAF INSULTED.

The Haytian Government Responsible For It.

The United States government, through the State department, is investigating the charges made by Capt. John W. Wines, of the schooner H. S. Marloe, recently wrecked at the mouth of the Ozama river, in San Domingo. Capt. Wines alleges that his ship was deliberately run ashore and plundered by officials of the San Domingo government.

He asserts in his appeal to the government that after his vessel had been run on the coral reef he anchored her, left his first officer in charge, and went ashore with the intention of securing lighters to unload the cargo so that his vessel could be floated. When he sought to return he alleges that the captain of the port refused to allow him to board the ship, and when he called the official's attention to the fact that the vessel was being stripped of her rigging and blocks and wrecked under the eyes of the government officials this officer treated his appeal for protection with contempt. The captain considers that the flag under which he sails has been insulted and he demands indemnity for the loss of his vessel and cargo.

The next victim was the schooner H. S. Marloe, whose plucky captain says his vessel was deliberately beached, and furnishes evidence to prove that the channel was clearly defined, and that the pilots were warned that they were steering in the wrong direction.

The Marloe was wrecked and looted on May 24. By this time the Yankee captains in port had become thoroughly aroused, and when the schooner James Slater, which had been lying just off the fort, started to come in the harbor on May 30 with the two governments pilots on board, her movements were noted from the fort by a number of Americans. The Slater was run by the mouth of the harbor, going out of the channel on the east side.

The captain saw his danger, and in defiance of the fact that the ship was in charge of the government pilot, ordered his men to let go both anchors, and throwing the colored pilot from the wheel, let the ship come into the wind. The anchors held and the schooner swung around with her head to the tide, but so close in shore that her stern struck the hard bottom with such force as to make her leak badly.

ALIEN LABOR LAW.

It Works a Hardship on the Farmers Along the Border.

Amos L. Allen, an immigrant inspector, with headquarters at Newport, Vt., has made a report to the Treasury department in regard to the operations of the alien contract labor law along the Canadian border.

He says that his investigations have satisfied him of a general desire on the part of the people to comply with the law, but that there are many cases in which its enforcement would work great hardships and serve no good purpose.

"I beg leave to say," writes the inspector, "that I find no opposition in the enforcement of the law and in fact it virtually enforces itself when people have learned that an officer is looking for violations.

"I believe a rigorous enforcement of it would work needless hardships on this frontier and I have endeavored to make people acquainted with its terms so that they could comply therewith rather than hunt for technical violations.

"The law might work a hardship to the farmers near the line and I have been informed that they are somewhat alarmed, but I have not sought out any violations by them because no complaints have been made. I believe the farmers could be safely exempted from the operations of the law."

BURKE IS WILLIAMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlson Identify Him as the Man Who Rented the Cottage.

Martin Burke, the Cronin suspect, was on August 12, identified by Mr. and Mrs. Carlson, the owners of the cottage in which Dr. Cronin was murdered, as the man who rented it from them giving the name "Frank Williams."

Notable Deaths.

On August 4, in Philadelphia, Commodore William E Fitzhugh, U. S. N; in Sharon Springs, N. Y., Rev. George Zabriskie Gray, D. D., LL. D. dean of the Cambridge Theological School; on Aug. 6, in Williamstown, Mass., Rev. W. W. Winchester, recently appointed government superintendent of education in Alaska; in New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 8, Jonathan Bourne, well known in financial and political circles, aged 78; in Wilmington, Del., General Henry Dupont, the well known powder manufacturer; M. Fyat, French author and dramatist is dead, aged 80; M. Fannie Seward, the German novelist, aged 78; in Naples, Italy, Aug. 6, Cardinal William Massaia, aged 80; Sig. Benedetto Cairoli, one of the leading statesmen of Italy, is dead; at Yonkers, N. Y., Aug. 12, Dr. A. B Mott, the noted surgeon.

The Illinois Epidemic.

The Illinois state board of health has ascertained that thirty persons have died from flux and dysentery at Warsaw, and that 222 cases have been under treatment. Until the board began this inquiry very little could be learned at Warsaw. Reliable citizens say the disease is still prevalent, but is yielding to treatment.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1889.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve—decrease	$1,423,050
Loans—increase	1,521,200
Specie—decrease	572,500
Legal tenders—decrease	1,347,600
Deposits—decrease	1,988,200
Circulation—increase	3,200

The banks now hold $6,793,125 in excess of the 25 per cent rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Aug. 13.	Aug. 6.
4's coupons	128	128¼
4's registered	128	128⅛
Pacific 6's of '95	118	118

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—12 m.—Money is easy at 2@3 per cent; bar silver, 92⅞.

The stock market was dull after 11 o'clock, but the firm tone continued, and the Northern Pacific and Oregon Trans. became the features of the hour, all being active and strong, though the advances were confined to small fractions. The Big Four stocks and Chicago Gas later also became prominent for strength, though they rose only slight fractions. There was no further feature of any kind, and at noon the market was dull and firm, at fractional advances over the opening prices.

The following are the stock quotations to-day: U. S. 4s. reg. 128; do. coupons, 128; Pac. 6s. of '95, 118; Adams Ex. 149; Alton Terre Haute, 43; do. prefd 105; Amer. Ex., 116½; Bur. C. R. & N., 23; Can. Southern, 53; Central Pac., 35½; Chicago & Alton, 125; Chicago, Bur. & Quincy, 104¼; Chicago St. L. & Pac. 14; do. prefd, 35¾; Cin. San. & Cleve., 63; Cleveland & Columbus, —; Del. & Hud., 147⅛; Del., Lack. & Western, 146; Den. & Rio Grande, 17½; Erie, 28; do pfd, 68½; Fort Wayne, 157; Hock. Valley, 14½; Hous & Tex, 4; Ill. Cen. 116½; Ind., B. & W. 9½; Kan & Tex 11⅛; L. E. & W., 19⅛; Lake Shore, 104½; Louisv. & Nash., 70; Louisv. & New Alb., 37; Memp. & Char., 62; Mich. Cen., 88⅞; M. L. S. & W., 93½; do pref., 112; Min. & S. L. 4½; do pref., 8¾; Mo. Pac., 72¾; Mo. & O., 13½; Nash. & Chat., 95; N. J. Cen. 112; N. Pac. 30; do pref., 64⅝; Northwestern, 110; do pref., 142¾; N. Y. Cen., 107¼; N. Y., Chi. & St. L., 16¾; do pref., 67; Ohio & Miss., 22¾; do pref. 87; Ont. & West., 18; Oregon Navigation, 98¼; Oregon Trans., 34⅜; Pacific Mail, 35¾; Peoria, Decatur & Evans., 23½; Pitts., 158½; Pull. Pal., 180; Reading, 45; Rock Island, 99¼; St. L. & S. F., 27; do. pref., 59; do 1st pref., 109; St. Paul, 72½; do pref. 112¼; St. Paul, Min. & Man., 100½; St. Paul & Omaha, 34½; do pref., 98; Tex. P., 21½; U. Pac. 62½; U. S. Ex., 90; Wabash, St. L. & Pac., 17½; do pref., 33; Wells Fargo Ex., 139; Western Union, 86; Quicksilver, 6; do pref., 37¼; Atchison, 37¾.

TRADE.

There was no new feature in the general trade of the country during the past week. Business is of seasonable proportions.

THE MARKETS.

To-Day's Markets.

The wheat markets closed to-day with but little change in prices. Trade active.

At Toledo cash No. 2 soft red wheat sold at 78¾c; D. & M., 79c; No. 3 soft Red, 74c; Lake Shore do, 74½c; No. 4 soft Red, 69c in D. & M and Union.

Corn dull; No. 2, 37½c; No. 2 yellow, 38c; No. 2 September, 37⅜c.

Oats—No. 2, 20½c; No. 2 old, 24c; No. 2 white, 24c.

Clover seed neglected.

August wheat, 78½c, then 78⅞c; September, 78⅛@78½c; December, 78⅜@80½c; October, 79¼c.

Prices of August and September wheat today:

Aug.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Toledo....	78½	78¾	78½	78⅝
Chicago...	75¾	76¼	75⅝	75⅝
New York.	84⅞	85	84⅞	85
St. Louis.	73¼	73¾	73¼	73¾
Sept.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Toledo....	78⅛	78⅞	78⅛	78½
Chicago...	77⅞	78	77½	77⅞
New York.	83⅝	84	83⅜	84
St. Louis...	73¾	74	73¾	74

The Produce Market.

Beans—Remain quiet and unchanged at $1 75 $1 75 for hand-picked mediums; do Marrows, $2 10@2 50.

Butter—Fancy fresh, 12½ to 13c; choice 11½c to 12c.

Eggs are in fair demand at 13c.

Fresh meats—Beef, 4@5½c; veal, 7½c; mutton, 6c; Dressed Hogs, $5 50.

Hides—Cured steers, 6½@7c; cured light, 4¾ to 5c; heavy steers, green, 4½c; light, 3½c; No. 2 2½@3; grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 5c; green, 5c; kip, green, 4c; market very dull.

Fruits—Peaches per bu., $2 00@3 25; pears, $1 00@1 50; apples, 60@75c; currants, $2 25 @2 50; raspberries, $2 50.

Vegetables—Onions per bu., 90c; potatoes, 40c; string beans, 70c; cabbages, 35@75c per doz.

Poultry—Chickens 10c@12c; spring chickens, 20@25c each.

Potatoes—Plentiful, at 35@40c.

Meats—Heavy mess pork, bbls., $14 00; short, mess, $15 00; clear pork, $15 50; rump ——; clear buts, $14 00. Hams—Sugar-cured 18 lbs. and over, per lb., 12½c; 15 lbs., average 12½c; 12 lbs. and under, 12½c; shoulders, 7½c; breakfast bacon, clear, 10c; rib, 9½c; smoked beef, 10c. Lard—Kettle-rendered, 8c; barrels, 8⅜c; half bbls., 8¼c; 50-lb. tins, 8½c. Bacon—Clear sides, per lb., 9c. Bologna at 6c.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, Aug. 13.—Wheat—Old No. 1 hard 105c; new do., 95c; No. 1 northern, 92@93c; winter wheat, No. 2 red, 84c. Corn—No. 2, 40¼c.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 13.—Wheat quiet; cash and September, 70c. Corn quiet; No. 3, 35½@36c. Oats dull; No. 2 white, 24½@25c. Barley firmer; September, 58½c bid.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 13.—Wheat, firm; cash, and September, 73¾c; December, 76½c. Corn higher; cash, 33c; September, 32⅞c; December, 31⅝c. Oats higher; cash, 19c; September, 19¼c; May, 23¾c. Pork lower at $10 75. Lard easier at $6 00. Whisky steady at 102.

DETROIT, Aug. 13.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 84c; No. 2 red, cash, 79c; September, 78¾c; October, 79½c; December, 80¾c. Corn—No. 2, cash, 37½c; August, 37c; September, 37½c. Oats—No. 2, cash, 21¾c; No. 2 white, cash, 24½c. Receipts—wheat, 57,000 bu; corn, 4,700 bu; oats, 17,300 bu.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 13.—Flour quiet; family, $3 25@3 60; fancy, $3 65@4 15. Wheat weak at 76c. Corn firm at 38c. Oats quiet at 20½@21c. Rye dull at 44c. Pork quiet at $11 37½. Lard quietat $6 10. Bulk meats quiet; short rib, $5 75 Bacon firm; short clear, $6 75. Whisky in good demand; sales 874 barrels on a basis of $1 02.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—1:15 p.m.—Close—Wheat steady; cash, 76½c; September, 75¼c; December, 75 5-16c. Corn firm; cash, 33⅝c; September, 35½c; December, 35 1-16c. Oats steady; cash, 20⅛c; September, 20 1-16c; October, 20¾c. Rye—Cash, 42c. Prime timothy, $1 50. Flax—cash, $1 25 September, $1 19. Whisky, $1 02. Pork lower; cash and September, $10 12½; October, $9 95. Lard easy; cash, $6 30; September, $6 30@6 32½; December, $5 92½; cash steam rendered, $5 25. Butter firm; creamery, 11@17½c; dairy, 10@15c. Eggs firm; fresh, 12½@15c.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—NOON—Wheat—Receipts, 37,500 bu; sales, 376,000 bu; market dull and ⅛@¼c lower; August, 84⅝@84¾c; September, 83⅞@84¼c; October, 84 5-16@84½c; November, 85½c; December, 86½c; May, 91¼@91⅜c. Corn—Receipts, 158,100 bu; sales 112,000 bu; market firm and quiet; mixed western, 43@44½c. Oats—Receipts, 142,200 bu; sales, 40,000; market dull and firm; western, 25@39c. Beef quiet; plate, $7 50@8 00; extra mess, $7 00@7 50. Pork steady and quiet; new mess, $11 75@12 50; extra prime, $11 00. Lard barely steady and quiet; steam rendered, $6 70. Butter—Receipts, 13,132 packages; market quiet; fancy firm; others weak; western dairy, 9½@12½c; western creamery, 11@17c; imitation creamery, 10@14c. Cheese—Receipts, 20,153 packages; market steady and dull; western, 7c; skims, 1@6c. Eggs—Receipts, 5,899 packages; market firm, good demand; western, 16@17c. Sugar easy and dull; fair refining, 6½c; centrifugals 96 test, 7⅜c; refined dull; powdered, 8⅞c; granulated, 8¼c; crushed, 8⅞c. Coffee firm; fair demand; fair cargoes, 18⅜c; options steady and unchanged. Spirits of turpentine firm and quiet at 43@43½. Molasses quiet.

Live Stock.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 13.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,000 head; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000 head; market steady; choice heavy, $4 35 @4 45; packing, $4 20@4 35; light grades, $4 40@4 50. Sheep—receipts, 2,500; market active.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug 13.—Cattle—receipts, 1 load through, no sale; market steady and unchanged. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 9 loads through, 2 sale; sheep steady and unchanged; lambs a shade higher; good to best, $6 60@6 80; fair to good, $6 00@6 25. Hogs—Receipts, 1 load through; 4 loads sale; market steady and unchanged; mediums and heavy, $4 60@4 70; Yorkers, $4 80@4 95; pigs, $4 95@5 00; mixed, $4 75@4 85.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—Hogs—Receipts, 13,500 head; market fairly active light steady, other grades 5c lower; light, $4 35@4 75; rough packing, $2 90@4 95; mixed, $4 10@4 40; heavy packing and shipping, 4 10@4 2c. Cattle—Receipts, 10,000 head; market slow; beeves, $4 30@4 60; cows, $1 20@3 00; stockers and feeders, $2 20@3 25; Texans strong, $2 40@3 10. Sheep—Receipts, 6,500 head; market steady; native muttons, $3 60@3 80; Westerns, $3 50@4 10; lambs, $3 90@4 80.

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened 99⅞c; highest, 100¼c; lowest, 95½c; closed 95¾c.

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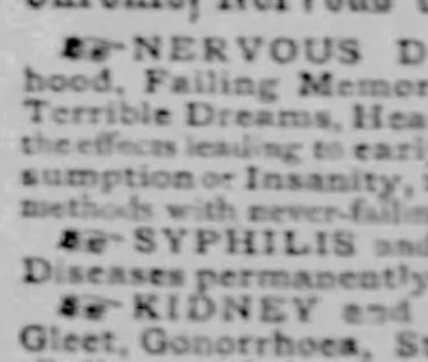

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